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LOWER CANADA.

It is difficult, within the limits of a Review, to touch upon the Canadian question, in a manner satisfactory to those who are acquainted with the country, and intelligible to that larger portion of the community to whom Canada is emphatically a *terra incognita*, not only in its physical developments, but in its social and political relations. We feel this difficulty sensibly. Our earliest recollections are of a country where nature has traced on a gigantic scale the lineaments of a powerful empire; where a river, flowing from inland* seas, fed by numerous tributary streams, unrivalled in beauty, and almost unparalleled in extent and usefulness, sweeps for 2000† miles through temperate lati-

* The word "Sea" means, in common parlance, a body of salt not of fresh water; it is, therefore, somewhat incorrectly applied to the Canadian Lakes. The word "Lake," however, would be equally incorrect, and would fail to convey a just idea of the extent of these "inland seas." Lake Superior is unequalled in magnitude by any collection of fresh-water upon the globe. Its length, measured on a curve line through the centre, is about three hundred and sixty geographical miles; its extreme breadth one hundred and forty; and its circumference, following the sinuosities of its coasts, about one thousand five hundred. Its surface is about six hundred and twenty-seven feet above the tide-water of the Atlantic. Various soundings have been taken from eighty to one hundred and fifty fathoms, but its extreme depth probably exceeds two hundred fathoms, thus showing the bottom of the lake to be nearly six hundred feet below the level of the ocean. Lake Huron is only second to Lake Superior. Lake Erie is about 265 miles long, 63½ wide at its centre, and 658 miles in circumference; its greatest depth varies from 40 to 45 fathoms. Lake Ontario is elliptical in its shape, 172 miles long, 59½ at its extreme breadth, and about 467 miles in circumference. The depth varies very much, but is seldom less than 3 or more than 50 fathoms, except in the middle, where attempts have been made with 300 fathoms without striking soundings.—*Bouchette's British Dominions in America.*

† The source of the river St. Lewis, which may be deemed the remotest spring of the St. Lawrence, is in latitude 48° 30' N. and about 93° W. longitude. From

tudes, in a portion of the globe richly stored with mineral wealth, and marked by every diversity of climate that prevails between Sweden and central France,—where, in fact, Providence seems to have decreed that man shall reap an ample return for his industry, unless man himself shall mar the beneficent intentions of Providence.

In later years these early impressions have been somewhat rudely assailed, by hearing this portion of the Empire referred to as a few acres of snow in Canada,* where now, as in the days of Goldsmith,

—“Wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
And Niagara stuns with thundering sound.”

its source, the general direction of the St. Lawrence, through Lakes Superior and Huron, is south-east to Lake Erie,—which lies between 41° 30' and 42° 52' N. latitude,—nearly due east through that lake, and then north-east to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, through which its waters are mingled with the Atlantic ocean, after a course of upwards of 2000 statute miles. Ships of 600 tons burthen can ascend with very little difficulty to Montreal, which is 580 miles from the Gulf.—*Bouchette's British Dominions in America.*

* The accounts given of the climate of Quebec and the French settlements in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, after the conquest in 1759, are even at this day generally received as applicable to the whole of the country known by the name of Canada; whereas they are now scarcely applicable even to the parts which they then described;—it being a well-established fact, that the climate of America is rapidly changing with the clearing of the forests.—*The Canadas as they are.*

At Quebec, in lat. 46° 48' 49" N., the orchards yield apples and pears of very superior flavour. At Montreal in lat. 45° 30' N., grapes are matured to great excellence, and peaches with care also arrive at perfection. At York, in lat. 43° 43' N., and in the Niagara and western districts of Upper Canada, still further south, all these fruits are found in the greatest luxuriance. The peach, the nectarine, and the grape seem here to have found their native soil, and are produced in the richest profusion. In Lower Canada the winter commences about the 25th of November in the regions about Quebec, and it may be said to last till the 25th of April, when agricultural operations are resumed. In the district of Montreal the permanent cold generally sets in a fortnight later, and the spring is earlier. In Upper Canada the winter is considerably shorter; and the snow, which in

It has also been our lot, not unfrequently, to detect some respectable gentlemen, whom railroads and steam-boats have failed to seduce further from the sound of Bow-bells than Birmingham or Margate; or some kindred spirit, who has never emigrated to a greater distance from his paternal acres, labouring under a vague impression that people go about in Canada with bows and arrows, as they do with walking-sticks in Europe, and exercise a divided dominion over the country with red Indians, bears, and tiger-cats. That this want of information reigns in full vigour only amongst the unlearned and untravelled, we freely admit; but it is surprising how many are included in that category; and, to a greater or less extent, the ignorance and prejudices we refer to, prevail with every one who has not crossed the Atlantic and visited the far-west. We therefore deem it not unprofitable to state, that "swamps" are undoubtedly to be found in the neighbourhood of Oswego just as "fens" are in Lincolnshire, though the flourishing town on the Oswego Canal, numbers many thousand inhabitants and is rapidly

Lower Canada covers the ground for five consecutive months, scarcely lies for two in the upper province.—*Bouchette's British Dominions in America.*

Humboldt has endeavoured to connect the system of climates of the Old World with that of the New, by fixing at every ten degrees of latitude, under different meridians, a small number of places, whose mean temperature has been correctly ascertained, and through these, as so many standard points, supposing lines of equal heat, or isothermal lines, to pass. The observations which have been made on the temperature of places in the Eastern and Western Continents, show, that advancing seventy degrees to the east or west, a sensible alteration in the heat of the atmosphere is found. Places situated in the same latitudes in America and Europe, do not, however, differ so many degrees as has been generally supposed. The direction of these lines of equal heat for the two systems of temperature known by precise observation, viz. that of the middle and West of Europe, and that of the East of America, gives the following differences:

Latitude.	Mean Temperature of the West of the Old World.	Mean Temperature of the East of the New World.	Difference.
30	70.32	66.92	3.40
40	63.14	54.50	8.64
50	50.90	37.94	12.96
60	40.64	23.72	16.92

In tracing the directions of isothermal lines, from Europe to the Atlantic countries of the New World, they are found to have the character of parallelism towards the South, and to converge towards the North. The whole of Europe, compared with the eastern parts of America, has, in fact, an insular climate; and, although the annual fall of rain in the United States of America has been estimated at 37.18 inches, while that in North Western Europe amounts to about 31.2 inches, the number of rainy days in the latter is much greater than in the former. In comparing the two systems of climates, we find at New York the summer of Rome and the winter of Copenhagen; at Quebec the summer of Paris and the winter of St. Petersburg.

"progressing." Undoubtedly, too, even the awful noise of the Lord Mayor's coach passing over Cheap-side on the 9th of November, is naught to the "Spirit of the Waters" speaking from the mighty Niagara. Nor can it be denied that bears and rattle-snakes exist in some parts of the country; the former affording excellent sport, with just enough of danger to give interest to the pursuit; while the latter are not unfrequently exhibited—"immensis orbibus Angua!"—twining round some juggler in as many harmless folds, as a plaster-cast of the Laocoon exhibits in Somerset House, to the secure and admiring citizen of London.

Let it not, however, be supposed that we mean to describe Canada as possessing all the advantages of a highly cultivated state of society. The comforts and most of the luxuries of life are to be obtained in its cities*—but here the comparison ends. In a new country, possessing boundless tracts of land, yet covered with a primeval forest, in many places not even intersected by roads, and with natural resources not brought into action, the useful pursuits of life will necessarily supersede those, by which the genius, the manners and the customs of a people are, in the lapse of years, wrought into bold relief.

* Quebec is situated in a promontory that stretches on the north-west side of the St. Lawrence, 345 feet above the level of the river, into a basin formed by the junction of the rivers St. Charles and St. Lawrence. The upper town is built on this promontory, and within the fortifications, which are nearly three miles in circumference. The lower town is situated between the foot of the promontory, and the river. The suburbs of St. Louis, St. John and St. Roche, extend beyond the fortifications, on the opposite side of the upper town, and are densely inhabited, chiefly by French Canadians and the labouring classes. The population is about 30,000, but in the summer months it is much increased by emigration from Europe, and the number of "lumber-men" who bring timber from the upper parts of the province for exportation. In the upper town are the Governor's residence, the barracks for the troops (generally two or three regiments), Protestant and Roman Catholic churches, convents, public offices, the houses of the officers of government, and of the principal merchants. The lower town is devoted to business. Here are the Banks of Quebec, a branch of the Montreal Bank, the Custom House and the Exchange. The wharfs are very extensive, and in the space of one year 800 ships of every size have arrived with goods and emigrants, and taken their departure with the produce of the country. Large steamers run to Montreal, and those which have been lately built equal in elegance and power any used in the world for internal navigation. Two of them arrive and take their departure every day.

The banks of the river St. Lawrence for about 90 miles above Quebec are bold and precipitous. The river then widens, and is known by the name of Lake St. Peter, and from thence to Montreal the shores are lower. The scenery throughout is picturesque and beautiful, and both sides of the river are covered with villages, whose churches are seldom out of sight. These villages are inhabited almost exclusively by French-Canadians; and the population is in some places as dense as in the most thickly-peopled agricultural districts of Europe.

Montreal is 180 miles above, or to the south-west of Quebec, and is built on an island of the same name, 32 miles in length and ten broad. The two principal streets

Even in the United States of America, where commercial enterprise and activity have called into existence so much general prosperity, those moral and physical attributes which, in their full development constitute a national character, have not yet ripened into maturity, and the Americans have failed to make advances in science, in literature and the Arts, in a ratio corresponding with their accumulated and increasing wealth. In painting they have undoubtedly produced clever artists, but they have displayed no original genius—there is no "American School." In sculpture they are unknown, we believe, even as copyists. Their infant literature, with a few exceptions, is more English than American; and, although many of their public speakers are shrewd lawyers, or keen and intelligent political debaters, not one has put forward any just claim to the higher attributes of oratory. The United States of America have not yet, in fact, passed into the adult age of nations. Their people, from the force of circumstances, rather than by the operation of their institutions, are utilitarians in the more contracted meaning of the word; and this will be the case until the rough and angular points of their social position are rounded by time, and the general diffusion of refinement shall call for those mental enjoyments which are sought for and produced in the later years of national existence.

Deeply and broadly, in the mean time, have the Anglo-Saxon race laid the foundations of freedom and civilization in the North American continent. Useful though common education is more generally diffused than in Europe. Christianity has taken deep root. The principles of self-government in local and in general affairs have trained men in the exercise of their public duties—have taught them the value of social order, and given security to person and to property.*

are Notre Dame and St. Paul. The former runs the whole length of the town, and from the Quebec to the Recollet suburbs forms a continued street 1344 yards in length and 30 broad. Montreal contains numerous churches, chapels and public buildings. The principal are the Hôtel Dieu, the Convent of Notre Dame, the Montreal General Hospital, the Hôpital des Sœurs-Grises, the Recollet Convent, the Convent of Grey-Sisters, the Seminary of St. Sulpice, the New College, the English and Scotch churches, and the Government-House. The new Roman Catholic Cathedral, on the Place d'Armes, ranks amongst the first buildings in North America. The corner stone was laid on the 3d of September 1824. It is built of granite, which is found in abundance in the mountain from which the city takes its name, and it contains seats for a congregation of 10,000 persons.—*The Canadas as they are.*—*Bouchette's British Dominions in America.*

* The abolition riots, the piratical incursions on the Canadian frontier, and the occasional infliction of "Lynch-law," seem to militate against this opinion; and, unless a moral or physical power be found to prevent the recurrence of such events, they will, undoubtedly, seriously affect the peace and security of American society. We believe that such a controlling power will be found if the evil continue; while up to the present time, these

Cold then must be the heart, and narrow and selfish the mind, that can look with indifference on a country, "in which one of the greatest political experiments in the history of the world is now performing."—Hypercritical and fastidious the taste, that can record the Backwoodsman eating his fish with a knife instead of a silver fork, or helping himself unceremoniously to the wing of a chicken; and yet fail to draw a comparison between the security and freedom he enjoys, and is the means of extending to others, with the violence and barbarism that have distinguished the infancy of other states.

"The national character is yet in a state of fermentation; it may have its frothiness and sediment, but its ingredients are sound and wholesome; it has given proofs of powerful and generous qualities; and the whole promises to settle down into something substantially excellent. But the causes which are operating to strengthen and ennoble it, and its daily indications of admirable properties, are all lost upon these purblind observers, who are only affected by the little asperities incident to its present situation. They are capable of judging only of the surface of things; of those matters which come in contact with their private interests and personal gratifications. They miss some of the snug conveniences and petty comforts which belong to an old, highly finished and over-populous state of society, where the ranks of useful labour are crowded, and many earn a painful and servile subsistence, by studying the very caprices and appetite of self-indulgence. These minor comforts, however, are all-important in the estimation of narrow minds, which either do not perceive or will not acknowledge that they are more than counterbalanced by great and generally diffused blessings."—*Washington Irving's Sketch-Book.*

Such, in our opinion, is independent America; and, following in the same path, though with unequal steps, and marked by some unfavourable peculiarities, such is the state to which Canada is approximating.

With these preliminary remarks, we shall proceed with the difficult task of tracing to their true source the unhappy events which have lately taken place in Canada. "How inadequate and unsuccessful," says Lord Bacon,* "that human knowledge is, which we have at present in use, may appear from things commonly asserted. It is certain that the true knowledge of things is the knowledge of causes." It is the absence of this "knowledge of causes" which has, in our opinion, contributed so much to perplex the discussions on Canada, and which has exercised so baneful an influence over the welfare of our Canadian provinces. It would at the same time be presumptuous in us to assume that we can supply knowledge so desirable, when Parliamentary Committees and learned and Saluted Commissioners have failed, it would seem, to

disgraceful occurrences, though too frequent to be passed over in silence, cannot in justice be considered as more than exceptions to the general good order that prevails.

* Nov. Organum, vol. i. p. 150.

do so;* yet shall we bring to the inquiry some local acquaintance with the country, and an earnest desire to direct the public mind to the right path.

Mr. Roebuck, with the zeal of a partizan, exclaims:—

—“The officials of that country I am about to speak of;—a party, which, backed by the powers of the Colonial Office, have been the cause of all the dissensions and difficulties that have arisen.”†

And again we find him stating at the Bar of the House of Lords:—

“It is the fashion, my Lords, to talk of the ignorance of the Canadian people; and assertions are recklessly hazarded, which greater knowledge of that people, and of their actual condition, and also of the true criterion of education, would altogether have prevented. . . .

“America, at this moment, is governed by habits of thought and feeling,—fostered, perpetuated and extended by that remarkable band of religious and political enthusiasts who originally settled New-England, and whose sons now swarm in every part of the great federal Union of the United States. *The political creed of these men has in fact become the political creed of the whole Continent, and is entertained as well by the descendants of the French Colonists on the banks of the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi, as by the immediate heirs of those emigrants of English descent who took possession of the lands bordering on the Hudson and Connecticut.*”‡

Inspired, it may be supposed, by the example of his friend, and in some degree sanctioned by his authority—redolent of the lamp which had thrown its kindly light over his inquiries—Mr. Leader deemed it consistent with History, which teaches by example, and not forbidden by good taste, to caricature the eloquence of Chatham, and to astound the House of Commons and the public, by declaring: “*I rejoice that the Canadians have resisted! Half a million of people, so dead to all the feelings of liberty as voluntarily to submit to be slaves, would have been fit instruments to make slaves of the rest.*”§ Similar opinions were expressed during the debates on the Canadian question, by Mr. Hume, Mr. Warburton and Mr. Grote.

Against the correctness of these opinions we beg leave to enter a most emphatic protest; and jejune and imperfect will any legislative measure be which assumes them to be sound, or deals with the administrative errors of the colonial government of Quebec, and the abuses of the colonial office in Downing Street, as the only difficulties to be overcome. We seek not, however, to defend or palliate the errors of the one, or the abuses of the other. With Mr. Roebuck, we indignantly condemn the petty tyranny which has so frequently galled a somewhat impatient but generous

people. With him we denounce the corruption which, in defiance of their just claims, has insultingly promoted to places of honour and trust the bankrupt relation of some powerful nobleman, or the licentious familiar of his hours of profligacy—the political fraud which has sought, and with some success, to reward with the provincial revenue the servile tools who were destined to organize this system of misgovernment. It would be absurd, moreover, to deny that such deeds have produced disastrous effects on the public mind, and have loosened the links which bind the colony to the parent state; but to refer to them as the cause of ALL the difficulties that have arisen, betrays either a lamentable absence of the “knowledge of causes,” or a want of candour, still less excusable, on a question confessedly of national importance.

Admitting, then, the existence and deprecating the continuance of these abuses, it shall be our endeavour to show that they ought to be classed rather as effects than causes; and that the peculiarity of the Canadian question, as well as the essential difference between it and the disputes with our former American colonies, consists in this—that the people of the New-England provinces were of one race, while in Canada the Anglo-Saxon and the Norman,* in every condition of life, at the bar and in other professions, in the pursuits of commerce and of agriculture, in the struggle for political power, have revived,—on a small scale indeed, and in a remote province, but still with much excitement of feeling,—the national jealousy and the personal rivalry which marked the collision of the two races in England, at the time of the Conquest.

As we consider this an important view of the question, it shall be our endeavour, by a few brief notices of the early history of New-England and of Canada, to show that there is evidence of its being a true one; and it will, we hope, be made obvious to our readers, that widely different must be the manners, the customs and the prejudices, of the two races in Canada at this day, when he bears in mind that the effect of every legislative measure passed by us has been to sharpen and give an edge to points of difference—to prevent amalgamation, not to promote union.

The majority of our colonies have been first inhabited by men without education, driven by poverty or misconduct from their native land, or by adventurers anxious to improve their fortune; but the settlement of New-England was distinguished by peculiar circumstances, and all the events attending it were novel and unprecedented. The settlers belonged to the more independent classes in their native land. Their union on the soil of America presented the singular phenomenon of a society containing neither lords nor common

* If not, why is Lord Durham sent to make further inquiries, and why does not Parliament proceed at once to legislate?

† Speech at the Bar of the House of Commons, 22nd January, 1838.

‡ Speech at the Bar of the House of Lords.

§ Mirror of Parliament for 1838, p. 1034.

*The Canadians, for the most part, came from Normandy, and bear a striking resemblance to the people of Normandy of the present day.

people, neither rich nor poor; and they possessed in proportion to their numbers, a greater amount of intelligence than was to be found in any European nation of their time.

The emigrants, or as they deservedly styled themselves, "the Pilgrims," belonged also to that sect, the austerity of whose principles had acquired for them the name of Puritans. But puritanism corresponded in many points with the most absolute democratic theories. It was this tendency which had excited its most dangerous adversaries; and persecuted by the Government of the parent state,—disgusted by the usages of a society opposed to the rigour of their own principles,—the puritans went forth to seek some rude and unfrequented part of the world, where they could express their opinions with freedom, and worship God in their own manner.

The emigrants were about 150 in number, including the women and the children. Their object was to plant a colony on the shores of the Hudson; but after having been driven about for some time in the Atlantic ocean, they were forced to land on that arid coast of New England which is now the site of the town of Plymouth. The rock is still shown on which the pilgrims disembarked.*

Nathaniel Morton, the historian of the first years of the settlement of New England,† thus describes the situation of the "Pilgrims:"—

"Let the reader with me make a pause, and seriously consider this poor people's present condition, the more to be raised up to admiration of God's goodness towards them in their preservation: for being now passed the vast ocean, and a sea of troubles before them in expectation, they had now no friends to welcome them, no inns to entertain or refresh them, no houses, or much less towns to repair unto to seek for succour: and for the season it was winter, and they that know the winters of the country know them to be sharp and violent, subject to cruel and fierce storms, dangerous to travel to known places, much more to search unknown coasts. Besides, what could they see but a hideous and desolate wilderness, full of wilde beasts and wilde men? and what multitudes of them there were they then knew not; for which way soever they turned their eyes (save upward to Heaven) they could have but little solace or content in respect of any outward object; for summer being ended, all things stand, in appearance, with a weather-beaten face, and the whole country full of woods and thickets represented a wilde and savage hew; if they looked behind them, there was the mighty ocean which they had passed, and was now as a main bar or gulf to separate them from all the civil parts of the world."

This state of things, it must be admitted, was sufficiently discouraging, and such as would have reduced ordinary minds to despair, or have urged the mere enthusiast to deeds of extravagance that would

have led to his destruction. But the piety of puritanism was not altogether of a speculative character; it took cognizance of worldly affairs; and, as the records of our civil wars and of the commonwealth abundantly show, it was scarcely less a political than a religious doctrine. No sooner, therefore, had the emigrants landed on the barren coast described by Nathaniel Morton, than they formed themselves into a society by the following instrument:

"In the name of God, Amen. We, whose names are underwritten, the loyal subjects of our dread Sovereign Lord King James, &c. &c., Having undertaken for the glory of God, and advancement of the Christian faith, and the honour of our king and country, a voyage to plant, the first colony in the northern parts of Virginia; Do by these presents solemnly and mutually, in the presence of God and one another, covenant and combine ourselves together into a civil body politick, for our better ordering and preservation, and furtherance of the ends aforesaid; and by virtue hereof do enact, constitute and frame such just and equal laws, ordinances, acts, constitutions, and officers, from time to time, as shall be thought most meet and convenient for the general good of the Colony: unto which we promise all due submission and obedience."

This was in the year 1620, and from that time the colony rapidly advanced.

In studying the laws, says M. de Tocqueville, which were promulgated at the first era of the American republics, it is impossible not to be struck by the remarkable acquaintance with the science of government, and the advanced theory of legislation which they display. The ideas there formed of the duties of society towards its members are evidently much loftier and more comprehensive than those of the European legislators at that time: obligations were there imposed which were elsewhere slighted. In the states of New England, from the first, the condition of the poor was provided for;‡ strict measures were taken for the maintenance of roads, and surveyors were appointed to attend them;† registers were established in every parish, in which the results of public deliberations, and the births, deaths and marriages of the citizens were entered;‡ clerks were directed to keep these registers;§ officers were charged with the administration of vacant inheritances, and with the arbitration of litigated landmarks; and many others were created, whose chief functions were the maintenance of public order in the community.|| The law enters into a thousand useful provisions for a number of social wants, which are, at present, very inadequately felt in France.

But it is by the attention it pays to public education that the original character of American civilization is at once placed in the clearest light. "It being," says the law, "one chief object of Satan to keep men from

* This rock is become an object of veneration in the United States. Bits of it are carefully preserved in several towns of the union.

† New England's Memorial. Boston, 1896.

* Code of 1650, p. 78.

† Hutchinson's History, vol. i. p. 455.

‡ Code of 1650, p. 86.

† Ibid., p. 49.

|| Ibid., p. 40.

the knowledge of the Scripture, by persuading from the use of tongues, to the end that learning may not be buried in the graves of our forefathers, in church and commonwealth, the Lord assisting our endeavours."*

Here follow clauses establishing schools in every township, and obliging the inhabitants, under pain of heavy fines, to support them. Schools of a superior kind were founded in the same manner in the more populous districts. The municipal authorities were bound to enforce the sending of children to school by their parents; they were empowered to inflict fines upon all who refused compliance; and, in cases of continued resistance, society assumed the place of the parent, took possession of the child, and deprived the father of those natural rights which he used to so bad a purpose.†

We have thought it necessary to trespass with these notices of the early settlement of New England; but it would be foreign to our object, as it would exceed our limits, to trace the rise and progress of the colony from the year 1620, when the emigrants landed at Plymouth, to the year 1776, when, increased in power, in wealth and population, their descendants declared themselves "free and independent," and, for the support of that declaration, "mutually pledged their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honour." Nor is it necessary to repeat here what history has recorded of the Anglo-American people, after the last hostile soldier had quitted their shores. It is sufficient to observe, that although most of their cities were desolate, their commerce crippled, their agriculture neglected and in some parts destroyed, they neither disgraced the cause of freedom by relapsing into anarchy, as their South American neighbours have done, nor, like the French, sought refuge from disorder under a military despot. But, following the example of their pilgrim ancestors, they again formed themselves into a "civil body politic," and founded a federative empire, which seems destined to spread over a vast continent, and to hand down to posterity the name, the language and the laws of England.

We point, nevertheless, to these events as the legitimate consequences of the principles asserted and promulgated at the first settlement of the country—we refer to them as the practical results of self-government, whether under a limited monarchy or in a republic, where men are sufficiently intelligent to understand the foundation on which that system can alone be securely based, and sufficiently energetic to defend it, when once established. We shall now endeavour to show, by a sketch of the early settlement of Lower Canada,

* Ibid., p. 90.

† The preceding remarks, on the early settlement of New England, are taken almost verbatim from M. de Tocqueville's *Democracy in America*,—a work not less remarkable for its historical accuracy, than for its profound and philosophical views.

by a reference to the laws and usages which France introduced, and by the comparison we invite between the principles of centralization which distinguished her colonial government and the self-government of the Anglo-Americans;—

1. That the habits, the manners, the moral education and the prejudices of a people trained under the French administrative system, must be totally different from those of the Anglo-Saxon race.

2. That the geographical position of the provinces, and the necessity of promoting the amalgamation of the two races, as the only means of securing the permanent welfare of both, demand that Upper and Lower Canada should be united under one executive government, and that the representatives of the English and French populations should meet in the same legislative chamber.

The first authentic record of any attempt made by the French to form a settlement in Canada, may be traced to the year 1540. A commission, dated the 17th of October in that year, was granted by Francis I. to *Jacques Quartier*, "pour l'établissement du Canada," and as a translation of this document would very inadequately represent the quaint expressions and obsolete dialect of the original, we quote in French an extract from the recital it contains, of the grounds and reasons which moved the royal Francis to send his faithful subject on so hazardous an expedition.

"François par la grâce de Dieu Roi de France: A tous ceux qui ces présentes lettres verront; Salut. Comme pour le désir d'entendre et avoir connoissance de plusieurs pays qu'ont dit inhabités, et autres être possédés par Gens Sauvages, vivans sans connoissance de Dieu, et sans usage de raison, eussions dès pie-ça, à grands frais et mises, envoyé découvrir les dits pays par plusieurs bons pilotes, et autres nos sujets de bon entendement; et entre autres y eussions envoyé notre cher et bien aimé *Jacques Quartier*, lequel aurait découvert grands pays des terres de Canada et Hochelaga faisant un bout de l'Asie du côté de l'Occident; lesquels pays il a trouvés (ainsi qu'il nous a rapporté) garnis de plusieurs bonnes commodités, et les peuples d'iceux biens fournis de corps et de membres, et bien disposés d'esprit et entendement; en considération de quoi et de leur bonne inclination nous avons avisé et délibéré de renvoyer le dit *Quartier*," &c. &c. Commissions des Gouverneurs et Intendants, &c. &c., servant en Canada, tome ii. pp. 1 & 2.*

It does not appear, however, that the exertions of *Jacques Cartier*,† though clothed with the title of "Captain-General and Master-Pilot," were attended with much success; and we refer to his expedition

* See also "Histoire de la Nouvelle France," par l'Escarbot, and "Mémoires sur les Possessions en Amérique," tome iii.

† A river which empties itself into the St. Lawrence, above Quebec, is called the "*Jacques Cartier*," and will help to perpetuate his name in the Provincial Annals. Its wooded banks and picturesque course, broken by rapids, are well known to the Canadian traveller.

rather because his name is associated with the earliest records of the colony, than on account of any important results by which it was immediately followed. Up to the year 1637, a miserable establishment of only forty or fifty persons had been formed, and such was the destitute condition and want of resources of these early colonists, that they were dependent, even for their existence, on the supplies sent annually from France for their maintenance. In this year* the attention of Richelieu appears to have been directed to the new colony; and the powerful mind that could control, if not subdue, the jarring elements of civil and religious strife in the parent state, did not overlook the difficulties which retard the progress of an infant settlement. Under the auspices of the Cardinal,† at that time "Superintendent-General of the Navigation and Commerce of France," a company of merchants, consisting of one hundred associates or partners, was formed to promote the commerce and colonization of Canada; but their efforts were unsuccessful, and the Province was finally surrendered to the French Government by this Company in the year 1663.‡ An ordinance was then passed by Louis XIII. establishing a Superior Council for the government of the country called "New France." It consisted of five§ persons, nominated annually by the Governor and the Bishop or principal ecclesiastic of the Province; and to this Council was given not only a legislative power, subject to the ultimate control of the parent state, but also a supreme jurisdiction in civil and criminal cases; it being ordered, that in hearing and deciding upon such cases, the Council should proceed, as nearly as possible, in the manner and form prescribed by the usages of the Parliament of Paris.

As this ordinance was of great importance, not only to the existing state of the colony but to its future welfare, and as it in fact introduced a system of jurisprudence, which to this day is the common law of Canada in civil matters, its provisions demand some attention, and invite a comparison between their character and tendency, and the social and political regulations of the pilgrims of New England. The English emigrants formed themselves into a "Civil Body politick,"

and mutually covenanted to observe such laws and regulations, as the maintenance of social order, and the security of their little commonwealth demanded. In the French colony the crown and the church combined to select five fit and proper persons, who held their office for one year, to assist the Governor and principal ecclesiastic in the performance of their legislative functions; and the ordinances passed by this body were subject to ultimate revision by the central authority of the King's government in Paris. M. de Tocqueville* has borne testimony to the astonishing fact, that many of the laws of the "Pilgrim Fathers" provided for social wants, but imperfectly understood and appreciated in France at the present time. The laws introduced into Canada by the ordinance of 1663, were the feudal customs and usages of the *Coutume de Paris*.

We will not inflict upon our readers a minute investigation of the usages which prevailed in the "*Viscomté de Paris*," and which were thus introduced into Canada. The juridical division of France in the year 1663 is well known. In the "*Pays du Droit Ecrit*," the Roman law, with some modifications, may be said to have been the common law of the district. In the "*Pays Coutumier*," the feudal customs of the Franks, and of the other northern tribes that overran France, supplanted almost entirely the Roman civil code. The collection of usages known by the name of the Customary Law of Paris, partook largely of the feudal character, and was less intermixed with the Roman Law than the local customs of the more southern provinces of the kingdom.† All lands were in consequence granted either "*en fief*,"—as manors, clothed with most of the rights and privileges of feudality; or "*en roture*,"—by a villenage tenure, subject to the "servitudes," whether honorary or beneficial, which the law exacted from the vassal to his lord paramount; and nowhere did the ancient feudal maxim—"nulle terre sans seigneur"—prevail more decidedly than in the colony of New France. The mutation fines payable to the lord on the sale of inheritances, and the right of pre-emption reserved in certain cases to the lord and to the relations of the vendor, are among the incidents to this tenure, which have produced important results in Canada. Their obvious and inevitable effect has been, to check the transfer of property in a new country; to retard improvement; to prevent the development of natural resources, by confining the settlers to the farm which was first granted to him; and, as a more remote result, to produce that condensed agricultural population—unnatural amidst boundless tracts of uncultivated land—which is so remarkable in Lower Canada, and which contrasts so unfavourably with the

* Acte pour l'établissement de la Compagnie des Cent Associés.—*Edits et Ordonnances*, tome i. p. 1.

† In 1629 Canada was taken by the English under Kirk, but was then held in so little estimation, as to be returned to its former owners, in three years afterwards.

‡ Le Conseil de Louis XIII. tenait aussi si peu à cet établissement, qu'il opinait à ne pas en demander la restitution; mais Richelieu, qui avait fondé la dernière compagnie, fit changer d'avis. On arma six vaisseaux pour soutenir cette demande, et la Cour d'Angleterre, d'après le conseil de Lord Montague, rendit le Canada aux Français en 1631.—*Beautés de l'Histoire du Canada*, p. 84.

§ Arrêts du Conseil d'Etat du Roi, &c. 1663—*Edits et Ordonnances*, tome i. p. 21.

¶ The number was increased to seven in 1675, and certain public officers were made official members.

* Tocqueville's *Democracy in America*, vol. i. p. 41.

† See *Coutume de Paris*—Titre, Des Fiefs. Art. 1 to Art. 72. Titre, Des Censives et Droits Seigneuriaux. Art. 73 to Art. 87.

stirring character of the Anglo-Saxon population in the United States.

A system of mortgages, or hypothecations,* was also introduced into the province by the Customary Law of Paris, the very reverse of that which obtained in the New-England settlement. In the latter, registration offices were established, by means of which the incumbrances on an estate might be immediately ascertained. In the Canadian province, no registration of deeds was required, although hypothecary obligations—whether created by mere operation of law, as the legal or tacit mortgage, by which the rights of a minor or of a married woman are secured upon the estate of the husband or guardian—or the conventional mortgage, created by the act of the parties themselves—affected not only the whole of the mortgager's immoveable property in possession, but all that he might afterwards acquire. This law of mortgages, even at the present day, renders it almost impossible to obtain a good title to an estate in Lower Canada. The effect on the social condition of the inhabitants has been, to fetter industry; to produce forced sales of property for the payment of debts of comparatively small amount; and to clog and embarrass the exertions of the settler in his attempts to subdue the natural difficulties of his position.

The matrimonial community of property,† by which one half of the earnings of the husband during coverture, may, after the death of his wife without children, be claimed by her next of kin in his life time, might also be mentioned, with other usages of the "Custom of Paris," not only as instances of unjust laws in the abstract, but as regulations pregnant with mischief to the moral and social condition of a people.

There is no trace in the French colonial annals of the establishment of parochial schools, nor of any general system of education, supported either by local rates, or from the taxes levied by the supreme council. Education, such as it was, fell almost as a necessary consequence, under the exclusive control of the church; and its pious exertions were directed rather to instruct fit persons for the priesthood, than to extend general information amongst the colonists.‡ By a united effort of M. de Petrée, Bishop of Canada, and of the

King of France at Paris, the Seminary* of Quebec was established on the 26th of March 1663. The following extract from the letters patent, promulgated by his lordship the bishop on that occasion, will clearly show the principal object for which this college was founded.

"In which," (the new seminary) "shall be educated and trained young clerks, who shall appear fit for the service of God, and to whom, for this purpose, shall be taught the manner of administering the sacraments; the method of catechising, and of preaching moral theology, according to apostolical doctrines; the ceremonies of the church; the full Gregorian chant; and other matters appertaining to the duties of the good ecclesiastic."†

A seminary of ecclesiastics, of a similar character, was established in the year 1677,‡ in Montreal, and the whole of the island and *Seigneurie* of that name were granted to this establishment in mortmain. It was subsequently united to the seminary of St. Sulpice at Paris,§ and a supply of priests for religious and educational purposes was periodically sent from France, and has with some interruption been continued to the present time. These, we believe, were the only provisions for education made by the French Government; and it must be obvious, that in a new country, with few roads and a scattered population, they could but imperfectly supply the absence of parochial schools.

The indefatigable Jesuits were not slow in introducing themselves into the colony, and it is scarcely an exaggeration to say, that the quadrangular college they built in the Upper Town of Quebec, was sufficiently spacious to contain the whole population of the colony at the time of its construction. Extensive tracts of land were granted to them in mortmain,|| which upon the extinction of the order in 1764, were claimed by the Crown of England. The "Jesuits' estates" have, however, been a fruitful source of contention between the Government and the House of Assembly, and they have of late years been surrendered to the provincial legislature for purposes of education.

There was also an establishment of Recôllet Monks of the order of St. Francis,¶ and convents of nuns, and hospitals for the relief of the sick, under the care and superintendence of religious persons, were, according to the Roman Catholic usages in the 17th century, introduced on a scale that strikes the inquirer into the early records of the province, as strangely disproportioned to the number of its inhabitants and their proba-

* Coutume de Paris—Titre, Des Actions personnelles et d'Hypothèques. Art. 99 to Art. 112.

† Coutume de Paris, —Titre De Communauté de Biens. Art. 230 to Art. 246.

‡ We are aware that this remark does not apply, at the present day to the Roman Catholic seminaries of Quebec and Montreal, where many students receive an excellent education. But this is a comparatively modern practice, and even now these seminaries are attended, almost exclusively, by the town population, or by the sons of the wealthier seigneurs and merchants. An Act of the Provincial Legislature was necessary to introduce parochial schools a few years since—a sufficient proof that no local provision existed for their maintenance.

* Edits et Ordonnances, tome i. pp. 25 et 26.

† *Ibid.*, tome i. p. 26. ‡ *Ibid.*, tome i. p. 80.

§ *Ibid.*, tome i. p. 304.

|| Amortissement en faveur des R. R. P. Jesuits.—Edits et Ordonnances, tome i. p. 90.

¶ The Recollets were one of the four branches of the "Seraphic order of St. Francis." See *Histoire des Ordres Monastiques*, tome iii. p. 265.

ble necessities. A parochial clergy* was also established, and their support was provided for in their respective parishes by a contribution of one twenty-sixth of all the grain produced; the parishioners being further subject to occasional assessments for building and repairing churches and parsonage houses. The patronage of these churches was given to the bishop.†

It is impossible not to be struck with the contrast afforded by the system of government—civil and religious—we have thus imperfectly shadowed out, when compared with the democratic principles of the Pilgrims of New England; and unless we assume that human nature is governed by laws, and subject to impulses in Canada, different from these which influence it in other countries, the conviction is forced upon us that these institutions must have produced their ordinary and legitimate effect, in moulding the character and forming the opinions of the people. In dealing with the Canadian question, we further infer from these premises, that an anomalous state of society is brought under our notice, which can find no parallel in the condition of our former American Colonies, at the time of their separation from England.

The facts whereby we can judge of the correctness of these opinions, and form an estimate of the habits and manners of a people, placed in a distant colony in America in the 17th and 18th centuries, must necessarily be scanty, but they are not altogether wanting. The history of Father Charlevoix the Jesuit, treats of the material wants of the colonists, of the vicissitudes that attended their wars with the English and the Indians, and their exertions to bring the new settlement into cultivation, rather than of their social habits and character. We turn, therefore, to their own records—to the ordinances that were promulgated, and the decrees that were pronounced by their supreme council; and there we find abundant evidence to show, that the absolute government under which they lived, the temporal and spiritual power of their ecclesiastical establishments, the feudal privileges of the "*Seigneurs*," though modified by local circumstances, were actively producing the same results as in other countries. The legislator and the jurist, who dive into these sources of information, will be convinced of the truth of this proposition; but for the general reader we shall endeavour to select an example, which will place in strong relief the lights and shadows of social life in the early settlement of Canada, and will tend to illustrate the important matters which challenged and received the attention of the French King's Government, both in the colony and in France.

Various discussions and heart-burnings had evidently

* Edits et Ordonnances, tome i. pp. 243-314.

† Arrêt du Conseil d'Etat du Roi qui accorde le patronage des Eglises à Monseigneur l'Evêque.—Edits et Ordonnances, tome i. p. 292.

arisen in the new colony, on that most delicate and exciting of all subjects in provincial society—rank and precedence; and the honours to be conferred by the appropriation of seats, or by other marks of distinction in churches, seem more particularly to have engaged the attention of the inhabitants. The supreme council at Quebec appears to have found this too difficult a matter to deal with, and the authority of the central government in France being invoked, a regulation was promulgated by the Duke of Orleans, at that time Regent of France, not unworthy of the future Court of Louis XIV. We give the following extract.

"BY THE KING."

"His Majesty having caused all the ordinances and regulations, that have been promulgated on the subject of honorary distinctions in the churches of New France to be communicated to him, and being desirous to prevent the contests which daily arrive on this account, with the advice of His Royal Highness the Duke of Orleans his Uncle Regent, has resolved and ordered as follows:—

"1. The Governor general and Intendant of New France shall each have a pew in the cathedral church of Quebec, and in the parish church of Montreal; that is to say, the Governor general on the right of the choir and the Intendant on the left, both being placed on the same straight line.

"2. The King's Lieutenant for the city of Quebec shall have a bench in the cathedral next behind the pew of the Governor general.

"3. In the other churches of New France, the Governor general and the Intendant shall not have pews, but shall only be entitled to cause their chairs or seats to be carried to such churches, which they shall also cause to be placed in the most distinguished position—that of the Governor general to the right, and that of the Intendant to the left.

"4. Incense shall be offered only to the Governor general, and that immediately after the bishop, and before the chapter.

"5. In the absence of the Governor general from any District Government, in which the Intendant shall be present, the District governor, or in his absence, the King's Lieutenant, shall have the first place in all Public Ceremonies, and the Intendant shall have only the second; but when the Governor general shall be within the limits of the District Government, and shall be prevented from assisting at Public Ceremonies, from whatever cause this may happen, the Intendant shall have the first place, and the District governor and the King's Lieutenant shall only rank after him.

"6. In Processions at which the Council shall be present, the Governor shall march at the head of Council, and the Intendant on the left. Then the Councillors and the Attorney-general, and after him the Officers of the Jurisdiction; and the line of march thus regulated shall be in the order of two and two.

"7. His Majesty desires that in the event of the Governor general's absence, or illness, the Intendant alone shall march at the head of the Council; and if the Intendant shall be absent, the Senior Councillor shall take precedence.

"12. At Salutes fired on the occasion of public rejoicings, three Torches shall be presented to the Governor general, one to the Intendant, and a third to the King's Lieutenant. When the Governor general shall be absent from the District Government of Quebec, only two Torches shall be presented to the King's Lieutenant, or to the Officer commanding in the Town, and the other to the Intendant.

"Orders and commands His Majesty to the *Sieur Marquis de Vaudreuil*, Governor and Lieutenant-general in New France, and to the *Sieur Begon*, Intendant, and to all their Officers, to conform to the present regulation, which he desires may be enregistered in his Superior Council of Quebec, and executed according to its form and tenor. Done at Paris this 27th of April, one thousand seven hundred and sixteen.

"(Signed)

LOUIS."*

But, it may be urged, the Elective House of Assembly established after the Conquest of the Colony, and the Trial by Jury which has followed the introduction of the English Criminal Law, and has obtained a partial footing even in Civil Causes, as well as the opportunity of intercourse with the English, must have produced a change in the habits and manners of the people. In the educated classes—a small minority—a change has undoubtedly taken place, though we question their fitness for the duties and responsibilities of Self-Government, unassisted by their Anglo-Canadian brethren; while the great body of the French population, which has increased under our sway from 65,000† to nearly half a million—in their prejudices, customs and opinions, are essentially the same as at the time of the conquest of the Colony. In support of this opinion we shall violate the chronological order of our remarks, by quoting the description given by a modern *French Canadian*, an authority above suspicion, of his own countrymen: a description graphically true at the present day, but which, we are persuaded, would appear not less true, if the ancestors of this unchanged

* Edits et Ordonnances, tome i. p. 334.

† Population of Lower Canada, at various times, from the year 1676 to 1825 inclusive, as taken from the authority of Charlevoix, La Potheraye, and of public documents.

Year.	1676	1688	Increase in 12 yrs.	1700	Increase in 12 yrs.
Souls.	8,415	11,219	2,804	15,000	3,781
Year.	1706	Increase in 6 yrs.	1714	Increase in 8 yrs.	1759
Souls.	20,000	5,000	25,004	5,994	65,000
Year.	Increase in 45 yrs.	1784	Increase in 25 yrs.	1825	Increase in 41 yrs.
Souls.	39,096	113,000	48,000	450,000	337,000

The Anglo-Canadian as well as the French-Canadian population, is included in this Table since the year 1759. But the French-Canadian population alone is not much under half a million at the present day.

race had sat for the portrait. It will at all events be sufficiently apparent, that whatever alteration may have taken place, we have failed to convert the French-Canadian either into an Englishman, or an Anglo-Canadian.

"The most important and marked distinction existing in the country is of FRENCH and ENGLISH; meaning by French all such as were originally, or have, by long dwelling in the country or otherwise, become attached to the French-Canadian habits and language; meaning by English, such as are really English, or have, in spite of their continuance in the country, retained a decided predilection for what they believe to be English manners, language, tastes, &c.

"Among the people of the United States, there exists a roving disposition, that leads them in multitudes to make New Settlements in the wild lands, and thus rapidly to spread civilization over the immense unclaimed territories they possess. This feeling exists not in Canada: the inhabitants, generally, are far from adventurous; they cling with pertinacity to the spot which gave them birth, and cultivate, with contentedness, the little piece of land which in the division of the family property has fallen to their share. One great reason for this sedentary disposition is their peculiar situation as regards religion. In Canada, as in all Catholic Countries, many of the people's enjoyments are connected with their religious ceremonies; the Sunday is to them their day of gaiety; there is then an assemblage of friends and relations; the parish church collects together all whom they know, with whom they have relations of business or pleasure, the young and old;—men and women clad in their best garments, riding their best horses, driving their gayest *calèches*,—meet there for purposes of business, love and pleasure. The young *habitant*, decked out in his most splendid finery, makes his court to the maiden, whom he has singled out as the object of his affections; the maiden, exhibiting in her adornment every colour of the rainbow, there hopes to meet *son chevalier*; the bold rider descends upon, and gives evidence of the merits of his unrivalled pacer; and in winter the power of the various horses are tried in *sleigh* and *carriole* racing. In short, Sunday is the grand fete, it forms the most pleasurable part of the *habitant's* life: rob him of his Sunday, you rob him of what, in his eyes, renders life most worthy of possession. Moreover, the people are a pious people, and set an extraordinary value on the *rites* of their religion. Take them where they may be unable to participate in these observances, and you render them fearful and unhappy. The consequence of all these circumstances is, that the Canadian will never go out singly to settle in a wild territory; neither will he go where his own religious brethren are not.

"The comforts of the people, if compared with any other nation, are wonderfully great; their food from their French habits consists not of animal food to the same extent as that of the richer English, but is, nevertheless, nourishing and abundant. No gripping penury here stints the meal of the labourer; no wan and haggard countenances bear testimony to the want and wretchedness of the people.

"While the Canadians are thus well supplied with

food, they are equally fortunate as to their clothing and their habitations. Till lately, the chief clothing of the population was wholly of their own manufacture; but the cheapness of English goods has, in some degree, induced a partial use thereof. Canadian cloth is, however, still almost universally used; and the grey *capot* of the *habitant* is the characteristic costume of the country. The *capot* is a large coat reaching to the knee, and is bound round the waist by a sash; which sash is usually the gayest part of the Canadian's dress; exhibiting every possible colour within the power of the dyer. The women are usually clothed nearly after the fashion of a French peasant. On the Sunday they are gaily attired, chiefly after the English fashion, with only this difference,—where the English wears one, the Canadian girl wears half a dozen colours. Here, as in the case of food, no penury is manifest; an exceeding neatness of person and cleanliness, that first requisite to comfort, mark the people to be above the influence of want, and to be in that state of ease which permits them to pay due attention to the decency of external appearance.

“It is impossible—perhaps it would also be unnecessary—to give a minute description of the sort of houses which the farming population usually inhabit; suffice it to say that they are generally constructed of wood; though, as the farmer becomes rich he almost invariably changes his wooden for a stone house. For the number of inhabitants they are unusually large and commodious. In the summer, from being low, they are generally uncomfortably warm; and in winter, by the aid of a stove, they are rendered completely uninhabitable by an European. The excessive heat in which the Canadian lives, within doors, is sufficient to kill any one not from his infancy accustomed to that temperature. Without doors, however, the *habitant* bears with ease the piercing cold of the winter blasts,—

‘Breasts the keen air, and carols as he goes,—’

when any one, not a Canadian, would be compelled to take every possible precaution against its painful influence.

“Free from the pressure of want, and unexposed to the temptations created by surrounding affluence, they are free from the vices which poverty and temptation engender. Property is perfectly safe both from petty pilfering and open attacks.

“In the country the doors of the houses are never fastened, and all sorts of property are openly and carelessly exposed. In the social relations also, the same circumstance of ease induces, to a great degree, honesty in dealing.

“In the kindlier affections, they, like all happy people, are eminently conspicuous; though, from being less rich, they are, perhaps, less remarkable in this particular than the people of the United States.

“The people are, for the most part, of a mild disposition; a broil or a fight at their meetings of pleasure seldom occurs, and the more fierce and deadly passions of our nature are never roused by the pressure of famine. The habit of settling differences by personal collision does not exist among them; the law affords the only remedy, which they willingly adopt, and they conse-

quently seem, and are, in fact, litigious. Being principally of Norman descent, what William the Conqueror said of the Normans may, perhaps, be applicable to them.

‘Foler et plaidier lors convint.’

“Education among the people of Lower Canada, and particularly in the country, *having made but little progress, as compared with that of the people of the United States*, the Roman Catholic clergy have been considered the cause of this want of advance, and accused of a desire to keep the people in ignorance, inasmuch as they hope, thereby, to maintain a command over their opinions and conduct. Nothing, however, can be more false, either as regards the cause of *the little progress of education among us*, or as regards the feelings of the priesthood; it being indubitable, that had it not been for the arduous endeavours of the Roman Catholic clergy, the people *would have been far more ignorant than they are at present*. To their active personal exertions, —to the seminaries which they have built and superintended, is owing *whatever knowledge is spread among the various ranks of Canadian society*.”

The preceding extracts apply almost exclusively to the rural French population of Lower Canada. The educated classes are neither so simple in their manners, so unambitious in their views, nor so contented with their position. They constitute, in fact, the “movement party”† of their race; but although they have

* A Political and Historical Account of Lower Canada, by a Canadian. London, 1830.

† The feelings and wishes of that portion of the population who desire a French Canadian republic, or an independent “*nation Canadienne*,” are not unfaithfully represented by the following lines. We insert them not on account of their poetical merit, but because a sincere and highly characteristic self-delusion breathes throughout.

Sol Canadien! terre chérie!
Par des braves tu fus peuplé;
Ils cherchaient loin de leur patrie
Une terre de liberté.
Nos pères, sortis de la France,
Étaient l'élite des guerriers;
Et leurs enfants de leur vaillance
N'ont jamais flétri les lauriers.

Qu'elles sont belles, nos campagnes;
En Canada qu'on vit content!
Salut, ô sublimes montagnes,
Bords du superbe Saint Laurent!
Habitant de cette contrée,
Que nature veut embellir,
Tu peux marcher tête levée,
Ton pays doit t'enorgueillir.

Respect la main protectrice
D'Albion, ton digne soutien;
Mais fait échouer la malice
D'ennemis nouris dans ton sein.
Ne fléchis jamais dans l'orage;
Tu n'as pour maître que tes lois;
Tu n'es pas fait pour l'esclavage:
Albion veille sur tes droits.

Si d'Albion la main chérie
Cesse un jour de te protéger,
Soutiens-toi seule, ô ma patrie!
Méprise un secours étranger.

generally discarded the opinions of their ancestors in political matters, they retain their social usages and customs, and they have, with few exceptions, failed, in our opinion, to acquire any well-defined principles of public liberty. The Canadian *Seigneurs* or feudal proprietors may be mentioned as the highest in rank. They are, however, scarcely entitled to be considered as a distinct "order." Their number is small, and although some possess not only an independent but affluent income for so economical a country, the majority are engaged in the active business of life. Amongst them the descendants of ancient French families are to be met with, and traces of their aristocratic lineage linger in the habits they preserve in their domestic circles, and the manners by which they are distinguished in society. The French-Canadian advocates of the Quebec and Montreal Bar claim also a distinct notice. They are, for the most part, educated at the Roman Catholic seminaries we have before alluded to. Many of them possess considerable professional skill, and have obtained a great and predominating influence over the minds of their uneducated countrymen; but they are not in general very remarkable either for enlarged views or for general information. The leaders of the House of Assembly belong, for the most part to this class. M. Papineau, whose name has become so well known, is a member of the Montreal Bar. He was educated, we believe, at the Roman Catholic seminary of St. Sulpice at Montreal, but devoted himself to politics rather than to his profession. Not deficient in classical attainments, he possesses abilities above mediocrity; is an able and ready debater; speaks English fluently, a qualification not universal with French Canadians; and is well read in the constitutional history of England. The information he has thus obtained, and the almost unlimited influence he exercises, have been frequently and dexterously used to defeat the schemes of the executive government, and to maintain what, we have no doubt he considered in many instances, the just privileges of the House of Assembly. On the other hand, the experience he and his countrymen have acquired, has been in too confined an arena to allow them to form just and enlarged opinions of public affairs, and throughout their proceedings may be traced that unequal course of action, and those fretful and discontented ebullitions of feeling, which in all ages have marked the conduct of a high-spirited and conquered people.

Of the French Canadian clergy it is impossible to speak in terms of respect higher than their merits deserve. As a body, they are singularly free from sectarian prejudices, and the manner in which they dis-

Nos pères, sortis de la France,
Étaient l'élite des guerriers;
Et leurs enfants de leur vaillance
Ne flétriront pas les lauriers.

charge their pastoral functions, and the kindly feeling they have fostered in their parishioners, have justly endeared them to the whole French-Canadian population, and secured the friendship of their English fellow-countrymen.

In enumerating the various classes of French provincial society, it would be very unjust to pass over in silence the "Notary-Public," as he is called. He is a very different personage from the English notary; for as almost every specialty must be a notarial deed, which is prepared by him, the original being deposited in his office, and an examined copy only given out to the parties, he combines, within himself, many of the attributes of the country attorney and the provincial conveyancer in England. Thus, in many Canadian parishes, the *Seigneur*, the notary-public and the priest, occupy positions by no means dissimilar to the country squire, the attorney and the curate, in the parent state. Many of the shop-keepers, both in Quebec and Montreal, are French Canadians; but in the higher departments of commerce, comparatively few are to be met with, and they, in general, either from education or by family connection, have adopted, in a great measure, the habits and opinions of the English. The export and import trade of the province is in the hands of the British and Anglo-Canadian merchants.

We have thus, so far as our limits would permit, endeavoured to give some account of the rise and progress of the former French colony of Lower Canada, and of the manners and customs of the people. We now leave our readers to determine whether we have or not established our first proposition:—"that the habits, the manners, the moral education and the prejudices of a people trained under the French administrative system, must be totally different from those of the Anglo-Saxon race."

In a subsequent number we shall endeavour to prove our second proposition, and to show that the geographical proposition, and the social and political welfare of the two provinces, require that they should be united under one colonial government. We shall discuss this part of the question with reference to three periods. 1st. From the year 1763, when the possession of Canada was confirmed to England by the treaty of Paris,* to the year 1774, when the "Quebec act" was

* The following is an extract from the fourth Article of the Treaty of Paris, by which Canada was ceded to England.

"His Most Christian Majesty renounces all pretensions which he has heretofore formed, or might form, to Nova Scotia or Acadia, in all its parts, and guarantees the whole of it and all its dependencies to the King of Great Britain. Moreover His Most Christian Majesty cedes and guarantees to His said Britannic Majesty in full right, Canada with all its dependencies, as well as the Island of Cape Breton, and all the other Islands and Coasts in the Gulf and River St. Lawrence."

"His Britannic Majesty on his side agrees to grant the

passed. 2ndly. From the year 1774 to the year 1791. 3dly. From the year 1791, when the province of Quebec was divided into the two provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, and a Legislative Council* and an elective House of Assembly were given to each, to the present day. In the mean time, we close this article, with a few brief notices of the circumstances under which Canada became a British province.

The long-disputed province of Nova Scotia had been formally ceded to Great Britain by the treaty of Utrecht, but after the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle serious disputes arose between France and England respecting the limits of the newly acquired territory.† More important disputes also occurred with regard to the southern provinces, the plan of the French being to unite Louisiana and Canada by a chain of forts, and to confine the English colonies between the Alleghany mountains and the sea. A series of these forts was accordingly commenced along the lakes on the one side, and on the Mississippi and the Ohio on the other.‡ The vast chain was nearly completed, when, the jealousy of the court of England being effectually roused, the conferences respecting Nova Scotia were abruptly broken off. A desultory warfare then commenced in America, the English colonists contending that the forts were erected within their boundaries, and the French stimulating the Indians and the "Neutrals," as the French colonists in Nova Scotia were termed, to attack the English settlements. In one of these encounters, WASHINGTON, at that time a major in our provincial service, distinguished himself by successfully resisting the attack of a very superior body of the enemy. Hostilities between the two countries soon became inevitable. The war of posts continued with various success; the defeat of General Braddock at Fort du Quesné, and of General Webb at Fort William Henry, being counterbalanced by the success of the British arms in the attack on Louisbourg. It was at last, however, determined to make a general attack on the French settlements, and General Wolfe, who had distinguished himself at Louisbourg, was directed to proceed up the St. Lawrence and besiege Quebec.

Wolfe sailed from Portsmouth on the 14th of March 1759, with a fleet of seventy-four vessels, transports

liberty of the Roman Catholic Religion to the inhabitants of Canada. He will consequently give the most effectual orders, that his own Roman Catholic subjects may possess the worship of their religion, according to the rites of the Romish Church, so far as the laws of Great Britain permit.—Treaty of Paris, 10 February, 1663."

* By the fifth section, 31st George III. seats in the Legislative Council were granted for life, and by section sixth power was reserved to the crown to make such seats hereditary. This power, however, has never been exercised, and seats in the Council were supposed to be held for life until the late suspension of the Constitution. We shall hereafter recur to this much vexed question.

† Russell's Modern Europe, vol. v. pp. 174-176.

‡ Ibid., vol. v.

and men of war, commanded by Admiral Holmes. The fleet reached Louisbourg in straggling detachments, having encountered a severe storm. In the beginning of June Wolfe again sailed. On the 27th he landed on the Island of Orleans, a few miles below Quebec; and on the 31st of July he was repulsed in an attack on the entrenched camp of the French near the village of Beauport, between the rivers St. Charles and Montmorenci. It being determined to carry on operations above, or to the westward of the town, notwithstanding the great natural advantages the enemy derived from the steep banks of the St. Lawrence, which were supposed to be inaccessible to troops, the men of war and transports were moved up the river. The despatch of General Townshend,* gives so able a statement of the military events which subsequently took place, that we offer no apology to our readers for inserting extracts from it here.

"It being determined to carry the operations above the town, the posts at Point Levi and l'Isle Orleans being secured, the general marched with the remainder of his forces from Point Levi on the 5th and 6th, and embarked them in transports, which had passed the town for that purpose, on the 7th, 8th and 9th. A movement of the ships was made by Admiral Holmes, in order to amuse the enemy now posted along the shore.

"The light infantry, commanded by Colonel Howe, the regiment of Braggs (28,) Kennedy (43,) Lascelles (47,) and Anstruther (58,) with a detachment of Highlanders, and the American Grenadiers, the whole being under the command of Brigadiers Monkton and Murray, were put into flat-bottomed boats; and, after some movement of the ships, made by Admiral Holmes to draw the attention of the enemy above, the boats fell down with the tide, and landed on the north shore, within a league of Cape Diamond, an hour before day-break. The rapidity of the tide of ebb carried them a little below the place of attack, which obliged the light infantry to scramble up a woody precipice, in order to secure the landing of the troops, by dislodging a captain's post which defended the small entrenched path the troops were to ascend.

"After a little firing, the light infantry gained the top of the precipice, and dispersed the captain's post; by which means, the troops, with very little loss from a few Canadians and Indians in the wood, got up and were immediately formed. The boats as they emptied were sent back for a second disembarkation, which I immediately made. Brigadier Murray being detached with Anstruther's battalion to attack the four-gun battery upon the left, was recalled by the general, who now saw the French army crossing the river St. Charles. General Wolfe thereupon began to form his line, having his right covered by the Louisbourg grenadiers. On the right of these again, he afterwards brought Otway's (35:) to the left of the grenadiers were Braggs', Kennedy's, Lascelles', Highlanders, and Anstruther's. The right of this body was commanded by Brigadier Monkton, the left by Brigadier Murray. His rear and left were protected by Colonel Howe's light infantry, who was returned from the battery just mentioned,

*This despatch has been lately republished in "Chelsea Hospital and its Traditions," vol. iii. p. 305.

which was soon abandoned to him, and where he found four guns.

"General Montcalm, having collected the whole of his force from the Beauport side, and advancing upon us, showed his intention to flank our left, which I was immediately ordered to protect with General Amherst's battalion (15,) which I formed *en potence*. My numbers were soon afterwards increased by the arrival of the two battalions, Royal Americans (60.) Webb's (48) was drawn up by the general as a reserve, in eight subdivisions with large intervals.

"The enemy lined the bushes in their front with fifteen hundred Canadians and Indians, and I dare say had placed some of their best marksmen there, who kept up a very galling, though irregular fire, upon our whole line, who bore it with the greatest patience and good order, reserving their fire for the main body now advancing. The fire of the enemy was, however, checked by our posts in our front, which protected the forming of our own line.

"The right of the enemy was formed of half of the troops of the colony, the battalions of La Sarre, Langue-doc, &c.; the remainder of them Canadians and Indians. Their centre was a column, and formed by the battalions of Bearn and Guyenne; their left was composed of the remainder of the troops of the colony, and the battalion of Royal Russillons. This was, as near as I can guess, their line of battle. They brought up two pieces of small artillery against us; and we had been able to bring up only one gun, which, being admirably well served, galled their column exceedingly.

"My attention to the left will not permit me to be very exact with regard to every circumstance which passed in the centre, much less to the right; but it is most certain that the enemy formed in good order, and that their attack was very brisk and animated on that side. Our troops reserved their fire till within forty yards, which was so well continued, that the enemy everywhere gave way. It was there our general fell, at the head of Braggs' and of the Louisbourg grenadiers, advancing with their bayonets. About the same time Brigadier-general Monkton received his wound at the head of Lascelles'. In the front of the opposite battalions fell also Monsieur Montcalm; his second in command has since died of his wounds on board our fleet. Part of the enemy made a second faint attack; part took to some thick copse-wood, and seemed to make a stand.

"It was at this moment that each corps seemed to exert itself with a view to its own particular character. The grenadiers, Braggs', Lascelles', pressed on with their bayonets. Brigadier Murray, advancing the troops under his command briskly, completed the rout on his side; when the Highlanders, supported by Anstruther's, took to their broad-swords and drove part into the town, part to their works at the bridge on the river St. Charles."

Quebec capitulated a few days after this victory. In the subsequent year the Marquis de Vaudreuil surrendered with the remainder of the French army at Montreal, and Canada became an English colony. The joy which this event—the most brilliant achievement of the war—diffused, was much subdued by the death of the young officer who planned the attack, and who lived only long enough to hear that his plans were successful.

The state of the public mind at the time was well described by Goldsmith.

"Amidst the clamour of exulting joys
Which triumph forces from the patriot heart,
Grief dares to mingle her soul-piercing voice,
And quells the raptures which from pleasure start.

"Oh Wolfe! to thee a streaming flood of woe
Sighing we pay, and think e'en conquest dear;
Quebec in vain shall teach our breasts to glow,
Whilst thy sad fate extorts the heart-wrung tear.

"Alive, the foe thy dreadful vigour fled,
And saw the fall with joy-pronouncing eyes;
Yet they shall know thou conquerest the dead,
Since from thy tomb a thousand heroes rise."

Nor was sympathy for a gallant enemy wanting. As the shouts of his triumphant soldiers were borne towards him, the English general declared that he died contented.—"I am glad of it," exclaimed M. de Montcalm, when the surgeon pronounced his wound mortal, "I shall not witness the surrender of my troops." A column has been recently erected in the Upper Town of Quebec, to the memory of both these brave officers—"to Wolfe and Montcalm"—a just tribute of respect to their patriotism and virtue, and an emblem of the mixed feeling that prevails in the province. It bears the following inscription:

MORTEM
VIRTUS COMMUNEM
FAMAM HISTORIA
MONUMENTUM POSTERITAS
DEDIT.

COURTS OF BRITISH QUEENS.

1. *Queen Elizabeth and her Times; a series of original Correspondence.* Edited by Thomas Wright, M. A. 2 vols. Colburn. 1838.
2. *Private Correspondence of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough; illustrative of the Court and Times of Queen Anne.* 2 vols. Colburn. 1838.

It is scarcely possible to conceive characters more strongly contrasted than those which adorned the Court of Elizabeth, and those which shed a light, little less dazzling, over the Reign of Anne. In the first era, we behold what may be called the flower and consummation of the age of English Chivalry. The class of our *Eupatrides*, or Well-Born, never before appeared to such advantage. That period in civilization had arrived when the power that belongs to knowledge had passed from the Priesthood into the Aristocracy. The subversion of the mighty Catholic institutions—the annihilation of the Monastic orders, in whose tranquil cloisters were blended the leisure that tempts to study,

and the power that allures ambition, severed in a great degree the Nobility from the Church. To the high-born cadet, the religious profession no longer proffered stately abbacies—temporal lordships, with the honours of the Roman See—The Cardinal's hat—even the Pontiff's triple mitre—rewarding the holy effort, and cheering the pious dream. True, "great prizes" were yet left—large endowments—haughty prelacies; but the Reformation, which united for awhile the people and the Church, had raised a new class of competitors among the Bourgeoisie, and had given a rude shock to the conventional habits of the Baronial order. The Catholic Church had blended two extremes of society—the sons of the highest nobles, whose habits were too studious or whose bodies were too feeble for the rude career of arms—and the sons of the humblest citizens, *pauperes et indigentes scholares*, who found in the cloister those openings to energy and intellect which were denied to them in the profane world. In the heart of Feudal Societies Religion founded a Republic—an aristocratic one, it is true, in which birth had privileges and priority; but in which no man was condemned to despair of eminence and distinction, who possessed the talents to serve or adorn the community to which his life was devoted. Hence, in those fair and still retreats, the spires of which rose above the loveliest sites of the garden of "merrie England," there existed much of the emulation—the ferment—the aspiration—the struggle—the intrigue, which equality of condition and high rewards to exertion cannot fail to produce. After the Reformation the Church proffered infinitely less temptation both to the noble and the mere plebeian: the burgher class, then rapidly rising into power, introduced its influences into the new establishment; the Church became more the Church of the middle class; its priesthood was more selected from the families of the smaller gentry—the affluent commercialists; the number of penniless scholars and noble devotees was sensibly diminished. The universalists at that epoch changed their character.

The families of the Aristocracy thus diverted from one great outlet for the talent or the ambition of their younger sons, they looked abroad, and found that the career of arms was no longer that which it had been in a more barbarous age. Peace in Europe, only partially broken, encouraged travelling, and introduced more humane and graceful adventures than those of the battlefield or the siege. Intercourse with the continent opened to us not only the literature of Italy, then at its palmyest height, but those more material sources of refinement which belong to luxurious habits and the elegancies of art. We may add to this, the consequences of a fact touched upon by M. Guizot, in his Lectures on European Civilization:—"the progressive division of landed property in England during the sixteenth century. Every document proves the prodigious aug-

mentation of the landed proprietors." The result of this change, if detrimental to the power, was advantageous to the grace and mental cultivation of the nobility; they no longer confined themselves to provincial castles, and indulged in barbarous and barren state. Disturbed from their dull feudal pomp, they turned to new openings for distinction—they resorted to the metropolis—they gathered round the monarch—they *formed a court*. The Reign of Elizabeth is the first in which a Court, in the continental signification of the word, as the centre of refinement and art, of power, fashion, and distinction, was called into existence. The sex, the personal accomplishments, and the remarkable talents of the Sovereign, assisted to invest the circles around her with a mingled character both of knightly gallantry and scholastic elegance: while a new class of aristocracy, that of the *gentlemen* as distinct from the *noblemen*—who, with all the advantages of birth, had still fortunes to make, rank to win, a career to run—introduced into the microcosm of the Court an element of active and hardy intellect, which was destined to the most grand results. From such a class arose some of the most illustrious representatives of the age—a Burleigh—a Raleigh—a Bacon. The time, just on that verge when the colours of the old world were blended with the new—when chivalry, retaining its splendid attributes, had lost its ferocity and grossness in the air of advancing civilization—was precisely that most favourable to the production of picturesque and political groupings of character. While the freedom and activity of thought that were urged into everlasting movement by the Reformation, the invention of printing, the revival of ancient learning, and the prodigious exuberance of practical wisdom and fervent genius which sprung up in the hot-beds of the Italian republics, as yet but imperfectly awakened in the multitude—exhibited their first fruits in embellishing the very systems they were destined to overthrow. In the dainty Quixotism of Sidney, in the sinister and plotting and unscrupulous ambition of Raleigh—nor less in the deep and wily statesmanship of Burleigh, or the courageous philosophy that already inspired the profound mind of the youthful Bacon—were the first meteoric and gorgeous outbreaks and sportings of the electric fire that afterwards burst forth in the storm and thunder of the Civil Wars. The causes that produce poetry and philosophy in the few, produce revolution in the many. The poetry of a people is fanaticism—the scepticism of a people is manifested against governments, not schoolmen—the chivalry of a people finds its tournaments in civil war. The reign of Elizabeth was to the Civil Wars what that of Louis the Fourteenth was to the Revolution.

Combined with all the external grace and nobleness that belong to the age of Elizabeth, there was, it is true, a frequent meanness of sentiment—a cringing

servility and a calculating self-seeking amongst many of her most dazzling courtiers;—attributes and qualities from which perhaps the regions of no despotism, however polished, are exempt, and which are almost necessary characteristics of that era in the progress of states, when an aristocracy loses its haughty independence with its exclusive privileges and semi-royal pomps—and still shut out from seeking new honours in popular favour, holds glory or disgrace from the smile or frown of a sovereign. Yet, making every abatement which the imperfections of human nature and the condition of the times require, the principal characters of the Elizabethan age stand out, amidst the various groups in the crowded canvass of English history, eminent and radiant, not only with singular accomplishments and many-coloured genius, but with qualities, generous, social, and humane.

In the outset of her reign Elizabeth fell into an error, from which her quick sagacity and masculine spirit afterwards preserved her. In the person of Leicester she combined in one the opposite distinctions of the Queen's favourite and the State's minister. Leicester himself was not altogether the worthless, and still more certainly, not the weak character which he has so often been represented.

The editor of the letters illustrative of 'Queen Elizabeth and her Times' rightly observes, that "it is by no means in favour of his accusers, that almost the sole authority for these slanders is found to be Popish libels, and those same libels contain attacks equally gross upon the most upright of his contemporaries." Of the murder of his wife he was undoubtedly suspected in his own time. Cecil, shortly after that event, speaks of him as "defamed by his wife's death." But when we come to examine what evidence exists for so foul a charge, we find it so loose, vague, and contradictory that there is not a court of law from which the accusation would not have been scouted. The author of Leicester's Commonwealth, who with grave audacity makes the charge, supports it only on three grounds—

1st. He says, "that Sir R. Varney's men can tel how she died, which men being taken afterward for a felonie in the marches of Wales, and offering to publish the manner of the said murder was made away privlie in prison."

2ndly. That—"Sir R. Varney himself dying about the same tyme in London, cried piteously and blasphemed God, and said to a gentleman of worship of myne acquaintance not long before his death, that al the divels in Het did tear him to pieces."

3dly. The wife also of Bald Buttlr, kinsman to my Lord, gave out the whole fact a little before her death."

Now all these precious evidences rest solely on what the libeller himself picked up by hearsay. Sir Richard Varney's man is said to be a convicted felon, a creditable kind of witness! He is caught in the

marches of Wales, where no one had an interest in preventing the disclosures he was to make, and is then so "privlie" disposed of in prison, that the worshipful libeller is perfectly well acquainted with the fact! Sir R. Varney is said to have cried piteously, blasphemed, &c., as if, supposing the fact true, he could have had nothing else on his conscience but the death of Lady Robert Dudley!

That the wife of Bald Buttlr should "give out the fact" is not a little extraordinary; for according to the same libeller, not a person, save Varney and his man, was in the house at the catastrophe. Ashmole collects the wretched gossip of the neighbourhood, and tells us that the unfortunate lady was first buried privately; but in the collection of papers that heads this article, W. Honnyng, writing to the Earl of Sussex, Vol. i. p. 46, says nothing of such private burial, but informs us that "the Lord Roberts wief was, upon the mischancing death, buried in the hed Churche of the University of Oxford, and that the cost of the funerall was esteemed at better than 2,000*l*."

As for Cecil himself, he seems—though never friendly to Leicester—to have been ultimately convinced of the foulness of this slander against him; for we find Lord North writing to Cecil of the untimely death of that noble Earl Leicester—which he calls "a great and generall loss to the whole land," and one "that cannot but be generally and greatly lamented of the goode and beste sort. In his life he advanced the glory of God and loyally served his Sovereigne. He leived and died with honour," &c. Lord North was too good a courtier, and too well acquainted with Cecil, to have written thus of a man whom Cecil could still believe to have been guilty of a base and sordid assassination. The fact is, that none of the parties most interested—the relations of the lady,* took up the charge, nor did any of the powerful foes of Leicester dare to press for an examination which, in his frequent disgraces at court, might have been obtained without difficulty. Leicester was in truth a brave, able, crafty, and ambitious man—possessed precisely of those qualities which create jealousy without inspiring confidence or love. In his portraits his character seems to speak. There may be traced the high-born and princely beauty that fascinated the eyes of Elizabeth; but in the haughty features, the narrow and sinister, though lofty forehead, the close compression of the stern lips, and the air of cold and distant reserve which seems to make the prevalent expression of the countenance—we may

* "The concealed marriage of Leicester with Amy Robsart is but a romantic fiction. This marriage took place in 1550, and was celebrated at the Palace of Sheen with great splendour."—*Queen Elizabeth and her Times*, vol. i. p. 48.

See, in the same page, an exposition of the curious and wanton anachronisms in the gorgeous romance of 'Kenilworth.'

detect both the insolence which raised him foes, and the duplicity which alienated friends.

The craft, however, which actuated Leicester's intricate and mysterious policy, and which is evident in his intrigues and counter-intrigues, sometimes with the Catholic party, sometimes with the Scottish Court, sometimes with his enemies at his own—was by no means an attribute that this able and aspiring courtier can be said to have monopolized. It appears to us that much which historians have left unexplained in the character of Elizabeth, and of the great men by whom she was surrounded, may be accounted for by researches into those studies which connect the intellectual with the political idiosyncrasy of an age. The chosen and favourite and pervading study of the times was centred much in the masterpieces of Italian genius. The voice of Italy speaks in the poems, the romances, the plays, the prevalent turn of fancy and thought, that individualise the Elizabethan era. The same contagion spread into those more active habits of thought that tend to practical policy. It is even now impossible to read the histories of Italian States, or the works of Italian statesmen, without feeling the fascination of the deep and marvellous wisdom, that exalts counsels abstractedly villanous, into the passionless dignity of art. How much more effective and influential must have been such writings, in a day when the publicity that belongs to modern popular governments was unknown, and when prince encountered prince—state, state—and faction, faction—not on the broad arena of Representative Chambers, or through the open controversies of an unsparing press, but by all the tortuous deceits and secret mazes of closet machination and court intrigue. Machiavelism was not destroyed, till politics were transferred from the monopoly of governors to the common heritage of nations.

It is only by studying the correspondence, the memoirs, the publications of the time, that we can see how completely King-craft and State-craft were the intellectual fashion of the sixteenth century. The art of making words the disguise of thoughts was not confined to England, though it existed there in full vigour. It was the age of the profound Philip the Second of Spain, who was a Visconti upon a vast scale: it may be traced amongst the bold reformers of the Netherlands; it is to be seen even in the honest pages of Sully; and perhaps through too soldier-like a disregard of the systems by which he was surrounded, the gallant Henri Quatre fell a victim to a malignant fanaticism, which, under similar circumstances, the craftier Elizabeth would have soothed or quelled. It is by acknowledging this universal fashion of statesmanship that we arrive at the true apology for the sage hypocrisies of Elizabeth herself, and the complicated, winding, vicious, but sagacious spirit of diplomacy

and intrigue that animated nearly all who took a share and rose to eminence in the practical politics of the age. The bold, imprudent, and reckless candour of Essex at the close of Elizabeth's great career—when the grave and solemn master-spirits that adorned its commencement had disappeared from the scene—and when that mighty sovereign was wearied and surfeited by the very air of falsehood from which her glory and power had drawn life and nourishment—made, no doubt, the quality that most attracted that wily woman to the blunt favourite. In his tragedy of 'Don Carlos,' Schiller has devoted a noble scene, full of the true philosophy of the drama, to the effect produced on Philip by hearing truth, for the first time, from Posa. In old age, and after sad experience of the aching unrealities that constitute the life of the craft, the heart opens to the least semblance of honest and plain-spoken thought. In Elizabeth's youth Essex would have been no rival to Leicester—in her old age Leicester would have had no chance against Essex. It was probably not so much the jealous love for Essex that stung the Queen to sanction his execution, and embittered the last days of her life—as it was the discovery that this rude, hearty soldier could betray, no less than the most glozing courtier—that he whom she had trusted with something of the last faith of dotage could insult her weakness, defy her resentment, deceive her credulity. With Essex vanished not only affection, but faith in human truth. In Elizabeth's fate there was retribution—she had lived the life of wiles and delusions, and she found its moral at the end of the melancholy and tedious tale.

The court of Anne abounded with intrigue and deceit no less than that of Elizabeth. But there was all the difference and distinction between the diplomacy of the several reigns that may be noticed between the profound statesmanship of Italy, and the airy and brilliant courtier-craft of France. The actors of the one stage are calm, laborious, almost passionless in their sublime hypocrisy; those of the other are a restless, egotistical and irritable race, parading all their quarrels, bruting abroad their disputes, and flying to the pen or the senate for the vindication of those principles which the statesmen of Elizabeth's day enforced by silent cunning and astute cabals. As there never was an age in which England was more Italian than that of Elizabeth, so there never was an age in which England was more French than that of Anne. The *gallomania* is not only visible in the clear clipped sentences into which the magnificent march of English diction was minced and squared, in the artificial and polished Boileauism of Pope, in the *esprit de société* which replaced romance and passion, in poetry and letters; but it may be equally discovered in the polite legerdemain of politics, which was exhibited with so graceful and gay and ease, by adventurers with ruffles

on their wrists and diamonds on their fingers. In the Court intrigues of Elizabeth there were the darkness and the strength of Tragedy; in those of Anne, the lightness, the dexterity, and the ingenious tricks of comedy. Wherever there are two candidates for the throne, the one in possession, the other in reasonable expectation, we may be sure that courtiers and ministers will look to a double game. There will ever be much of what in sporting slang is called "hedging;" the best diplomatist will be he who is sure to win, whatever horse may lose the King's plate. In the reign of William III. this ingenious dishonesty was carried to a frightful excess; an excess still comic, but a comedy in which Mephistophiles might have had a hand. Nothing in history exceeds the baseness with which the principal actors of the day carried on the double plot of betraying William on the one hand, and James on the other. Halifax, prostituting his great abilities to the dirtiest services; the solemn and taciturn Godolphin remaining in the ministry, and swaying the councils of William, avowedly in order to be more useful to the designs of the exiled family—now pouring tears into the bosom of a jesuit emissary, and declaring that he could neither eat nor sleep from remorse for his desertion of James; and now fawning on the gloomy Dutchman and swearing that his only motive in seeking the confidence of James was to betray it to William. All parties, according to the fluctuations of power, vying with each other in perfidy—traitors to William when in opposition; traitors to James, when in office. Even those holy men, who were so instrumental to the Revolution of 1688—the bishops themselves—rivalled the subtlest courtier in ingenious trickery and mendacious equivocation. It is amusing to observe their conduct when, on the declaration of the Prince of Orange that "he was invited over by several lords, spiritual as well as temporal," they were examined by the startled king;—they not only protested their innocence, but asserted the manifesto to be spurious, "so great a prince could not proclaim a manifest falsehood!" The venerable Sancroft himself* seems to glory in the ingenuity of his double dealings. What begun in falsehood was in falsehood confirmed. The Revolution was faithful to its origin. The reign of William, which was called, by one of the priests of the day, "the restoration of Christianity," was in fact the ascendancy of the principles of Judas. But still these perfidious men were characterized by extraordinary talent; and what is yet more remarkable, the most morally debased amongst them were yet personally incorrupt. Godolphin is a curious example of the truth that a man may be thoroughly dishonest, and yet unpurchaseable by money. Of all that class of able intriguants Marlborough was at once the basest and ablest; putting aside his

military genius, it is impossible not to be struck with the extraordinary dexterity with which he packed the cards and clogged the dice. Without education, no man was more accomplished; unacquainted with grammar, he was a master of the best kind of eloquence, that which persuades and convinces; he could make himself believed in the teeth of appearances against which no other man's oath would have been taken; he could break, one after one, the most solemn obligations, and obtain applause for acts that should have covered him with infamy. His ingratitude to James is the smallest part of his guilt; perfidy is a sin against society—ingratitude only a sin against a man. He remained with James, vowing the most devoted loyalty, long after he had sold himself to William; at noon he sat with the king, and advised his operations in a council of war; at night he deserted to the Prince. James had been warned of his treachery, but disregarded the admonition.

Nothing could be so well timed as Churchill's desertion; had it occurred earlier it would have inflicted less injury on James, and therefore conferred less service on his triumphant rival. It is evident too that he had delayed, till his influence over Prince George of Denmark and Anne had ripened the proper hour for the crowning treason; their desertion dignified and consecrated his own; he had before won them secretly to favour the designs of the Prince of Orange; he seized and declared the moment when they should openly assist in the Revolution. Throughout the reign of William this splendid knave played his game with the same profound calculation; he invested power in every quarter that could by possibility bring return; he re-opened his intercourse with James; and though that unfortunate tyrant declared "his crimes were too many ever to be forgiven," he undoubtedly obtained the confidence and mastered the secrets of the Court of St. Germain. Had James returned, and regained his crown, he could have had no option but to place Marlborough beside his throne. While thus secured with the exiles, Marlborough and his wife ruled the heir with absolute sway. Marlborough could not, it is true, obtain with William, who, himself deep and dissimulating, loved not hypocrisy in others, the ascendancy to which his talent and services seemed entitled; but his very discredit at Court he contrived to convert to his advantage, not only with James, not only with Anne, but with all the powerful malcontents of every party; the abrupt dismissal from his offices, which punished the untoward detection of his falsehood; even his committal to the Tower, on the charge of high treason, were misfortunes which he turned to account. Retiring from the Court of the Monarch, he strengthened every fortress, blocked up every avenue, in the affections of the heir. He consolidated his power by biding his time. It came—Anne ascended the throne,

* See D'Oyley's Life of Sancroft, vol. i. p. 362.

and the Earl of Marlborough received full power to form a ministry. It was then that the destined hero of Ramilies for the first time found a theatre worthy of his daring genius and vast designs. He at once threw off the mask of the hollow loyalty he had assumed for the fallen family; James could no longer be of use to him; his ambition was concentrated in the person of the Queen, who was his tool. He felt that his want of education did not fit him for the same eminence in the state as in the field. Of his military talents he entertained the deep conviction that ever belongs to conscious power. To consolidate the new dynasty, to rally the nation round the new government, to efface all remembrance of his past treasons, to concentrate on himself the enthusiasm of a people—for all this there was no policy like war. Treason at home could be stopped at once by glory abroad, it was not enough to cut off correspondence with St. Germain, it was a mightier statesmanship to strike down the arm of France herself; to humble Louis XIV. was to defeat for ever the machinations of the Stuarts. Agreeably to these grand and profound views, Marlborough wisely disdained to constitute himself the head of the government he had formed; he put Godolphin, half his creature, and wholly his friend, into the premiership; he reserved for himself the command of the armies; he threw over, without scruple, many of the partisans with whom he had hitherto leagued; he formed the only administration that, amidst the elements of parties, could have lent itself alike to his great views and personal interests; dexterously and rapidly he contrived to rid himself of all the more violent Tories—the secret Jacobites—the half-Papists; without committing his designs and fortunes to the Whigs, he artfully conciliated them by cautious advances. Harley, who had played with great acuteness and discretion that part in the Commons which ruins the bungler, and crowns with the highest honours the dexterous manœurer—the part of the trimmer between two sides;—Harley was taken into the government, and with him was admitted the most brilliant personage of the age, the Alcibiades of English history, Henry St. John afterwards Viscount Bolingbroke. Harley was born to be a courtier. In that career his talents were more exhibited than those of St. John, who was too passionate, restless, and high-spirited for more than occasional recourse to such a profession. Making some allowance for the caricature of satire, Harley's life justifies the cutting and laconic compliment of St. John—that "where anything was to be got, he could wriggle himself in; when any misfortune threatened him, he could find a way to wriggle himself out." He carried into the Court the policy he had formed in the Senate; he wished to conciliate all parties by that moderation which is often the disguise of insincerity. He was a notable example of a schemer who gains power from

both sides, precisely because neither confide in him. Bland, smooth, self-possessed, and cautious, he was not long before he became the arch favourite of Anne; and his ambition then sought to supplant those persons to whom he owed his advancement. It is entertaining enough to perceive how, in the Court Comedy, the fall of the great Duchess of Marlborough is prepared by means of her own creature. She places Miss Hill, afterwards the notorious Lady Masham, about the person of the Queen, as a humble supporter of her own interests. This lady seems to have been just the person whose rivalry no one could have feared; and precisely because she was despicable she became dangerous. The Duchess denies her talents; but could the Duchess imagine that her own talents had made her agreeable to the small, formal, tittle-tattling mind of her Royal mistress? It was because Miss Hill beat the Duchess in the qualities of the waiting-woman, because she was supple, complaisant, and an excellent retailer of small gossip, that the Queen soon learned to prefer her society. This woman was, by the mother's side, related to the Duchess—by her father's to Harley. When she was of no account, "Harley had never done anything for her;" when she was introduced at Court, Harley was all kindness to his dear kinswoman. He became her confidant in her love for young Masham, page to the Queen; he aided her passion—attained its success—assisted at her private marriage—and secured a friend far more useful than the Duchess: for schemers ever prefer a tool to a patron. The insolence of the baffled favourite on discovering that she was supplanted, open scenes that would be worthy of the author of *'Bertrand et Raton.'* "I can't imagine," she says in one of her letters, "what your Majesty meant by the ill opinion which I have of you, unless it be that I have the misfortune to differ with you, which I must own I have done very much. And now, because you pray to God to open my eyes, I will say how you may do that yourself if you please:—*by living with your old faithful servants as you used to do, and hearkening to the advice of your faithful Ministers and Council, for this would open my eyes and everybody's else.*"* Nor is the abject cringing of this vehement woman, when she found that arrogance was in vain, less comic than her haughty dictation. But all Harley's talents as a courtier could not make up, in an age that produced men so extraordinary, for certain gross incapacities as a minister. His political abilities have been prodigiously overrated. His affection for letters and literary men, the elegance of his own accomplishments, the friendly panegyrics of Swift and Pope, have served to invest him with a false reputation. His inattention to business was notorious. St. John speaks openly of the low credit to which he had sunk in the

* *'Private Correspondence of the Duchess of Marlborough.'* Vol. i. p. 243.

Commons—an accident that rarely happens to an able minister. It is universally allowed that he was not eloquent in Parliament—that he was not effective in the bureau—that he was indolent and procrastinating—that he was secret, scheming, insincere—that even in the tactics of party he had not the most necessary of all arts, the art of attracting friends. What then were his qualifications? Considerable information upon all subjects—an affable manner, not however, according to St. John, untinctured by a coarseness of breeding—acquired “by the low company” he had kept in youth—extreme cunning—admirable suppleness—long experience in affairs—and the most determined attachment to his own interests. In fact, he would never have been ruined as a courtier, but for his blunders as a statesman. And now, in the very midst of his plots against Marlborough and Godolphin, he suffered the most important state secrets to be betrayed to the French by his own spies, and suddenly stood before the world in the light of a negligent dupe, or a convicted conspirator. He was obliged to resign. He is supposed, indeed, to have decided on that step before, as being most advantageous for the ultimate success of his intrigues—an hypothesis which we venture to doubt. The resignation of St. John, whom there is no ground to suppose an accomplice in his underhand shuffling, necessarily followed. Godolphin and Marlborough were again triumphant. Meanwhile the great Duke was achieving abroad those imperishable laurels which overshadow all the vices of his policy at home. The victories of Blenheim and Ramillies did not more signally exhibit his genius in war, than his sagacious and discreet policy in the Courts of Berlin, Hanover, and Vienna, manifested his arts as a diplomatist. But now came the time when his consort, no less unprincipled, but far more reckless and vehement than himself, marred the fortunes she had so helped to make. Had Marlborough remained in England, he would probably have retained his ascendancy to the last. But he had left his fortunes in the hands of a more impetuous spirit. At a later period, 1710, St. John appears, by a letter to his confidential agent, Drummond, to have even dared to tell the great warrior, with rude frankness, “That his true interest consisted in getting rid of his wife as soon as he could.” The hero of Blenheim was either too timid a husband, or the betrayer of all men was too loyal a lover, to submit to this cold-blooded proposal. He kept his wife—and he lost his power. The Duchess was, in many respects, the faithful counterpart of the Duke; she had all his ambition, and all his avarice; but she wanted both his cold temperament and his genius. Marlborough was never vindictive; his wife, on the contrary never forgave. The hard, polished, calculating Marlborough had in his nature neither love nor hate; but the Duchess, with all her vices, had a heart—she was avaricious but she could

be generous—selfish, yet not void of compassion—with all the petty vanities, but with much of the earnest devotion, which form the traditional character of the sex. When she could no longer rule a nation, she entered with undiminished ardour into a squabble for the right of driving through the Park. But on the other hand, she did not forsake a friend with the smiling ease of her husband; and her ambition almost loses its character of odious grossness, when we find how much it was centred and consolidated in the career of her gifted consort. In the old age of this extraordinary pair there was a notable contrast. Marlborough exhibited the mournful and piteous spectacle of mental decay: his Duchess, on the contrary, ripened into a contemplative philosopher, and her intellect seems to have brightened as her years increased.

It was long before the restless St. John seems to have turned his genius from literature, pleasure, and the legitimate career of political ambition, to the subtle tricks and intrigues which occupied the smooth spirit of Harley. This wonderful man has concentrated in himself all the severity of a criticism which has passed mildly by the vices of his contemporaries. It has been his fate to draw down the animosity of both the sections into which English opinion is rent;—condemned by the Whigs as a Tory—renounced by the Tories as a Freethinker. With his philosophical heresies we have nothing to do at present; they were the lees of his intellect, and betray as little of the fascination of his style as of the vigour of his understanding. Christianity may well forgive them, for they cannot do it any harm. For his political conduct, it bears the most advantageous comparison with that of his most eminent contemporaries. He was what in our day would be called a most consistent politician. He never betrayed his party; and yet he often resisted its excesses. The administration he served was not unfrequently at the brink of destruction by the intolerant violence of some of the Ultra-Tories. With all his ambition he rarely yielded to their clamour, and yet he never deserted their common cause. While the Godolphins and Marlboroughs and Harleys shifted to and fro—all things with all men—St. John remained true and firm to the last. Even in his own downfall he says, and says prophetically so far as his own times were concerned, “the grief of my soul is this, I see plainly that the Tory party is gone.”* Cruelly insulted and deeply mortified as he was by Harley, in the inferior rank by which he was thrust into the peerage, “dragged into the House of Lords in such a manner as to make my promotion a punishment not a reward”—urged not only by vanity and resentment, but also by selfish interest, to resign—for as he shrewdly intimates in his letter to Sir W. Windham, his resignation at that time, so great was his power, must have produced his recall on

* ‘Letter to the Bishop of Rochester.’

his own terms—he yet, probably, spoke but the plain truth when he declared, “that he could not bring himself up to that resolution, when the consequence of it must have been the breaking of his party and the distress of the public affairs.” So in his exile, embittered and galled though he was, and infamously abandoned in the Commons by the very men who had hallooed on his measures and thriven on his fortunes, he yet manifested to this party, so loved and served, the most frank and determined loyalty. Impeached—condemned—sentenced to death in England; courted—invoked—besought in France by the Pretender, he suffered neither ambition nor anger to jeopard the interests of his friends. He refused correspondence with the Pretender, retired to Dauphiné, referred himself and his actions to the judgment of his partisans—“ready to venture in their service the little which remained, as frankly as he had exposed all which was gone.” He did not, in fact, enter into the service of the Chevalier, until the instances of his friends and the supposed power of the Jacobites made such a step not the act of an individual, but the measure of a party; and in his celebrated letter to Sir W. Windham, his chief aim is to prove his compliant and too faithful devotion to the Tories and their councils; it is in that aim that he is chiefly successful.

The charge against St. John, of secretly tampering with the Pretender during the reign of Anne, is now generally abandoned by impartial historians. There is ample proof of such intrigues, on the part of Harley—ample internal evidence to prove the innocence of St. John. For his subsequent connection with the Chevalier, it must be said that the imprudence or the crime was shared with thousands; that he could have owed no allegiance to George the First, who had sanctioned the act of attainder against him, one of the most unconstitutional and tyrannical measures which the revenge of faction ever perpetrated; and that all his prejudices and politics led him, at first, to the conclusion that the Stuart might be as good a monarch for England as the Guelph. He subsequently disdained to purchase his pardon from the King by the betrayal of any individuals with whom that connection had associated him, and we have Lord Stair's evidence that he insisted especially “that it was better to wait with patience, however long, than to arrive with precipitation at his end by departing from the high road of probity and honour.” “To consent to betray individuals, or to reveal that which has been confided to me, would be to dishonour myself forever;”—a scrupulousness which would have been evinced by few politicians of his day. On the whole then, so far as faithful and consistent adherence to party interests and party friendships can constitute as it is ordinarily held to do, an honest and

upright politician, St. John is beyond all comparison above the standard of the herd of his contemporaries. And it is amusing enough to find him condemned by those who excuse the baseness of Harley, and gloss over the perfidies of Marlborough. Consistent to party, he was also personally incorrupt. He did not scruple, it is true, to apply what may be called secret service money to the objects to which Ministers generally have applied it. But with the greatest facilities for speculation, and with the most malignant research into all his conduct, every accusation of appropriating money to himself signally failed. In his short connection with the Pretender he appears to have sacrificed considerably; he laid himself too open to immediate and easy refutation not to be believed, when he asserted “that it was notorious he had spent a great sum in the Pretender's service, and never would be obliged to him for a farthing.” “In which case,” he adds, “I believe I was single.”* His patronage was confessedly devoted to the largest interests of his party, and he never permitted himself to lavish on the companions of his private pleasures what were the fitting rewards of his associates in the public service. These were not qualities common at that day. Any dispassionate and penetrating judge of human character will observe, in examining the attributes and peculiarities of St. John, how little of systematic craft or cold hypocrisy entered into his composition. He was, indeed, frank, impetuous, and imprudent to a singular degree, when we remember the example of the plotting times, his own great talents, and deep experience of men. His indiscretions, more than his faults, ruined his fortunes, and darkened his memory. Had he been an artful hypocrite he would never have been an exile, and would have retained the name of Arch-Champion of the High Church. If instead of leaving behind him an impotent attack on the Scriptures, he had had the dissimulation to leave a defence of pluralities, he would have been lauded by every reverend critic, with the same eulogium which was bestowed on him by Gay—

“St. John, sweet of mien,
Full steadfast both to Church and Queen.”

The small and bitter Horace Walpole, that bloodless sceptic in human virtue itself, makes this evident in one sentence of a letter to Sir Horace Mann—“It is comical to see how Lord Bolingbroke is given up here, since the best of his writings, his *Metaphysical Divinity* have been published. While he betrayed and abused every man who trusted him, or who had forgiven him, or to whom he was obliged, he was a hero, a patriot, and a philosopher, and the greatest genius of his age. The moment his *Craftsmen* against Moses and St. Paul were published, we have discovered that he was the worst man and the worst writer in the world.” And as a hero, a patriot, and a philosopher, would the most

* See Lord Stair's letter to Craggs, published in the Appendix to Bolingbroke's 'Letter to Sir W. Windham.'

*Letter to Sir W. Windham.

brilliant Tory that ever existed have passed to posterity in the hallelujahs of his party, spiritual and temporal, had he had but the decent wit to abandon moralizing theism for sanctimonious hypocrisy. His earlier profligacies, much exaggerated as they have been, were made conspicuous by their daring and careless effrontery—yet if like Fox, he had retained the support of party, or if like Wilberforce, he had conciliated the deference of a sect, like Fox and Wilberforce he would have received a generous pardon for the irregularities of his youth. The warmth of his passions extended to his temper. The implacable enemies he created amongst the Whigs he might easily have avoided, if like many of his party, he had secretly intrigued with their leaders. But he carried all the fervour of the orator into all the hostilities of the partisan. An orator by temperament must ever be indiscreet. The personal resentment against him was the result of his uncompromising boldness, occasioned “in part,” as he himself confesses, “unnecessarily by the warmth of my temper, and by some unguarded expressions, for which I have no excuse to make but that which Tacitus makes for his father-in-law, Julius Agricola, ‘honestius putabam offendere quam odisse.’” * The same bluntness of imperious purpose and conscious superiority prevented him, during the latter years of Anne’s life, from attempting to secure favour with her successor. His bold bearing on the accession of George the First presents a notable contrast to the cringing baseness of Harley. Lord Stair, who knew human character well, describes him exactly in his letter to Cragge—where he says, “Je sçavais bien par son caractère, qu’il ne feroit pas les choses à demi”—“I knew by his character that he would do *nothing by halves*”—a character the reverse of the hypocrite or self-seeker. Even his letter to Sir W. Windham, a masterpiece of composition though it be, is extravagantly imprudent; the plain zeal with which he declares that “he abhorred Oxford”—the scorn with which he speaks of the Whimsicals, or Hanoverian Tories—the cutting contempt with which he disposes of the Jacobites—and the melancholy and high-spirited indignation with which he stigmatizes the wholesale ingratitude of his party to himself, were all calculated to frustrate his one great object of vindicating himself in the eyes of the very persons he addresses, while his measured, indifferent, and proud language towards the reigning dynasty, was not calculated to advance him with the King or soften the Government. Accordingly, though previously to the publication of that letter, he had received a promise of pardon from the King, though, as a first step towards conciliation, his father had been raised to the peerage, yet seven years elapsed from the latter event before the promise was fulfilled and the pardon granted, and even then it was purchased by the gold of his wife, and

* ‘Letter to Sir W. Windham.’

curled with attain of blood, incapacity of inheritance, and exclusion from public honours.

After his return to England his re-entrance into political controversy was marked by the same imperious genius and impetuous indiscretion; admitted to an interview with Walpole, he could not conceal his resentment* and hatred, but rose suddenly and left the room:—For his own interest nothing could be less wise than his assaults not only on the Government, but on the very measures most agreeable to the King, or than his first coalition and his subsequent breach with Pulteney. With all his powers of intellect—with all his experience of affairs—with all his capacities for business, there is reason to doubt whether St. John was really an efficient practical man, or whether he would ever have distinguished himself as a minister of vast views, or have founded a Government of long duration. We are too apt to imagine the brilliant orator, the Parliamentary leader, must also combine the qualities of the Legislator—the more especially if he unite with the gifts of eloquence the acquisition of knowledge and the habits of business; but this is too often not the case. St. John seems to us in some subordinate respects to bear resemblance to the ablest debater that the Aristocracy of this day exhibits in the House of Commons—Lord Stanley;—of course the degrees of intellect are very different—nor while Lord Stanley is exempt from the vicious irregularities, can he pretend to the same marvellous combination of endowments; but so far as remarkable abilities for debate, great aptitude in the mastery of official details, ready display of all resources, a warm, indiscreet, haughty, and impetuous temper, which produces momentary effects by permanent sacrifices, are concerned, we may trace a certain affinity of gifts and peculiarities; and the living orator is a proof how little of legislative success may be combined with the greatest debating powers. St. John seems, in the first place, to have based his system upon a party that is incapable of permanent duration, that of the Moderate Tories; this is precisely the adoption of a cause from which you emasculate the passion—it is one that succeeds well in opposition, but fails in office, because office raises a new host of enemies in your own camp; half your followers suspect you, and in the first disaster break forth and desert. St. John accordingly found, throughout his short career, that those most difficult to deal with were his own followers, and the moment he fell, not all the remembrance of his services, not all the personal attachment which his social

* Bolingbroke’s resentments were as strong as all his other passions, and to this constitutional bias, by no means incompatible with high and generous natures, but on the contrary their ordinary characteristic, must be attributed his bitter anger at the discovery of Pope’s most dishonourable breach of confidence with respect to the ‘Patriot King.’ Precisely in proportion to the love he had felt for Pope was his indignation at the petty treachery of the poet.

qualities inspired, could sustain the spirit or prevent the defection of the motley crew in which he had represented the lukewarm by irritating the ardent. As a negotiator his great work was the Peace of Utrecht, the whole labour and responsibility of which fell upon his shoulders, and in the mechanical details of which he exhibited masterly address; but making all allowance for the difficulties in his way, and the errors foisted, against his will, upon his general outline, it is impossible not to confess that the conditions of the peace reversed all the triumph of the war—that it was the conception, as he himself half allows, of a calculating partisan, and not of a farsighted statesman. If the peace itself did but little honour to his diplomacy, neither did his anticipation of the result evince the prophetic gifts of a sage leader of faction; he had reckoned on this peace as the establishment of Tory rule upon an imperishable basis—instead of this, the peace became the ruin of the Tories. St. John ascribes this failure of the "Tory Millenary" to various causes,—the incapacity of Harley, the bad constitution of the ministry, the obstinate opposition of the Whigs and the Allies,—all very probable causes, but causes which a profounder and calmer reason would have foreseen from afar; in fact, the peace itself however concluded must have been fatal to the Tories. War, especially one so triumphant, had rallied the nation round the reigning dynasty; the Jacobites and the Hanoverian Whimsicals were alike compelled to merge with the Moderates led by St. John; while the Whigs, now joined with Marlborough, were pleased with continental triumphs, and weakened, as ever is the case with that party in war, the domestic administration. Perhaps we shall always find in England that war is the life of Toryism, and that peace is its surest foe. The private excesses of St. John were no doubt great, however exaggerated by his own careless display of them and the attacks of his foes; but they are not without considerable excuse—his education was neglected by his father, he had been brought up under the pious care of a Presbyterian grandmother and a grotesque Puritan preceptor. A boy of eager temper, high spirit, and the quickest perceptions, was set down to feast his capacities on a huge folio containing the Homilies of Dr. Manton, a worthy non-conformist, chiefly memorable for having produced, as a sort of theological conceit, 119 sermons on the 119th Psalm! From such studies and teachers he was suddenly sent to the turbulent Microcosm of Eton, thence to Oxford, and from Oxford he was let loose, without a guide, upon the world; he could have been little more than seventeen when he was thus made lord of himself, and from seventeen to nineteen were the years in which the tales of his more reckless profligacy must find their dates. View then this boy, highborn, with great expectations, lavish command of money, already

celebrated for extraordinary brilliancy of conversation, and still more for the fatal gift of surpassing personal beauty, disgusted betimes, by the contact of the most oppressive asceticism with the sober wisdom of restraint,—not only neglected by his father, but beholding in hereditary licentiousness example and excuse; endowed with vehement passions—possessed of the liveliest spirits and the most robust constitution—cast into a society where to be dissipated was to be distinguished,—and the consequences are too obvious, not to furnish errors with excuse. Helvetius has luminously shown how the conduct of individuals is shaped by the opinion of the society in which they live—how in proportion to passion and to intellect will be the love of distinction—and how, if the spirit of society confers distinction on frivolity and vice, emulation and desire of glory will be debased into incentives to effeminacy or excess—the same men who would have been most abstemious in Sparta might have been the most voluptuous in Ionia. At the time in which St. John commenced his career, the circles of London retained the taint of the Court of Charles the Second;—perhaps indeed to this day they have not wholly overcome the hereditary infection; the influence of the grave Dutch king never penetrated the gay haunts of fashion, rank, and wit; the poets and men of letters themselves, whose acquaintance the brilliant boy courted with avidity, were no rigid mentors; the old chasm between the Puritans and the Cavaliers still existed:—on one side, the grimmest starchness—on the other, the raciest license. Thus St. John, whose ruling passion was to shine, who, like Cæsar, placed in a village, had been

"The first wrestler on the green,"

was urged by ambition itself to give the rein to his passions. Habits formed in early youth are not discarded with its heyday. St. John's first marriage was at once premature and unfortunate; we have sufficient proof of the violent and unwomanly temper, combined with the unaffectionate selfishness of his wife. Quarrels commenced with the honeymoon, and soon ended in formal separation. St. John's rapid and dazzling rise in public life increased his temptations by adding to his fashion. He was rather the solicited than the seducer. "Men respect you," writes Prior to him, "and women love you." On the other hand, he appears to have added much to the strength of his party by his convivial qualities at the banquet, and his success in the *Salons*. His graver aspirations led him to regard pleasures as paths to his goal. It is recorded of him that he never allowed pleasures to interfere with business, and his experience taught him the philosophy he himself asserts, that pleasure was an able minister to business. His faults were not regarded by his contemporaries with much asperity, though he himself, perhaps, like the noble poet of our own days, had the foi-

ble of parading more than he committed. He had certainly something of the coxcomb in his flexible and brilliant nature—a weakness tenderly but shrewdly hit off by Swift:—"He was fond of mixing pleasure and business, and of being esteemed excellent at both, upon which account he had a great respect for the characters of Alcibiades and Petronius, especially the latter, whom he would be gladly thought to resemble. His detractors charged him with some degree of affectation, and perhaps not altogether without ground, since it was hardly possible for a young man with half the business of the nation upon him, and the applause of the whole,* to escape some tincture of that infirmity." It must also be said for St. John, that no sooner did he find a congenial and tender partner in his second wife—of whom, many years after their union, he speaks with all the enthusiasm of first love, and all the devotion of tried friendship—than his excesses vanish from the stage. Unlike the confirmed prodigal whom affection retains not, whom years cannot chasten, he exhibited not the odious spectacle of debauched maturity and rakish age. Whatever the vices of his speculative philosophy, the practical philosophy that characterized his sentiments and his actions after his first return from England is at once large enough to be benevolent, rigid enough to be abstemious. At that time he was the chastest writer in England—one of the most exemplary lives.

He has been accused of an ambitious yearning for the scenes of action amidst all his eloquent declamations of the happiness of retirement. But in this accusation there is praise. Still in the prime of life, "sobered, not seathed by years," resorted to as the greatest genius of his times—consulted by statesmen, revered by sages—it would have been a treason to his

* This passage, by the way, which occurs in one of the Dean's most laboured works, is an instance, among many, of the remarkable incorrectness of Swift's diction. "A young man with half the business of the nation upon him and the applause of the whole"—the applause of the whole what?—business of the nation? If you turn the construction into good English, it becomes nonsense. "The business of half the nation, and the applause of the whole" would be the right construction, but a most blundering antithesis, for a minister has the business of the whole nation, though he may have but half the business upon him. Nothing can more strongly attest the nature of the inconsidered conventional slang which pervades our criticism than the current praises of Swift's singular correctness and excellent English, while at the same time he is denied the very excellence for which he ought to be most remarkable. One critic has told us that there is not a single metaphor to be found in Swift!!! and Mr. Cook, the able biographer of Lord Bolingbroke, who ought to know better, prefers Bolingbroke's style to Swift's, because "the plain and unpretending language of the Dean, so utterly devoid of figure and ornament, could never be compared with that of the man he was always ready to acknowledge as his master." Now we will venture to say that there are more metaphors, ornaments, and figures in one page of Dean Swift than in three of Lord Bolingbroke. The real charm of Swift is in the familiar exercise of a most copious fancy.

country if he had looked with the indifferent eyes of selfish stoicism upon the hideous corruption that characterized the administration of Walpole. Often indeed, amidst all the lettered ease of a hermitage to which the eyes of Europe were turned, the greatest orator of his age must have panted to startle senates with indignant genius, and gather round him in the stormy field in which the battles of patriots are lost or won, the liberty and the virtue he aroused and invoked in the noblest polemical papers of which our literature can boast. Philosophy is but egotism when it ceases to be active. Nor was there less dignity in Bolingbroke's retirement, nor less consolation in his repose, because he was not unmindful of that sacred and mysterious affinity which almost invariably connects the inspirations of genius with the interests of mankind.

Of the writings of Bolingbroke, this is not an occasion to treat at great length. They are distinguished by the same mixture of passion and thought which individualised his own character. His style is remarkable for a dignity always worn with ease. It possesses much of the nameless fascination in prose for which Byron is remarkable in verse. It carried into the clear and logical diction of his own day a majesty of style, and a rich sweetness of sentiment, that belong rather to the writers of a former age. There are passages in the 'Reflections on Exile,' which might have been written by Sir Thomas Browne. Perhaps one reason for this might be that, like the old writers, Bolingbroke was deeply imbued with the spirit of the Latin language; and in the Norman fire and Saxon vigour of the English noble we yet recognise the *senatorial decor* of the patrician Roman. His learning was not so profound as in his later day especially, he wished it to be thought; but his reading was extensive, and his memory prodigious. When Pope was asked if Bolingbroke knew Hebrew, he answered, "No, but he knows all that has been written about that sort of thing." And if in this species of knowledge there was much brilliancy, so there was some charlatanism. Like most men who have played a great and dazzling part in active life, Bolingbroke had indeed in his nature something of the genius of imposture. Versatile, gifted, and wonderful as he was, he wished to pass himself off as yet more versatile, gifted, and wonderful. Perhaps a certain exaggeration of this sort is too often necessary for success upon that stage in which the world is an audience—as the handsomest actress must still wear rouge. Of his eloquence, like that of Pericles, we have no remains, but ample testimony. Swift says "that understanding men of both parties have agreed that in this point, in their memory and judgment St. John was never equalled." The hostile Burnet speaks of his eloquence as superhuman. Lord Chesterfield, who had heard him

in the Lords, where he produced however less effect than in the Commons, gives way to an admiration of his oratory very unusual in the measured criticism of that fastidious arbiter. In a conversation upon the treasures lost to us by time and accident, when one was expressing wishes to recover the lost books of Livy, another the comedies of Menander, Lord Chatham is said to have declared "he should prefer, on the whole, a speech of Lord Bolingbroke." In conversation he was no less remarkable, yet that was an age of conversationalists; in his earlier career it was celebrated for vivacity and wit; in his maturer years it took a more lofty tone. Lord Orrery, who knew him, tells us, in the vein of pedantic extravagance, which characterized that feeble but not inelegant *littérateur*, that "it united the wisdom of Socrates, the dignity and ease of Pliny, and the wit of Horace." Such was the eminent man who shed over the times of Anne, the lustre of a genius no less signal in peace than that of Marlborough in war, and whose official career commenced and closed in that brief and brilliant reign of vast events and base intrigues. We have said that from Court plots and cabals St. John appears to have long kept himself aloof. But at last we find his restless energies compelled into those darker paths. The schism between Harley and himself became vehement and irreconcilable; the Queen's health was precarious—the succession of the Elector could scarcely fail to be destructive of the Government and the Tories. Harley indeed intrigued with the Court of Hanover, and affected to feel a confidence which the shrewdness of St. John knew to be ill-founded. The greatest differences as to the necessary policy in circumstances so critical existed between Harley and St. John. It became necessary that one should fall. St. John made no secret of his contempt and detestation of the Premier—Harley disguised not his fear and hatred of St. John. Each sought to strengthen himself at Court. Prepared by his diplomacy with the allies in the recent Treaty, for intrigues at home, behind the scenes, St. John displayed something of the same powers he had exhibited before the lamps. He won Lady Masham from his rival. Harley was forsaken by the very creature he had raised to supplant the Duchess of Marlborough. He opposed Harley openly in the Council—he sided with the Queen against the wish of the Elector to take his seat in the Lords as Duke of Cambridge—his opinion prevailed against Harley's. He already shook Anne's confidence in her favourite. The more powerful Tories, Harcourt, Windham, Bromley, he had secured to himself. In vain Swift tried to reconcile the rivals—every meeting ended in fresh quarrels. In despair Harley secretly wrote to Marlborough, whom his arts had driven abroad, and basely courted the assistance of the man he had betrayed. The Duke,

for once in his life resentful, refused to forgive his humbled foe; but this was rather wise calculation than hot revenge. St. John discovered Harley's treason, and well availed himself of that knowledge with the Queen. The comedy thickened—the waiting-woman Masham was ever at her post—all things smiled on St. John. Harley's conduct was positively ludicrous: at one time all rage and oaths, at another time all fawning and smiles; now vowing vengeance—now "staying to supper;" grasping at every atom of patronage—losing every hold upon power. At length came Act V. The catastrophe drew near—it was the moment for Harley's downfall. A cabinet council was held; St. John was there to witness his crowning triumph; all the ministers were present. The Queen, sickly and infirm, graced with her parting smile the dismissal of the Prime Minister. Then all Harley's smoothness vanished—out broke the wrathful malignity of the defeated "Over-reach." He poured forth a torrent of abuse. The haughty St. John, ever *impiger, iracundus*, was not the man to brook in silence the insults of a foe. The presence of the feeble sovereign imposed no restraint on the victor and the vanquished. Harley threw up his staff of office with fierce assurances of "revenge upon them all." He retired with few personal friends, with still fewer personal partisans. And now St. John, the hero of the play, seemed to be almost at the summit of his ambition. The Peace that was to be the consolidation of his party concluded—his enemy expelled—his schemes triumphant—the Queen secured—what remained to prevent his grasp on the destinies of the English empire? Just in the very climax of triumph came that stern *denouement* which no politician can foresee—the death of a single person overthrew every scheme! Fatigued, exhausted, terrified, the Queen retired from the stormy council, declaring "she should not outlive it," was carried to the bed of death; and the next scene exhibits the accession of the saturnine Elector—Bolingbroke disgraced, menaced—before him not honours, glory, power, garters and dukedoms, and the Treasurer's staff—but impeachment, proscription, and the scaffold! Yet even in these dreary changes this singular man moves with a graceful ease and self-possession that keeps up the comedy to the close. His part could have been played by Lewis, not Kemble; and in the position of Themistocles we still see the attitudes of Alcibiades. He heard that his doom was fixed—not a day to be lost. He affected to fear nothing—went calmly to the theatre—charmed with his wit all the loungers that looked into his box—bespoke a play for the next night—subscribed to an opera that was to take place in a fortnight, sauntered out of the theatre as if he were going to sup with an actress; and an hour afterwards was on the road to Dover, disguised "in a black wig" and

"very ordinary clothes!" So closed forever the parliamentary career of Henry St. John Lord Bolingbroke!

There is a melancholy moral in the contemplation of the after-fate of that great party for whom Swift wrote and St. John harangued. We cannot admire their policy in success, but we cannot exult over their downfall. There was something in them so sanguine and lusty—so full of vigour and life, when pressing on to the battle—that we turn away from the painful spectacle of their defeat. What a deep sense of shame must have been felt by the prouder spirits of that faction but a little while ago so insolent and prosperous—giving laws to England and peace to Europe—cajoling the allies—ruling the sovereign—defying the Elector—imposing the Stamp Act on the Press—expelling Walpole from the House—riding roughshod over the Dissenters—dictating to the Lords, sovereign in the Commons, the Church their sword, the Court their buckler; what a deep shame must have burned in the cheeks of those not so far lost to honour as to desert to the foe, when Parliament passed its solemn censure on their measures—arraigned their leaders; when but two men in the Commons dared to utter a word in defence of St. John;* when without a division they submitted to the impeachment of their late premier; and even their beloved Ormond, the idol of the age, was included in the same charge; their bold party shrunk into sullen tremblers—their splendid leaders denounced as sordid traitors. Harley a prisoner in the Tower, Bolingbroke and Ormond exiles; Swift condemned everlastingly to the barren rock and gnawing vulture of disappointed ambition, eating his heart out, as he himself phrases it, "like a rat in his cage," until blackening passion, soured experience, and malignant genius burst forth in that terrific libel upon the human species, compared to which the sardonic sneer of Voltaire is a playful smile, and the God-defying irony of Lucian but scholastic trifling!

From the contemplation of these later days—these dark reverses—the lover of letters will often turn to the bright side of the picture, and linger over the yet unclouded sunshine in which basked the ardent spirits that gave to the reign of the latest Stuart its immortal heritage of renown; then will there rise before us, regarded not with the stern eyes of History, but seen through the enchanting mist with which the grateful Muse shadows the faults of her disciples—images endeared alike by genial as by glorious associations. There, the frank aspect of the hearty Steele, in versatility and imprudence, in wit and in fancy, the Sheridan of the day—there, the contemplative urbanity of Addison, "very agreeable when he pleased." We

* And one of them, General Ross, broke down; and the other, Mr. Hungerford, only spoke in the timid spirit of a special pleader!

watch over the birth of the 'Tatler,' and his more polished successor—we give even to fancies a fleshly life, and will not believe that there were no such beings as the Honeycombs and De Coverley's. There, with the sharp profile, the sallow cheek, and the brightest of human eyes—as we see him in his pictures—Pope, not yet a philosopher, is all a poet; and the 'Rape of the Lock' consecrates even the frivolous to the ideal. There, great alike amongst ministers and lords—now directing the thunder, now firing off a squib—we behold the iron-hearted Priest, whose presence imposed no restraint on worldly cunning or reckless wit; his temper not yet soured; the latent and dark insanity, that fearful excuse for all his errors, seen but in racy whims and humorous eccentricity; all bustle, and vigour, and nerve, and hope; trifling with a love never to be enjoyed, warmed by an ambition never to be realized! Even Harley himself—the man of the secret countenance, who had not the art of acquiring friends—takes charm and grace from the letters that he cultivated and the genius that he loved. We smile at his dexterity and forget his meanness when we detect the intrigant, whose "variety of knowledge" was so vast, stealing up the back stairs to gossip in secret with the housekeeper Queen and the Abigail Masham; and we positively like the lazy Minister, when we see him lolling in his coach with old "innuendoes of court jests" in his mouth, and Swift by his side. The drums, and the routs, and the theatres—scenes then of such signal triumphs—and, above all, the wild, roystering clubs of the day, are not without their charm, even to grave learning and sober morals; and there, across every haunt of the Graces or the Muse, glitters that brilliant form, from which even the fripperies of Kneller and the times cannot divest the noble air and the intellectual beauty. There, with the fair complexion, the animated eyes, the voluptuous mouth, the broad, unwrinkled brow, the features at once so delicate and so manly, we see the graceful St. John, wherever pleasure can allure, wisdom elevate, or ambition betray. Now maddest in the revel—now plodding "whole days and nights like the lowest clerk in an office," ever seeking, from the divinest something within him, to exalt and idealize the poorest things that he leant to; if indulging in pleasure, gravely convincing himself that pleasure was wisdom; if forming a club, seriously seeking to banish "the extravagance of the Kiteat and the drunkenness of the Beefsteak," the first qualification to be talent, and "the first regulation to be decency;" wielding without an effort all the thunders of the Senate, and sauntering into the lobby to flirt with an orange girl whom he seriously sought, both in prose and verse, not to win to his strange caprice, but to inspire with the dignity of a sentimental affection; so covetous of every honour, that he was in despair that he had not been stabbed by Guiscard instead of

Harley; and insisted at least that the compliment was intended for himself; so equal to every labour that, in working out a treaty, he learned to speak excellent Spanish in three weeks, rather than hazard the blunder of an interpreter or the indiscretion of a proxy; so reverent of genius, that he who never spared a foe in politics, could only recognise a brother in letters; yet a boy, cheering the last days of Dryden with the same devotion as, when old and fast decaying, he wept like an infant at the death-bed of Pope! Only as these visions fade from our eyes, and our calmer judgment re-awakes, can we turn with complacency to the present time, and rejoice in the loftier honesty and the manlier spirit which make us greater than our fathers.

In proportion as the people have gained in power, the secret influences of the Court have diminished. It is no longer a necessary art to manage the ante-room and blockade the back stairs. Intrigues in cabinets and courts there may be yet; but they are frank in their nature, impotent in their result, as compared with the dark, and complicated, and perilous machinations of the Marlboroughs, the Godolphins, the Mashams, and the Harleys; they are now, as they ever will be, the game of favourites, but not of statesmen. Even in the latter part of the reign of William the Fourth, when the Court and the State were at variance, and small people were dabblers in small cabals, no eminent Tory leader sought by closetings and whisperings to supplant his foes. The Duke of Wellington is not without an *esprit de calcul*, which his soldierly energies and blunt speech not inartistically conceal; but compare Wellington to Marlborough! Sir Robert Peel is the subtlest of living men; but compare Sir Robert Peel with Robert Harley! There is a spirit of honour now existing amongst political opponents, unknown alike in the chivalrous days of Elizabeth and the high sounding philosophy professed in the times of Anne. It is not too much to attribute the main cause of the change to the ascendancy of popular control, the vigilance of the press, the publicity of all state documents, and above all, the necessity of fighting every battle before the eyes of the People on the floor of the House of Commons. Young, fair, trusted, beloved, new to business and to life, the Sovereign of England commences a reign, that in the course of nature, will last beyond the generation who hailed in the Reform Bill—the charter of new liberties—the transition to a new stage of British civilization. To that great measure, and to its necessary results, the Queen may look for a release from the most anxious harassments and the most grinding sorrows, that saddened the days of her royal predecessors. The power of the Crown may be less, but the facilities for government are, to a pure and liberal spirit, infinitely greater. Not, we believe, for Victoria the First is decreed that web of wiles—those dark and entangled meshes—in which goodness

itself is lost—the bitter doom that ever awaits royalty when ambition stakes life and death upon royal favour—the experience how trust is betrayed and esteem deceived—how honours bring no gratitude, how confidence is made marketable. Saddest of the sad is the lot to sit in the Temple amongst the money changers, and find against universal deceit no safeguard but in eternal dissimulation!

We cannot profess to be sufficiently impartial to pass fair judgment upon the eminent men amongst whom the reigning monarch ascends the throne. Still survive some of the most remarkable of the past generation; and we can point to many a rising reputation amongst the yet more resolute, energetic, and deep-thinking race that are advancing on the stage. New faces will replace the old; the tides of faction will ebb and flow; councils and councillors change alike; but we may venture to predict, that while national measures, with all their sinister motives and secret springs, are sifted in the Commons, canvassed by the Press, argued upon at the Hustings, we shall not recognise again the turpitude of a Marlborough or the baseness of a Harley. Nor will posterity deem us a degenerate race if, now grown in earnest and contending for stern truths and vast interests in the face of day, we can dispense with the tortuous sagacity of Burleigh, or the dangerous versatility of St. John.

E. B.

From the Westminster Review.

1. *Poems of Many Years*.—By Richard Monckton Milnes. 1838. For private circulation.
2. *Memorials of a Residence on the Continent, and Historical Poems*. By Richard Monckton Milnes. Moxon. 1838.

These two volumes of poems, although the one was not designed for publication, and the other is not yet published, are not entirely unknown even to the general reader: some beautiful extracts from the earlier volume, and some just praises of both, having appeared in an article, from a pen not to be mistaken, in one of our monthly periodicals. This first draught from the well leaves it, however, still fresh and full; and we too having been admitted to it, need not fear to exercise the privilege of dispensing its waters. We regard Mr. Milnes' poems as of singular merit in their kind, and the kind as one possessing strong claims upon the notice of a student of the age. They are representative of a whole order of thoughts and feelings; they are a voice from one corner of the mind and heart of this age, which had not found fitting poetical utterance till now; and there are many who will recognise in it the voice of their own soul, the language of their daily consciousness.

But we prefer beginning our selection by something not characteristic; and showing that the author is a poet, before we detain the reader with any remarks on the particular character of his poetry. We begin, therefore, unhesitatingly with *THE LAY OF THE HUMBLE*.*

This poem requires no commentator: it goes straight to the common heart of humanity; and we shall be surprised if it do not become widely known and find its way into collections. The man who can thus write, is entitled to write in verse; a privilege which we would confine to a very small proportion indeed of those who usurp it. Let such a man speak from the fulness of his own heart—give him thoughts and feelings to express which are deeply interesting to him—and it will be a little your own fault if he does not make them interesting to you. Now these poems, as a whole, if there be faith in internal evidence, do come from the heart of the writer; what they express, he feels, or has felt; they are the deepest and most earnest part of himself, thrown into melodious language; there is as much sincerity in them as there can be in words; for, properly speaking, it is only a man's whole life which is sincere—that alone is the utterance of the whole man, contemplative and active taken together.

Of Mr. Milnes, personally, we know little or nothing, save that he is a young and active member of the House of Commons, who generally votes with the Tories; but if he be like his poems—and the man who could write them cannot be altogether unlike them—he is one of the representatives of a school which has grown up within a few years, is spreading rapidly among the refined and cultivated youth, and deserves to be much honoured, and above all, to be understood. This school is one of the products of what may be termed the Coleridgian reaction. In politics, its aim is to save the Church and the Aristocracy, by making them really what they pretend to be. With Conservatives of this description, however we may doubt the practicability of their objects, we feel, and have always professed, the most entire sympathy; and no one can more heartily rejoice at any accession to their numbers or influence. Mr. Milnes' poems, however, do not show them in their character as politicians, but as men; and as such they are in some measure a class apart.

They are, in general, earnest men, with a deep sense of duty towards God and man, and of responsibility to an Eternal Judge. With this they seem not unusually to combine a degree of distrust of their own spiritual strength, very becoming in most persons, but which certainly is not usually found in those destined to accomplish great things, even in the cause of religion; for however innocent of any vain-glorious trust in his own unassisted power or goodness, the Christian hero has generally a sure faith that upon certain simple condi-

* This has already been printed in the Museum.

tions, which in his healthier moods he feels confident that he can and will fulfil, strength will be lent him from God, to perform all that God requires of him. But these men, at least in one stage of their growth, seem as though weighed down by the immensity of God's requirements. To be a spiritual being, and to have an account to render as such, of the employment of powers and opportunities, appears to them not only an awful, but almost a fearful destiny; its dangers alarm them much more than its privileges excite; and the period of infancy, when they were alike strangers to both, is looked back to, with manly endurance no doubt; but with the fondest regret. It is astonishing how large a portion of Mr. Milnes' poems are impregnated with this feeling; it can scarcely be more finely expressed than in the following lines:—

Youth, that pursuest with such eager peace

Thy even way,

Thou pantest on to win a mournful race;

Then stay! oh, stay!

Pause and luxuriate in thy sunny plain;

Loiter,—enjoy;

Once past, Thou never wilt come back again

A second Boy.

The hills of Manhood wear a noble face,

When seen from far;

The mist of light from which they take their grace

Hides what they are.

The dark and weary path those cliffs between

Thou canst not know,

And how it leads to regions never green,

Dead fields of snow.

Pause, while thou may'st, nor deem that fate thy gain,

Which, all too fast,

Will drive thee forth from this delicious plain

A Man at last.

And again in the following, to a child five years old:—

Delighted soul! that in thy new abode

Dwellest contentedly, and knowest not

What men can mean who faint beneath the load

Of mortal life, and mourn an earthly lot:

Who would believe thou wert so far from home?

Who could suppose thee exiled or astray?

This world of twilight whither thou art come

Seems just as welcome as thy native day.

That comely form, wherein thy thoughts are pent,

Hiding its rebel nature, serves thee still,

A pliable and pleasant instrument,

Harmonious to thy impulses and will.

Thou hast not spent as yet thy little store

Of happy instincts:—Thou canst still beguile

Painful reflection and ungrateful lore

With many a placid dream and causeless smile.

And when the awful stranger Evil bends

His eye upon thee, Thou wilt first essay

To turn him from his dark pursuits and ends

By gracious dalliance and familiar play.

As well might kindly words arrest the roll

Of billows raging o'er a wintry sea.

O Providence! remit to this one soul

Its destined years, and take it back to Thee.

Such feelings as these occur as moods, in the life probably of every person who has a conscience; but wherever they fill a large place, they point to something unhealthy either in the individual mind or in the times.

Whether as cause or consequence, these feelings are not unnaturally connected with a rather melancholy view of life. For the duty of a good man is not to these minds the simple thing it was to the religious minds of former ages. Their morality does not say only, *Thou shalt abstain*,—thou shalt keep thy thoughts and actions pure; it says, *Thou shalt do*; not to thee alone, O pastor, or to thee O missionary, but even to thee O meanest of mankind, is the boundless mass of evil which surrounds thee on every side, delivered as thy task; of which mass unless thou remove all that thou canst, the whole shall be imputed to thee.

We have come out upon the field of Life
To war with Evil—

says Mr. Milnes; and if the Boy, resolute and confiding in his resolve, dares hope for victory, Mr. Milnes tells him—

Poor youthful Heart! poor noble Self-deceit!
Weak-winged Aspirant!—Step with me aside,
'Tis for a moment,—mount this little hill,—
Tell me, and tell thyself, what see'st Thou now.
Look East and West, and mark how far extends
This vainly mocked, this haughtily defied,
This Might so easily to be laid low!
There is no eminence on this wide space,
So high that thou from it canst e'er behold
A clear horizon: dark is all the space,
Black with the masses of thine Enemy;
There is no point where Light can penetrate
Those densely-banded Legions,—the green plain
Shines through no interval. Brave though thou art,
My Boy, where is thy trust in Victory now?
Now gaze below, gaze on that waving crowd,
The marshalled army of Humanity,
From which thou art come out,—Loyal thou art,
My Boy; but what avails thy feeble Truth,
When, as thou seest, of the huge multitude,
The still succeeding myriads there arrayed
For fight, how few, how miserably few,
Not only do not fervently work out
Their Soldier-duty, but whose craven souls
Do not pass over to the very Foe,
And mingling with his numbers numberless,
Against their brethren turn unnatural arms—
Or else of honest wills at first, like thine,
After the faint resistance of an hour,
Yield themselves up half-willing prisoners,
Soon to be won by golden-guileful tongues,
To do blithe service in the cause of Sin!

Yet there are some to whom a strength is given,
A will, a self-constraining energy,
A Faith which feeds upon no earthly hope,
Which never thinks of Victory, but content
In its own consummation, combatting
Because it ought to combat, even as Love
Is its own cause, and cannot have another,
And conscious that to find in martyrdom
The stamp and signet of most perfect life
Is all the science that mankind can reach,

Rejoicing fights, and still rejoicing falls.
It may be that to Spirits high-toned as these
A revelation of the end of Time
Is also granted; that they feel a sense
Giving the firm assurance that the foe
By which they must be crush'd, in Death well-won
Alone to find their freedom, in its turn
Will be subdued, though not by such as They.

This is nobly expressed, and the views of life such as are natural to a clear-headed and pure minded Conservative. Of all persons living, such a man has the fewest illusions left as to the amount of evil in the world. When times are quiet, and men's minds settled, the unbroken respect for rules and ordinances, seldom questioned even when transgressed, and the reverence still ostensibly maintained towards those superiors, who are the representatives, however unfaithful, of all that is most venerable to man, keep the worst parts of human nature under a veil; mankind in such times seem better than they are, and are somewhat better than their genuine dispositions would prompt. In proportion as this respect wears off, and the actions of mankind become the expression of their real feelings, the veil is gone, and they appear as they are: to a Conservative, worse than they are; for to him the sham which they have discarded is still a holy truth. He has not the consolation of thinking that the old Formulas are gone because the time has come for something better; no hope and faith in a greater good beyond, tempers to him the sense of present evil.

For a good man to live healthy and happy in a world which presents to him so dreary a prospect, he requires to have a clear view at least of his own path in it; but few of the men whom we speak of seem yet to have attained this; they *believe*, doubtless, that they are in the right road, but we question whether most of them feel quite sure of it—as indeed in these days it is not easy that any open-minded Conservative should. In proportion as they shall arrive at full unclouded certainty respecting the course which duty marks out for themselves, a vigorous and healthful developement of their active faculties will correct what may now be unduly preponderant in the merely passive part of their moral sensibility; and whether they are destined to aid in infusing another spirit into old beliefs and institutions, or in calmly substituting others, we shall be disappointed if some of them do not play a noble part in that "combat of life" which one of them has so feelingly described. We cannot better close these remarks than by extracting a poem, in which Mr. Milnes has painted with great truth the feelings of a deeply religious mind—not lamenting to itself its own insufficiency, and the vastness of what it has to do—but while it feels all this, still pressing on to do what it can, with that strong and living faith in its own impulses, the almost necessary condition of high and heroic deeds.

THE DEPARTURE OF ST. PATRICK FROM SCOTLAND.

From his own "Confessions."

Twice to your son already has the hand of God been shown,
Restoring him from alien bonds to be once more your own,
And now it is the self-same hand, dear kinsmen, that to-day
Shall take me for the third time from all I love away.

While I look into your eyes, while I hold your hands in mine,
What force could tear me from you, if it were not all divine!
Has my love ever faltered? Have I ever doubted yours?
And think you I could yield me now to any earthly lures?

I go not to some balmier land in pleasant ease to rest,—
I go not to content the pride that swells a mortal breast,
I go about a work my God has chosen me to do,
Surely the soul which is his child must be his servant too.

I seek not the great city where our sacred father dwells—
I seek not the blest eremites within their sandy cells,—
I seek not our Redeemer's grave in distant Palestine,—
Another, shorter pilgrimage, a lonelier path is mine.

When sunset clears and opens out the breadth of western sky,
To those who in you mountain isles protect their flocks on
high,

Loom the dark outlines of a land, whose nature and whose
name

Some have by harsh experience learnt, and all by evil fame.

Ch, they are wild and wanton men, such as the best will be,
Who know no other gifts of God but to be bold and free,
Who never saw how states are bound in golden bonds of law,
Who never knew how strongest hearts are bent by holy awe.

When first into their pirate hands I fell, a very boy,
Skirting the shore from rock to rock in unsuspecting joy,
I had been taught to pray, and thus those slavish days were few,
A wondrous hazard brought me back to liberty and you.

But when again they met me on the open ocean field,
And might of numbers prest me round and forced my arm to
yield,

I had become a man like them, a selfish man of pride,
I could have cursed the will of God, for shame I had not died.

And still this torment haunted me three weary years, until
That summer night,—among the sheep,—upon the seaward hill,
When God of his miraculous grace, of his own saving thought,
Came down upon my lonely heart and rested unbesought!

That star of light! I cared not that the day-star glimmered
soon.

For in my new-begotten soul it was already noon;
I knew before what Christ had done, but never felt till then
A shadow of the love for him that he had felt for men!

Strong faith was in me—on the shore there lay a stranded boat,
I hasted down, I thrust it out, I felt it rock aloft;
With nervous arm and sturdy oar I sped my watery way,
The wind and tide were trusty guides,—one God had I and
they.

As one from out the dead I stood among you free and whole,
My body Christ could well redeem, when he had saved my
soul;

And perfect peace embraced the life that had been only pain,
For Love was shed upon my head from everything, like rain.

Then on so sweetly flowed the time, I almost thought to sail
Even to the shores of Paradise in that unwavering gale,
When something rose and nightly stood between me and my
rest,

Most like some one, besides myself, reflecting in my breast.

I cannot put it into words, I only know it came,
A sense of self-abasing weight, intolerable shame,
That I should be so vile that not one tithe could be paid
Of that enormous debt which Christ upon my soul had laid!"

This yielded to another mood, strange objects gathered near,
Phantoms that entered not by eye, and voices not by ear,
The land of my injurious thrall a gracious aspect wore,
I yearned the most toward the forms I hated most before.

I seemed again upon that hill, as on that blissful night,
Encompassed with celestial air and deep retiring light,
But sight and thought were fettered down, where glimmering
lay below

A plain of gasping, struggling men in every shape of woe.

Faint solemn whispers gathered round, "Christ suffered to re-
deem,

Not you alone, but such as these, from this their savage dream.—
Lo, here are souls enough for you to bring to him, and say,
These are the earnest of the debt I am too poor to pay."

A cloud of children freshly born, innumerable hands,
Past by me with imploring eyes and little lifted hands,
And all the Nature, I believed so blank and waste and dumb,
Became instinct with life and love, and echoed clearly "Come!"

"Amen!" said I, with eager steps a rude descent I tried,
And all the glory followed me like an on-coming tide,
With trails of light about my feet, I crossed the darkling wild,
And as I touch'd each sufferer's hand, he rose and gently smiled.

Thus night on night the vision came, and left me not alone
Until I swore that in that land should Christ be preach'd and
known,

And then at once strange coolness past on my long fevered
brow,

As from the flutter of light wings; I feel, I feel it now!

And from that moment unto this, this last and proving one,
I have been calm and light at heart as if the deed was done;
I never thought how hard it was our earthly loves to lay
Upon the altar of the Lord, and watch them melt away!

Speak, friends! speak what you will—but change those asking
looks forlorn,

Sustain me with reproachful words—uphold me with your scorn;
I know God's heart is in me, but my human bosom fears
Those drops that pierce it as they fall, these full and silent tears.

These comrades of my earliest youth have pledged their pious
care

To bear me to the fronting coast, and gently leave me there:

It may be I shall fall at once, with little toil or need,—

Heaven often takes the simple will for the most perfect deed.

Or it may be that from that hour beneath my hand may spring
A line of glories unachieved by hero, sage or king,—
That Christ may glorify himself in this ignoble name,
And shadow forth my endless life in my enduring fame.

All as He will! now bless me, mother,—your cheek is almost
dry—

Farewell, kind brothers!—only pray ye may be blest as I:

Smile on me, sisters,—when death comes near each* of you,
still smile,

And we shall meet again somewhere, within a little while!

S.

From the Monthly Chronicle.

LORD DURHAM'S MISSION.

A "heavy blow," since our last publication, has been dealt at the peace and permanence of the colonial empire of Great Britain. A "great discouragement" has been sought to be thrown on the efforts of that person, who, by the general voice of parties in the one house of parliament, and by, with a single exception, the unanimous vote of the other, was invested with a brief dictatorship to "close the abyss" of civil warfare; and whose very first use of his powers in an act acknowledged by some opponents—for instance Lord Stanley—denied by none—as one *in itself* of mercy and po-

licy*—has been made the subject of *seasonable* discussion on mere technical grounds. The discussion was introduced with views, best known to himself, by the one noble and learned dissident from the Canada Bill in that house, where only one dissident was to be found from that measure, and signalized by the most precipitate vote ever given for the most precipitate measure ever framed within parliamentary memory, by that house, whose boast is to check all precipitate legislation—by that party whose boast it is to repudiate all alliance with agitators, and whose subtle chief, no farther back than last Easter recess, took credit for them that *their* opposition was different from any former one—that there was nothing precipitate, nothing vexatious or factious about it—that “it was not in conformity with the principles of the gentlemen with whom he acted to take a *latitude of action* like former oppositions.”

We do not hesitate to say, that if the latitude of discussion adopted by the Upper House had gone forth to a colony prepared for commotion, it must have encouraged its outbreaking, as some speeches in the Lower House were said to have done, and thus have confirmed the constant observation aptly expressed by Lord Melbourne, that the enemies of constitutional countries are always sure to find friends in their legislatures. Had the spirit which stirred such a discussion shown itself sooner, Lord Durham never would have accepted his peace-making mission. Were it within the power of faction again to raise disorders which have been laid in blood, to recall the lofty charge which has been devolved, we believe, on fit hands, or to withdraw the power to accomplish its magnificent objects—this would have done it. It is not in their power;—we will not even ascribe the *wish* to the Opposition;—to consummate the mischief involved in the rash move of its aristocratic members. Their smoother leader for once excelled the Duke of Wellington in his Fabian tactics; and the Opposition self-proclaimed unlike all former ones, did not a second time display its chiefs leagued with their foes, and the foes of the British empire.

The Alpha and Omega of the session—its beginning and ending—was Canada. Parliament opened the session by giving *carte blanche* to Lord Durham, to do, *ad interim*, not only the work of the suspended local authorities, but also its own. It either delegated to him the whole powers of government, or it left those powers in suspense, and without provision for exercise! They appear to us to be conferred by the act; but, if not so conferred, necessity must devolve them on somebody—on whom but Lord Durham! Parliament does not and cannot pretend to legislate, at this distance, for the daily requirements of a province stripped of

every pre-existing power. Who is to supply those powers, and its own, for every day that passes? Either Lord Durham holds, for the moment, the whole powers of Parliament, or what has Parliament been doing with those powers since spring? “The meaning of the enactment,” said Lord John Russell, in the recent debate in the Commons, “the meaning of the enactment—I will not discuss particular words of it, because I would rather leave that part of the controversy to persons of legal authority which I cannot pretend to—but the whole meaning of the act, as we proposed it, was, that whereas it was impossible to call together any legislative assembly in Lower Canada, and whereas it was impossible, without some legislative power, to provide for the exigencies which might arise, therefore an authority should be created by Parliament competent to meet these difficulties, and to provide for these mischiefs.”

“And let it be remembered that, after this amendment [*the Fullett proviso*] was introduced, we were still reproached with being guilty of an act of despotism [hear, hear!] We admitted that reproach. We did not say that it was an act of peculiar mildness, intended to provide only for mere matters of local police, in conformity with the laws of England. On the contrary, we admitted that it was an act despotic in its form, but necessary for the safety and security of the province.”

“Amongst so many flights of oratory,” says the very able author of a paper just published: on *Lord Durham and his Assailants*,* “about the mere form of Lord Durham’s proceedings, about the enormity of his alleged infringement of his powers, by one solitary figure of rhetoric alone was any imputation cast upon the substance of the ordinance; the appeal *ad invidiam* rested entirely upon a misdescription. It was called an ordinance for putting men to death *without trial*. Without trial! Was it not, on the contrary, distinctly stated in the ordinance that there *should* be a trial! Not, indeed, for rebellion; the ordinance is one of *amnesty* for rebellion; amnesty to the men whom it banishes, as much as to those whom it sets free altogether. Not being to be punished for rebellion, it is rather unnecessary that they should be tried for it. The punishment denounced by the ordinance is punishment for the violation of the ordinance; it is the *sanction* with which every prohibitive enactment must be accompanied. The ordinance is not a judicial act, it is a legislative act; it is not to punish men for their past conduct, it is to restrain their future conduct; it imputes to them no guilt; it has nothing to do with their guilt, it has to do only with the consequences of their being at large in the colony.

“Now we affirm, without fear of contradiction from

* The *Standard* newspaper took an independent part on this question.

* London and Westminster Review, No. LXI., 2d edition.

any one who has even the most elementary notions of human affairs, that if a man be appointed to restore tranquillity in a country, after a civil war, and if that person have not the power to command that any twenty-three men, let them be the most virtuous citizens in the country, shall absent themselves from it until their return shall be judged consistent with safety, and not likely to disturb men's minds—then the appointment of that person is a mockery; and if he be a sane man, he has only been induced to undertake the office by a disgraceful fraud."

We agree with every syllable of these observations, though we cannot exactly understand how the excellent writer contrives to make them square with some of his other views on colonial policy. However, that is his affair; ours is to state and enforce our own with as little controversial advertence to others as need be.

Lord Durham's mission we regard as likely to prove the most important crisis and turning point of our whole future colonial relations. We lament that its success has been for a moment endangered by the every-day factious fencing of political parties. Such, however, has been the common fate of the interests of our extended empire. The colonies already lost to the British crown have been lost—how! By long ages of jealous oppression on the part of the mother country! By the final effects of a policy like that of old Spain, which appeared resolved that enlightenment, and knowledge, and freedom never should dawn on dominions on which the sun never set! By retarding our dependencies in that state of tutelage which debauches and alienates allegiance, while it unfits for liberty! No, no,—a thousand times, no! Our colonies have mostly been planted and reared "in the lousy stealth of nature"—"chartered libertines," with little more than the name of dependence. Those, like the Canadas, acquired by conquest, have been highly distinguished from any acquisitions of the kind made by other nations, by a liberality of treatment, we believe unexampled, in guaranteeing the full enjoyment of their laws, usages, and religion.

To what, then, can we attribute the colonial losses sustained and threatened by a violent process very different from that of nature towards independence? To ignorance or disregard, on both sides, of the twofold principles which constitute the basis of colonial relations. The principles upon which colonies ought to be governed have reference, first, to their subordinate position as *colonies*; secondly, to their free developement and progress, it may be, to self-dependence. The parties which have divided public attention on the subject of colonial policy, and have governed or resisted government with various fortune in our dependencies, have each taken their stand on one exclusive view of colonial relations. Setting out thus from separate premises, not in themselves wholly false nor

wholly true, as leaving each other out of account, the opposite parties naturally have failed of coming to an understanding, like the two knights who looked at different sides of a shield, and went to loggerheads on the question of its colour and aspect.

To make provision for authority as well as for progress, allowance for free growth, and reservation for central superintendence, is a problem which, far from having been yet solved in colonial government, has hardly yet been enunciated with any distinctness. When stated, it cannot be doubted that these twofold requisites are distinct and indispensable ingredients in sound colonial policy. And yet we would undertake to show that total neglect of one or the other, or confusion of both, has been at the root of all our colonial quarrels and losses.

If we partook Lord Brougham's indifference to colonial possessions—an indifference founded on shallow and exploded views of public economy—views brought by Jeremy Bentham from the last century into the present, and forming a suitable part of that philosophy only which was essentially negative and destructive in politics, as in faith and morals,—we should not care to discuss the requisites of colonial policy. "Emancipate your colonies," would be our sole parrot-note. "I really hold those colonies," said Lord Brougham, "to be worth nothing. The only interest we have in the matter, concerns the mode in which a separation, sooner or later inevitable, shall take place." We greatly prefer the doctrine of Sir William Molesworth on this subject. That honourable baronet, in his able, though bitter and importune, speech on the "State of the Colonies," thus expresses himself in language which we wholly concur with,—"The honourable baronet, the member for Dundee, may contend that there can be no advantage in governing colonies; that the sooner we convert them into "independent states" the better for them and for us. The sooner the better! but when? Should we, for example, now at once confer independence on the last colony founded by England, with its 3000 inhabitants, giving up to that handful of people the disposal, *without the slightest regard to this country*, of an enormous extent of unoccupied land, and thus enabling them, if they pleased, to put an end to the whole system of colonization established there, and even to become a slaveholding state, as they would be strongly tempted to do, if they did put an end to that system. Or should we not rather maintain that act of the Imperial Legislature which gives to the labouring classes of this country, by providing them with a continually increasing means of emigration from low wages to high wages, a *property*, a sort of *inheritance*, in the extensive wastes of that colony? Should we allow the *few* who have departed, to forbid the departure of the *many* who would follow, if we do not abandon our *dominion over this colony*?

Then again, would it be right to emancipate Upper Canada, where, according to all appearances, the great majority of the people wish to preserve their allegiance to the British crown? Surely, sir, the emancipation of colonies must be a question of time—a question, in each case, of special expediency. Might we not say, too, that it is a question which would seldom or never arise between a colony and its mother country, if all colonies were well governed—not less well governed than were the British colonies of New England before our attack on their chartered rights of local self-government, when they were as loyal, not to say even more loyal—more devoted in their allegiance than any other portion of the empire.”

The clearest view of the principles of colonial government may be acquired from thus considering the uses of colonial possessions. If those uses were the extortion of revenue for the wants of the mother country, then the attempt of George the Third to tax America was sound colonial policy. If those uses were to provide for the Lord Johns and Lord Charleses, then the jobs which have brought our colonial system into discredit, were its legitimate fruits. But if those uses are the reciprocation of benefits such as an old people can alone impart to a new soil, and a new soil alone return to the labour and capital of an old people—then some other rule of colonial policy must be adopted than any of those which have been tried—and failed—for attaining narrower ends.

And here occurs our difference with the Ultra-Liberals on colonial policy. When they express unqualified sympathy with the revolvers from the sway of this country—when they ask us to believe that those revolvers were wholly right, the Home Government wholly wrong, in the original quarrel—we are compelled to inquire what is their idea of the colonial relation, and how such claims, enforced by such means, can consist with that relation in any form. When we find that the instigating motive of the Lower Canadian Assembly for the demand of organic change, and its enforcement by extreme courses, was to render the colonial executive solely responsible to them, and to grasp the sole management and appropriation of the crown lands—that is to say, to deprive this country of all power whatever to render the colony available for the sole purposes of a colony—we are lost in conjecture what idea their thick and thin advocates can have formed of the uses for the sake of which they would have us keep colonies, and of the powers reserved to the mother country deducible from those uses. It must surely be something else than the satisfaction of paying above half a million yearly in defending and governing British America, that induces us to think it worth keeping under our empire. It must be something else than the mere pleasure of arbitration be-

tween distant parties, that prompts us to fit out a costly mission, and confer unprecedented powers.

It is not in any rancorous or vindictive spirit towards the defeated party that we address these observations to their apologists here. We only recur to the past to find some clue to the future. We ascribe to the original framers of the Lower Canadian constitution, rather than to the popular assembly which threw it over, the principal blame of its jarring and imperfect working. Perhaps it may be pronounced to have been impolitic, in the first instance, to have fostered in the French province the feeling of a distinct nationality—a nationality of a very tenacious, litigious, and intractable sort, unable to stand alone in an Anglo-Saxonised continent, and unable to rest quiet under external administration. It was one thing to confer local and municipal franchises throughout the province (which has not been done yet), and another to array them apart, as Mr. Pitt's constitution did, into French and English political divisions, which may be thought to have been the very way to encourage the dream of a *nation Canadienne*, and nurse the germs of disturbance to our colonial empire. Without deciding whether the tenures and usages of old France or of England are the more beneficial, or whether something better might not be found for a new country than either, we may confine ourselves to pointing out what looks like ignorance of the fundamental principles of colonial government exhibited in investing a small population of foreigners, in a newly acquired province, with a separate system of self-government. They did not want it; they did not ask for it; they did not know at first what to do with it. And when they did begin to use it, the prediction might have been made with certainty, that they would use it in accordance with distinct and peculiar views and objects, inconsistent (in uncontrolled action) with any fragment of English sway. We erected, in truth, on the shores of the St. Lawrence, with British arms and policy—with the constant and costly vigilance of British protection—a foreign republic—too small and feeble to have had a moment's independent existence—too compact in separate organization not to embarrass our future course. If we had not thought fit to isolate the *nation Canadienne*, we should not have had to struggle with its separate claims. There would, as in other colonies, have been grievances to remedy, and reforms to effect, but the contest would not have taken the type we have recently witnessed. We may be said, therefore, to owe one source of that contest to an excess of liberalism.

As the artificial erection of a petty foreign political power was at variance with one great point of colonial policy, so the equally artificial attempted counterpoise of a mock aristocracy was equally inconsistent with another, and absurd in itself. To these two sources, that

is to say, to the neglect of the principles of colonial policy, both as regards the interests of the mother country, and the elements of social progress in the colony, may, we think, be traced the whole of the embarrassments which now surround us. To surmount a French republic with an aristocracy on the English model, was Mr. Pitt's double utopia in the Lower Canadian constitution. Never surely did one minister's brain engender two such monsters together.

There could not possibly, in our judgment, have been a device more certain to produce discord than the artificial superstructure of a pseudo-aristocratical body on a legislature of utterly different feelings and origin;—and this by way of strengthening the colonial executive. Invariably the worst aristocratical bodies are those which depend on external support for their power and their privileges. For examples of this we need but look at the Irish ruling faction of centuries,—at the Scottish aristocracy under the reign of the Stuarts. Aristocracy becomes irresponsible power indeed, when propped externally! But colonial aristocracy, made by the breath of the colonial executive, dependant solely on its support for the semblance of dignity,—that such a device as this should have been hit upon for strengthening government, is something like training up the ivy to strengthen the oak. If a Legislative Council had been appointed singly in Lower Canada, and carefully composed of the *élite* of the colony, it might possibly have worked smoothly enough for a while; but an arbitrarily appointed body co-ordinated with an elective one, in a colony of different races, inevitably produced discord. Instead of a screen against unpopularity for the governing power, these councils were inevitably one grand source of unpopularity. We do not believe half the tales the rival assemblies told of each other; but this we believe, that their vanities, ambitions, and cupidities *clashed*. Whether it was the jobs of the Upper House, or its resistance to the jobs of the Lower, that was most obnoxious, practically signifies little. Certainly we believe that, wherever purity may be found on earth, its chosen seat is neither in colonial assemblies nor colonial councils. It is one art, hitherto undiscovered, to govern people *well* to their mind,—another, of more work-day use, to let them govern *themselves* to their mind indifferently,—a third, and the most frequently practised, to govern them ill, *not* to their mind; and what is provoking, to do this in little miserable matters of detail, in which popular fancy is every thing,—the balance of good or evil is next to nothing.

The difference of origin in the native legislature of a colony and its executive power, and the different sources from which they derive strength and support, sufficiently show the folly of mixing them up with each other, and implicating the government (through its creatures) in every colonial squabble. The legislature necessarily

derives its native strength from the people: the executive is the delegate of the home government. The legislature represent the popular feelings, and their own ambitions, to which due scope and reasonable indulgence will be given by wise governments; the executive is there to enforce the views and claims of the mother country.

Suggestions were made, which appear to us deserving attention in any new model which may be framed of a Canadian constitution, by Mr. Roebuck, in his speech on Lord John Russell's resolutions of last year.*

Sir Charles Grey's project, in his reports as a Canada Commissioner, seems highly deserving of consideration. Its outline is to divide Canada into three districts, with separate provincial parliaments. The division to be so made that neither of the races should be legislated for by the other. A federal legislature to be created of delegates from the local legislatures, to which should be referred matters of common concernment to the three provinces. In this federation Upper Canada and the other North American colonies might ultimately be included.

It appears to us that this idea of subordinate legislatures for local purposes, and a federal union for the transaction of all common interests, including those of the British empire, as represented by the colonial executive, is well adapted for a general basis of reformed colonial institutions. It consults the natural order of affairs, and provides, we may say (without criticising the plan in its details), what ought *first* to be provided—district divisions for local business. We have hitherto just reversed the natural order of things; describing the larger circles of power, and leaving blank all lesser ones. "Taken in a smaller circle," says a well-informed writer,† "the accordance of similar [electoral] privileges to the people would have been excellent. The election of officers in a parish or township in a county, where the evil of every careless or interested choice would appear before the voters in a palpable and corporeal shape, would have been a truly efficient means of training a people rather new to the duties of freemen. But in Lower Canada we began by giving them a popular power in one of its highest forms alone; the scene in which their delegate acts remote; the consequences of his conduct distant in time and place, and difficult to disentangle from the general mass of events; in short, the whole opportunity of experience, such as presupposes a high state of enlightenment."

Sir R. Wilmot Horton has also published his views of a settlement, in the shape of a defence of Earl Bathurst's colonial administration, during which the Right Honourable Baronet acted as under secretary for six years previous to the formation of the Select Com-

* Canadian Portfolio, No. IV.

† The Canadian Controversy.

mittee on Canada in 1828. The Right Honourable Baronet's object, with reference to language lately held in parliament, "is to vindicate the acts complained of, and to point out those measures of improvement, founded upon the soundest views of policy, which were brought forward under the administration of Lord Bathurst."

Into the merits of these measures and their defence we need not here enter; while we willingly give the Right Honourable Baronet credit for his liberal views, as the general subjects of colonization and colonial policy. But with regard to the particular measure, which the unexpected opposition made to it by Sir James Mackintosh, and the sudden death of the late Marquis of Londonderry, arrested in its anticipated progress through parliament in 1822, for new modelling the constitutions of the Canadas, and *uniting their legislatures*, though we think the political separation of those provinces was impolitic, yet we are not disposed to ascribe a healing efficacy to their mere reunion. The remedy, as it appears to us, must go to the separation of functions intended to answer different objects, and not to the mere forcing together of parties who (by the supposition) will remain in opposition to each other if they remain asunder. We would not give much for a union cemented under such auspices.

If we have made ourselves understood in the slight observations suggested to us by the present crisis of colonial affairs, the reader perceives that we have not the slightest pretension to propound dogmatically any novel or specific scheme of our own for their settlement. But we do think that a little attention to the *rationale* of colonial dominion may prepare the way for sounder conclusions than have yet been drawn practically. And if we regard Lord Durham's mission with hope, it is that we look to it for the promulgation, from authority, of a system of government, where hitherto there has been little or no system at all. All that has been acquired has been due to the national genius, all that has been lost to the want of a fixed and liberal law of connection. "To men truly initiated and rightly taught," says Burke, in his immortal speech on American conciliation, "these ruling and master principles are in truth every thing, and all in all." "Magnanimity in politics is not seldom the truest wisdom; and a great empire and little minds go ill together. If we are conscious of our situation, and glow with zeal to fill our place as becomes our station and ourselves, we ought to auspicate all our public proceedings in America with the old warning of the church, *Sursum corda!* We ought to elevate our minds to the greatness of that trust to which the order of Providence has called us. By adverting to the dignity of this high calling, our ancestors have turned a savage wilderness into a glorious empire; and have made the most extensive, and the only honourable conquests; not by

destroying, but by promoting, the wealth, the number, the happiness of the human race."

The golden opinions which seem to have been already won by Lord Durham in Canada, if we may judge by the complexion of the recent arrivals, give us good hope that the confidence in his government will sustain no shock by the *protective* operation of the Act of Indemnity. While we are writing, however (August 25th), our eye falls on some "more last words" in the Spectator newspaper, in condemnation of the Ordinances, and in reply to the writer in the *London and Westminster*. The article is written with ability and legal acuteness, and gives a glimpse of the sort of *alternatives* which lay within the reach of Lord Durham. We are glad to see these alternatives set forth with distinctness, because they show how much more substantially just and lenient was the course of Lord Durham, than any customary form which he could have adopted.

First, let us remember against whom the ordinances were directed; against the leaders of a party, whose followers had just been in arms,—against the men who had certainly provoked the rupture with the executive, not only by refusing the supplies (for that had become customary) but by totally suspending their own sittings and functions, till certain acts should be done inconsistent with colonial relations, as we understand them. The Canada Act has confirmed this self-suspension, and has thereby placed them in a very similar position (should they take a fancy to resume their functions) to that in which the sons of the Pretender stood; that is to say, it has given them a successor with a parliamentary title. Now the sons of the Pretender were to be attainted of treason *if they landed in England*. The "new species of treason" therefore is not quite a novelty.

We think it very probable that Mr. Papineau and some of his colleagues might desire nothing better than to take their trial for their share in the contest. We believe they could not be convicted of treason on any direct evidence; we believe, however, that for the present they can and must be kept out of the colony.

The writer in the Spectator affirms, that "all that Lord Durham proposed might have been effected by means strictly legal and regular." And he proceeds to enumerate *packing juries*, for the purpose of getting formal verdicts against the eight in actual custody, and *excepting from the amnesty* the fifteen not in custody. He then suggests the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, in case, we suppose, their return should render their imprisonment necessary; and, in the last resort, the proclamation of *martial law* by "the proper authorities."

We trust Lord Durham will be enabled to avoid these "strictly legal" alternatives; but should it be otherwise, it is clear to whom we shall owe the bene-

fit, if the temporary exile of twenty-three men by name, shall be exchanged for judicial tamperings, harsh and obnoxious imprisonments, a suspended Habeas Corpus Act, and martial law.

From Fraser's Magazine.

CHANNING'S CHARACTER OF NAPOLEON.

In a former article on the writings of this American genius, we specified at length the strong points of disagreement subsisting between the theological and political creed of Channing and our own. We do not wish to repeat our strictures. We forbear the more, because, unlike the analysis of Milton, that of Napoleon requires no obtrusive theological peculiarities. The whole of this splendid review of the feats and character of the Emperor of France is characterized by just views of the true dignity of man. It breathes a warm and enlightened philanthropy. The pageantry of triumphs, and the terrible splendours of war, with which the name of Bonaparte is almost necessarily associated, do not dazzle the senses of the author to any extent. He sees through all. And while he wars not with the dead, he yet points out the wrongs the life of his hero inflicted on nations; and shews that the too common admiration with which his campaigns and his career are followed is any thing but favourable to the highest good of our race. It was necessary that some one should take a calm retrospect of Napoleon. Historians have eulogised him, as if he were something akin to the supernatural destiny he laid claim to. Poets have commemorated his brilliant deeds in rapturous songs; and orators have deemed no language too expressive to set forth his glories. There was something in his progress more than usually striking. Victory followed victory with a rapidity almost unparalleled. The speed of his marches, the unexpectedness of his assaults, the decision and the force of his genius, the accuracy of his calculations, and the new and wonderful tactics that genius created for the execution of its conceptions, have all spread a halo round the man with which few fail to be dazzled. It is this impression Channing grapples with. He thinks it is likely to place the warrior, whose hands reek with blood, in a nobler position than the philanthropist, the virtuous statesman, or the benefactor of his age and country. It is certainly a just and desirable result, that the triumphs of mind, and the achievements of moral and Christian worth, should command the most widespread homage. A discovery in science we should hail as worthier of plaudits than a victory over nations. The foundation of an hospital or an asylum should touch our hearts with richer ecstasy than the destruction of an enemy's capital. The name of a Howard

ought to awaken in the souls of men far more deep and enduring transports than the name of even a Wellington or Moore. It is not so, however. But, notwithstanding all that the page of the moralist and the pulpit of the Christian teacher have contributed on the question, there are seen by most men a glory in battlefields, and a grandeur in the shock of armies, which elevates a victorious general to a far higher position than a great poet, a profound philosopher, or a distinguished philanthropist. Man is so much the child of sense, that this will continue to be the case till that great regenerative era predicted in inspiration dawn upon the world. Channing observes:

"We have said, and we repeat it, that we have no desire to withhold our admiration from the energies which war often awakens. Great powers, even in their perversion, attest a glorious nature; and we may feel their grandeur, whilst we condemn with our whole strength of moral feeling the evil passions by which they are depraved. We are willing to grant, that war, abhor it as we may, often develops and places in strong light a force of intellect and purpose, which raises our conceptions of the human soul. There is, perhaps, no moment in life in which the mind is brought into such intense action, in which the will is so strenuous, and in which irrepressible excitement is so tempered with self-possession, as in the hour of battle."

If it were possible, after perusal of the most heroic exploits of warriors, the most glowing narratives of successful stratagem, to look on the actual field of contest, the bleeding limbs, the mangled frames, the distorted faces, and the writhing features of the dying and the dead, we should shrink from war as the game of demons. Could we also retire to the homes from which these warriors, full of generous enthusiasm and patriotic sympathies, marched forth to the high places of the tenanted field, and listen to the cry of widows severed from husbands they loved, and the wail of orphans deprived of fathers they longed and looked for in vain, we should curse the passions that provoked the conflict, and feel justly that in war there is more of the ferocity of fiends than the magnanimous virtues of the patriot, or the sensibilities of uncorrupted man. War is an epitome of the darker elements of human nature. It may have bursts of glory; but these compensate not for its more dreadful agencies. There is a brilliancy about it, we allow; but it is the brilliancy of barbarous times, and of a race ignorant of the true nobility of our species—of hordes of savages. We deny not that there occurs often a stern necessity for war. Comprehensive views and real humanity may require it. The wrongs of country and of kindred, the integrity of empire and the safety of its noblest institutions, may both most urgently demand it. This we seek not to controvert. We desire only to shew that it is not a nation's most lofty and honourable employment—that, with all its lights and glories, the camp is immeasurably beneath the cabinet; the triumphs of battle

much inferior to those of genius, of philosophy, of science. Our author has some fine thoughts on this head:

"We would observe that military talent, even of the highest order, is far from holding the first place among intellectual endowments. It is one of the lower forms of genius; for it is not conversant with the highest and richest objects of thought. We grant that a mind which takes in a large country at a glance, and understands almost by intuition the positions it affords for a successful campaign, is a comprehensive and vigorous one. The general who disposes his forces so as to counteract a greater force; who supplies by skill, science, and invention, the want of numbers; who dives into the counsels of his enemy; and who gives unity, energy, and success to a vast variety of operations, in the midst of casualties and obstructions which no wisdom could foresee, manifests great power. But, still, the chief work of a general is to apply physical force; to remove physical obstructions; to avail himself of physical aids and advantages; to act on matter; to overcome rivers, ramparts, mountains, and human muscles: and these are not the highest objects of mind, nor do they demand intelligence of the highest order; and, accordingly, nothing is more common than to find men eminent in this department, who are wanting in the noblest energies of the soul, in habits of profound and liberal thinking, in imagination and taste, in the capacity of enjoying works of genius, and in large and original views of human nature and society. The office of a great general does not differ widely from that of a great mechanician, whose business it is to frame new combinations of physical forces, to adapt them to new circumstances, and to remove new obstructions. Accordingly, great generals, away from the camp, are often no greater men than the mechanician taken from his workshop. In conversation, they are often dull. Deep and refined reasonings they cannot comprehend. We know that there are splendid exceptions. Such was Cæsar, at once the greatest soldier and the most sagacious statesman of his age; whilst, in eloquence and literature, he left behind him almost all who had devoted themselves exclusively to these pursuits. But such cases are rare. The conqueror of Napoleon, the hero of Waterloo, possesses, undoubtedly, great military talents; but we do not understand that his most partial admirers claim for him a place in the highest class of minds. We will not go down for illustration to such men as Nelson,—a man great on the deck, but debased by gross vices, and who never pretended to enlargement of intellect. To institute a comparison in point of talent and genius between such men and Milton, Bacon, and Shakspeare, is almost an insult on these illustrious names. Who can think of these truly great intelligences—of the range of their minds through heaven and earth—of their deep intuition into the soul—of their new and glowing combinations of thought—of the energy with which they grasped and subjected to their main purpose the infinite materials of illustration which nature and life afford—who can think of the forms of transcendent beauty and grandeur which they created, or which were rather emanations of their own minds—of the calm wisdom and fervid imagination which they conjoined—the still of the voice of power, in which, 'though dead, they still speak,' and awaken intellect, sensibility, and genius, in both hemispheres—who can think of such men, and not feel the immense inferiority of the most

gifted warrior, whose elements of thought are physical forces and physical obstructions, and whose employment is the combination of the lowest class of objects on which a powerful mind can be employed!"

There is much truth in this. The observations on Wellington and Nelson might be shaded off. The temple of Apollo is a nobler spectacle to true mind than that of Mars. The strains of the Muses are surely sweeter to the chastened ear than the clarion, or

"That drum's discordant sound
Parading round, and round, and round."

A country's greatest glory, after all, streams not from its mailed warriors, but from its Miltons, its Shakspeares, its Newtons, its Butlers. He does service to the age who successfully combats our natural admiration of war, our propensity to love the excitement of the senses more than the instruction of the mind, the luxury of the heart, and the cultivation of the highest good of the universe. An age will arrive when men shall learn war no more, but not when men shall cultivate the soul's best attributes no more. In the predicted millennium, men shall "beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks," according to the prophecies of inspired seers; but the abandonment of intellectual exercise and expansion, or of the soul's ministry of love and companionship with the great and good, form no feature of that era. Whatever endures for ever has an impress of dignity peculiarly its own. Waterloo may be wept over in heaven; but *Paradise Lost*, even in that pure state, may be hallowed as the production of gifted mind, and of far-reaching vision.

Channing, after his comparative estimate of letters and of war, presents us with a graphic sketch of the exploits of Napoleon. These were rapid and imposing. We follow him to Italy and Egypt, and broad Europe, and find victory in his wake. The speed and decision which he manifested startled the civilized world; and men, that would have met and successfully resisted them, were awed into submission, as before a destiny too terrible to be approached. There can be no doubt that Napoleon's object was empire. This consumed his energies, and absorbed him. For this he fought, and planned, and immolated his fellow men. He minded not the steps, provided he attained the summit. These might be the bodies of murdered men, or the laws of peaceful nations, or crowns, or prostrate nobility and bleeding justice. His aim was mastery. The means he valued in proportion as they had power. Principle, integrity, justice, and humanity, might or might not be elements. When the pope stood in his way, he treated his holiness to a Covenantanter's heart's content. When the murder of the Duke d'Enghien appeared likely to remove an obstacle in his march to supremacy, he soon originated that. He became a

Mussulman to conciliate the Crescent to his cause; and soon after became an obedient son of the "Holy Mother" on the seven hills, to pacify a powerful priesthood, who felt for the security of their own order, if they cared little for the proscription of unoffending humanity. He muzzled the press, because it became the organ of his crimes as well as of his glory. He maintained a system of *espionage*, paralleled by that of the Inquisition only. By these, and similar strokes of nefarious policy, he took possession of the throne, and registered himself the Emperor of France. Nothing could be more artful than the way in which he sapped the freedom of his country. Ever as he strangled a liberty, he reared a triumphal arch. He dazzled France by the splendour of public works and the *clat* of great victories, while he put his foot upon her neck. He amused a people, whose pulse he had studiously felt, with brilliant spectacles, and meanwhile rode roughshod over the breadth and length of their charter. But it is presumption to detain our readers by the expression of thoughts, to many of which Channing has given his own beautiful and faithful expression.

"Force and corruption were the great engines of Napoleon; and he plied them without disguise or reserve, not caring how far he insulted and armed against himself the moral and national feelings of Europe. His great reliance was on the military spirit and energy of the French people. To make France a nation of soldiers was the first and main instrument of his policy; and here he was successful. The revolution, indeed, had in no small degree done this work to his hands. To complete it, he introduced a national system of education, having for its plain end to train the whole youth of France to a military life, to familiarise the mind to this destination from its earliest years, and to associate the idea of glory almost exclusively with arms. The conscription gave full efficacy to this system; for as every young man in the empire had reason to anticipate a summons to the army, the first object in education naturally was to fit him for the field. The public honours bestowed on military talent, and a vigorous impartiality in awarding promotion to merit, so that no origin, however obscure, was a bar to what were deemed the highest honours of Europe, kindled the ambition of the whole people into a flame, and directed it exclusively to the camp. It is true the conscription, which thinned so terribly the ranks of her youth, and spread anxiety and bereavement through all her dwellings, was severely felt in France. But Napoleon knew the race whom it was his business to manage; and by the glare of victory, and the title of the grand empire, he succeeded in reconciling them for a time to the most painful domestic privations, and to an unexampled waste of life. Thus he secured what he accounted the most important instrument of dominion, a great military force."

Napoleon saw the dreadful price at which a throne was to be purchased, and he was prepared to pay it down to the utmost farthing. There is one remarkable fact, to which our author has directed our attention. Napoleon saw no other elements of mastery than the

physical. He never dreamed of hewing out a way to a crown by any other weapons than bayonets and muskets, and kindred brute forces. Even his mildest measures were physical. He regarded men as possessed of nothing nobler than the senses. From the captivity of the outer man, he calculated an undisturbed empire. Channing regards this as a proof of the weakness of the first consul. He says:

"He should have identified himself with some great interests, opinion, or institutions, by which he might have bound to himself a large party in every nation. He should have contrived to make, at least, a specious cause against all old establishments. To contrast himself most strikingly and most advantageously with former governments should have been the key of his policy. He should have placed himself at the head of a new order of things, which should have worn the face of an improvement of the social state. Nor did the subversion of republican forms prevent his adoption of this course, or of some other which would have secured to him the sympathy of multitudes. He might still have drawn some broad lines between his own administration and that of other states, tending to throw the old dynasties into the shade. He might have cast away the ancient pageantry and forms, distinguished himself by the simplicity of his establishments, and exaggerated the relief which he gave to his people, by saving them the burdens of a wasteful and a luxurious court. He might have insisted on the great benefits that had accrued to France from the establishment of uniform laws, which protected alike all classes of men; and he might have virtually pledged himself to the subversion of the feudal inequalities which still disfigured Europe. He might have insisted on the favourable change to be introduced into property, by abolishing the entails which fettered it, the rights of primogeniture, and the exclusive privileges of a haughty aristocracy.

"It was impossible, however, for such a man as Napoleon to adopt—perhaps, to conceive—a system such as has now been traced; for it was wholly at war with that egotistical, self-relying, self-exaggerating principle, which was the most striking feature of his mind. He imagined himself able, not only to conquer nations, but to hold them together by the awe and admiration which his own character would inspire; and this bond he preferred to every other. An indirect sway; a control of nations by means of institutions, principles, or prejudices, of which he was to be only the apostle and defender, was utterly inconsistent with that vehemence of will, that passion for astonishing mankind, and that persuasion of his own invincibility, which were his master feelings, and which made force the darling instrument of his dominion. He chose to be the great, palpable, and sole bond of his empire; to have his image reflected from every establishment; to be the centre, in which every ray of glory should meet, and from which every impulse should be propagated. In consequence of this egotism, he never dreamed of adapting himself to the moral condition of the world. The sword was his chosen weapon, and he used it without disguise. He insulted nations, as well as sovereigns. He did not attempt to gild their chains, or to fit the yoke gently to their necks. The excess of his extortions, the audacity of his claims, and the insolent language in which Europe was spoken of as the vassal of the great empire, discovered that he expected to reign,

not only without linking himself with the interests, prejudices, and national feelings of men, but by setting all at defiance.

"But Napoleon thought himself more than a match for the moral instincts and sentiments of our nature. He thought himself able to cover the most atrocious deeds by the splendour of his name, and even to extort applause for crimes by the brilliancy of his success. He took no pains to conciliate esteem. In his own eyes he was mightier than conscience; and thus he turned against himself the power and resentment of virtue, in every breast where that divine principle yet found a home."

We think Napoleon's unconcern about the moral feelings of those he meant to subjugate proceeded by no means from ignorance of their nature, or conscious inability to bend them to his purposes. Had he felt it necessary to satisfy them, he would have done so. But he knew a people hot from revolution, and broken up by anarchy, required stern force rather than rational and moral treatment. Their better instincts and holier impressions had long been blasted by the successive simooms of 1793. They could scarcely, as a people, come under a moral regime. Anarchy requires despotism to allay it, before it will give a patient ear to beseeching virtue, or a calm bosom to the entrance of the lessons of reason. We think Channing has in some respects misconceived Napoleon. He holds his mental calibre too low. We doubt not a few of his sentiments here, nor does the pure language in which the thoughts are embodied altogether reconcile us to their justice. It has always struck us as a master-stroke—not a mistake on Napoleon's part—that he directed the main current of his appeal to the senses. It is too true of the race, that it is led powerfully by exterior and material forms. It is emphatically true of Frenchmen. To feed their vanity, and designate the nation by great names, is the way to reach a Frenchman's heart, and dissipate all his suspiciousness. If a Frenchman complain, pronounce him a native of the *grande nation*; if he suspect your schemes, present a *chef-d'œuvre* of Poussin, or Guido, or Carlo Dolce. If he plot against you, get up a dance, or a *fête*, or a commemoration of the "glorious three days." Tickle his senses, and we will become surety for his conduct in the mean time. Napoleon, we think, knew this, and on this account we have held him a shrewd metaphysician, as well as illustrious general. He, therefore, perpetrated his wrong doing amid splendour. He made the Louvre irradiate the scaffold. He chained the senses of all France, while he whetted the dagger, and prepared the pathway from the consulate to the imperial dignity. Had his country been composed of well-educated men, he could have no more erected his autocratic throne among them than on the crater of Vesuvius. Such a people would not have borne it. At least, to conciliate a people so schooled would have required another and more artful process. But here

was the penetration of the first consul. He knew the nation, and he knew the prescriptions by the exhibition of which he would lull all asleep, and prosecute his march to undisputed sovereignty.

In our review of Channing's remarks on Milton, we beheld the way in which our author handled intellectual power. In his remarks on Napoleon, we see how he can handle political and physical power. In both provinces we discern the traces of a master-mind: he grasps with ease and dissects with precision either spirit. He walks with Milton on the burning floors of hell, or on the golden pavement of the higher sanctuary; or amid the flowers, and fruits, and balms of Araby, of untainted Eden; and estimates the force and fervour of a great poet with just and untiring accuracy. He presents a criticism worthy of *Paradise Lost*. In the essay before us he places himself side by side with Bonaparte. He clings to him as his shadow; he follows him to the Romish altar, and marks him kneeling there; he pursues him to the mosque, and hears the French emperor proclaim, "There is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet." He shews us, anon, the lawless victor sneering at mass and moslem, and arrogating to himself a protecting god mightier than either intimates; he treads with him the scorching sands of Egypt, and tracks his course through the winter snows of Russia; notes him amid the spoils and pictures of Italy accumulated in the Louvre, or distributing gewgaws to the itching vanity of those he gathered round the imperial eagle by conscription. In every act of the rapid and ever-shifting drama he keeps open the window to the heart of his subject. We see at every stage his unquenched and consuming appetite for power; the cherished and deep determination on empire; the merciless despot clothing his ulterior ends in mysticism—in sublime, but almost blasphemous, assumptions. We do not overcharge our estimate. Let our readers judge for themselves. If they have any taste for great conceptions, clothed in rich, and chaste, and most expressive phraseology, they will find it gratified in Channing's *Remarks on Napoleon*; nor in this essay will their better feelings be pained by the sad and meagre theology of our author. Channing's reviews of character, be it the intellectual or the physical, are models. There is nothing of the nibbling about them. He embraces the whole mass before him; he indicates a mind able to grapple with the "giants of those days." He pronounces what constitutes their true glory, and detects what may be their failings and their faults. A review equal to its subject is no common performance: it demands clear perception, comprehensive powers, corresponding genius, free and faithful analysis. A vulgar proverb says, "set a thief to catch a thief." We may extract its principle, and apply it here: "set genius to estimate genius." A Milton only can be just to Milton. The gifted moralist alone is able to esti-

mate Napoleon. Our author has reaped laurels in both fields. Nothing strikes us with greater pleasure than the constant comparison of physical and moral power which pervades the whole of this last analysis. He contrasts the deeds of Bonaparte with meek and lowly virtue,—with sympathy that weeps over human woes,—with disinterestedness that rejoices in self-sacrifice,—with true goodness, that delights to distil its blessings unseen, and to annihilate self in devoted services. He shews well the weaknesses of Napoleon, and, in doing so, occasionally hints at his own republican partialities. He says, “Bonaparte stooped from his height to study costumes, to legislate about court dresses and court manners, and to outshine his brother monarchs in their own line. He desired to add the glory of master of the ceremonies to that of conqueror of the nation. In his anxiety to belong to the caste of kings, he exacted scrupulously the observance and etiquette with which they are approached.”

Having thus depicted with great power the rise of Bonaparte, our author proceeds with equal genius to set forth the accompaniments of his downfall. Than this, nothing must have more chafed a proud and self-confiding spirit. The exception to the race relapsed into its most ordinary ranks. The spell he deemed invincible and inalienably his own was dissolved. He learned amid the snow-drifts of Russia that victory had departed from him, and that the hour of a severe retribution for all his wrong-doing was at hand.

“We remember that when the intelligence of Napoleon's discomfiture in Russia first reached this country, we were among those who exulted in it, thinking only of the results. But when subsequent and minuter accounts brought distinctly before our eyes that unequalled army of France broken, famished, slaughtered, seeking shelter under snow-drifts, and perishing by intense cold, we looked back on our joy with almost a consciousness of guilt, and expiated by a sincere grief our insensibility to the sufferings of our fellow-creatures. We can conceive few subjects more worthy of Shakespeare, than the mind of Napoleon at the moment when his fate was sealed; when the tide of his victories was suddenly stopped, and rolled backwards; when the word that had awed nations died away on the bleak waste, a powerless sound; and when he whose spirit Europe could not bound, fled in fear from a captive's doom. The shock must have been tremendous to a mind so imperious, scornful, and unschooled to humiliation. The intense agony of that moment when he gave the unusual orders to retreat; the desolateness of his soul when he saw his brave soldiers and his chosen guards sinking in the snows, and perishing in crowds around him; his unwillingness to receive the details of his losses, lest self-possession should fail him; the levity and badinage of his interview with the Abbé de Pradt, at Warsaw,—discovering a mind labouring to throw off an insupportable weight—wrestling with itself, struggling against misery; and, though last not least, his unconquerable purpose still clinging to lost empire as the only good of life. These workings of such a spirit

would have furnished to the great dramatist a theme worthy of his transcendent powers.”

There is something great in Napoleon's struggles after a defeat, as in his exultation after victory. The same wearing ambition, the same consciousness that he was never made for the restraints of ordinary laws, strike one as the absorbing feelings of his soul. He could not, and he would not, descend to the level of common men. Amid the snows of the north, which had become the winding-sheet of half his army, he could not help meditating schemes of conquest and of government. Nothing short of the sceptre of Europe would satisfy him: This all-grasping thirst for empire, which prompted him to many a triumph, proved now the very cause of his downfall. On his return from Russia, he might with ease have settled down the emperor of France, and sat securely, by amusing the full-grown children of that mercurial nation by *fêtes*, and reviews, and swelling epithets. But this was no fame. He must make another dash at Europe. He did so, and like a too daring eagle he was smitten by the thunderbolt, and pinned to a desert rock. The remarks of our author are just and beautiful:

“To a mind which has placed its whole happiness in having no equal, the thought of descending even to the level of kings is intolerable. Napoleon's mind had been stretched by such ideas of universal empire, that France, though reaching from the Rhine to the Pyrenees, seemed narrow to him. He could not be shut up in it. Accordingly, as his fortunes darkened, we see no signs of relenting. He could not wear, he said, a ‘tarnished crown’—that is, a crown no brighter than those of Austria and Russia. He continued to use a master's tone. He shewed no change but such as opposition works on the obstinate; he lost his temper, and grew sour. He heaped reproach on his marshals and the legislative body. He insulted Metternich, the statesman, on whom, above all others, his fate depended. He irritated Murat by sarcasms, which rankled within him, and accelerated, if they did not determine, his desertion of his master. It is a striking example of retribution, that the very vehemence and sternness of his will, which had borne him onward to dominion, now drove him to the rejection of terms which might have left him a formidable power, and thus made his ruin entire. Refusing to take counsel of events, he persevered in fighting with a stubbornness which reminds us of a spoiled child, who sullenly grasps what he knows he must relinquish,—struggles without hope, and does not give over resistance till his little fingers are one by one unclenched from the object on which he has set his heart. Thus fell Napoleon.”

We have thus followed our author in his rapid review of the rise and fall of Napoleon's power. We have seen the entrance and the exit of that man who claimed a higher parentage than earth. He commenced by gathering to himself the astonishment and admiration of mankind. He closed his life amid the derision of some, the hatred of others, and the pity of a few. He

lived a conqueror; he died a captive. A throne was not magnificent enough while he lived; and a rock of the ocean was enough for a deathbed and a grave.

But it is only at the close of his hero's biography that our author begins to display his powers of thought and discrimination. His remarks hitherto have been historical, though occasionally interspersed with characteristic reflections. But throughout the remainder of this paper he dissects the genius of the "fire-king," the hidden springs which moved him, and those varied and concurrent principles which carried him from a humble sphere to be of a sudden the most prominent object in the world. It is in his estimates of motive and character that Channing pours forth his exuberant fulness,—a subtle *métaphysique* clothed in the language of poetry, chastened and subdued by an ever watchful taste. It is in our esteem the acme of literary excellence to convey profound thought in lucid and glowing terms, pruned of excessive luxuriance by a severe and sleepless censorship. Nothing strikes one as plainer or more homely than the Saxon words our author makes use of. But few writers so charm and rivet by the magic influence there is breathed from every period. We think it is scarcely possible to detect a careless and unfinished sentence in all the essays of Channing. But we hasten to his subject. On it we shall find the expression of deep thought in language fixed as the literature of the world. A leading trait in Bonaparte our author holds to be *self-exaggeration*.

"His strong original tendencies to pride and self-exaltation, fed and pampered by strange success and unbounded applause, swelled into an almost insane conviction of superhuman greatness. In his own view he stood apart from other men. He was not to be measured by the standard of humanity. He was not to be retarded by difficulties to which all others yielded. His history shews a spirit of self-exaggeration unrivalled in enlightened ages, which reminds us of an Oriental king, to whom incense had been burned from his birth, as to a deity. This was the chief source of his crimes. He wanted the sentiment of a common nature with his fellow-beings; he had no sympathies with his race. That feeling of brotherhood which is developed in truly great souls with peculiar energy, and through which they give up themselves willing victims, joyful sacrifices, to the interests of mankind, was wholly unknown to him. His heart amid its wild beatings never had a throb of disinterested love. The ties which bind man to man he broke asunder. The proper happiness of a man, which consists in the victory of moral energy and social affection over the selfish passions, he cast away for the lonely joy of a despot. With powers which might have made him a glorious representative and minister of the beneficent Divinity, and with natural sensibilities which might have been exalted into sublime virtues, he chose to separate himself from his kind, to forego their love, esteem, and gratitude, that he might become their gaze, their fear, their wonder; and for this selfish, solitary good, parted with peace and imperishable renown."

The spirit of self-exaggeration so impressively developed. XXXIV.—NOVEMBER, 1838.

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lineated wrought his ruin; it diseased his intellect, deadened his moral sensibilities, and opened a way to his confidence when argument and experience were utterly powerless. The man who flattered him found his ear, which was denied to him that laid before him arguments and facts. He forgot he was a man amid the incense that seemed to him to indicate a god. He tried, under this disastrous inspiration, to bid defiance to time, to circumstance, to all those elements which well-directed genius bends to its purpose, and which it never dreams of defying. "Thus the rapid and inventive intellect of Bonaparte was depraved, and failed to achieve a growing and durable greatness. It reared, indeed, a vast and imposing structure, but disproportioned, disjointed, without strength, without foundations. One strong blast was enough to shake and shatter it; nor could his genius uphold it. Happy would it have been for his fame had he been buried in its ruins. On such a mind the warnings of human wisdom and of Providence were spent in vain; and the Man of Destiny lived to teach others, if not himself, the weakness and folly of that all-defying decision which arrays the purposes of a mortal with the immutableness of the counsels of the Most High."

Napoleon was, nevertheless, no ordinary character. His life and exploits were not those of an every-day man; every act of his life was uncommon; his very coronation was a proof of the spirit of self-exaggeration. Sir Walter Scott, in his *Life of Napoleon*, vol. v. p. 159, has these observations on this event. "The emperor took his coronation oath, as usual on such occasions, with his hands upon the Scripture, and in the form in which it was repeated to him by the pope. But in the act of coronation itself there was a marked deviation from the universal custom characteristic of the man, the age, and the conjuncture. In all other similar solemnities the crown had been placed on the sovereign's head by the presiding spiritual person, as representing the Deity, by whom princes rule. But not even from the head of the Catholic church would Bonaparte consent to receive as a boon the golden symbol of sovereignty, which he was sensible he owed to his own unparalleled train of military and civil successes. The crown having been blessed by the pope, Napoleon took it from the altar with his own hands, and placed it on his brows. He then put the diadem on the head of his empress, as if determined to shew that his authority was the child of his own actions." Napoleon once, in the expectation of a flattering reply, asked one of his courtiers what the inhabitants of Vienna thought of him, and received the following reply: "Some think you an angel, sire; some a devil; but all agree you are more than man." Did they think so when the blazing meteor that had so long scorched Europe was quenched at St. Helena, and buried in an unconsecrated grave. On the removal of circumstance

he was found to be a man. Impressive transition! One is reminded of the language of an inspired prophet when reviewing this strange career.

"He who smote the people in wrath with a continual stroke, he that ruled the nations in anger, is persecuted, and none hindereth. Yea, the fir-trees rejoice at thee, and the cedars of Lebanon, saying, Since thou art laid down, no feller is come up against us. Thy pomp is brought down to the grave, and the noise of thy viols: the worm is spread under thee. How art thou fallen from heaven, Oh, Lucifer, son of the morning! How art thou cut down to the ground, which did weaken the nations! They that see thee will narrowly look on thee, and consider thee, saying, Is this the man that made the earth to tremble? that did shake kingdoms? that made the world as a wilderness, and destroyed the cities thereof? that opened not the house of his prisoners! All the kings of the nations, even all of them, lie in glory, every one in his own house. But thou art cast out of thy grave, like an abominable branch, and as the raiment of those that are slain. Thou shalt not be joined with kings in burial."

A disciple of the prophetic school would declare, and we suspect with some truth, that the career of the "King of Fire," the "Man of Destiny," was before the mind of the prophet.

But we hasten to our more appropriate duty. We desire to call the attention of our readers to the summary of the character of Napoleon from the pen of Channing. It is just to the subject, and worthy of the writer.

"We close our view of Bonaparte's character, by saying that his original propensities, released from restraint, and pampered by indulgence, to a degree seldom allowed to mortals, grew up into a spirit of despotism, as stern and absolute as ever usurped the human heart. The love of power and supremacy absorbed, consumed him. No other passion, no domestic attachment, no private friendship, no love of pleasure, no relish for letters or the arts, no human sympathy, no human weakness, divided his mind with the passion for dominion, and for dazzling manifestations of his power. Before this, duty, honour, love, humanity, fell prostrate. Josephine, we are told, was dear to him; but the devoted wife, who had stood firm and faithful in the day of his doubtful fortunes, was cast off in his prosperity, to make room for a stranger, who must be more subservient to his power. He was affectionate, we are told, to his brothers and mother; but his brothers, the moment they ceased to be his tools, were disgraced; and his mother, it is said, was not allowed to sit in the presence of her imperial son. He was sometimes softened, we are told, by the sight of the field of battle strewn with the wounded and the dead; but if the Moloch of his ambition claimed new heaps of slain to-morrow, it was never denied. With all his sensibility, he gave millions to the sword, with as little compunction as would have brushed away so many insects who had infested his march. To him, all human power, desire, will, were to bend. His superiority, none must question. He insulted the fallen, who had contracted the guilt of opposing his progress; and not even woman's loveliness, and the dignity of a queen, could give shelter from his contumely. His allies were his vassals;

nor was their vassalage concealed. Too lofty to use the arts of conciliation, preferring command to persuasion, overbearing and all-grasping, he spread distrust, exasperation, fear, and revenge, through Europe, and when the day of retribution came, the old antipathies and natural jealousies of nations were swallowed up in one burning purpose, to prostrate the common tyrant, the universal foe."

Channing next enters on the different orders of greatness, of intellect, of the moral faculty, and of action: to the last of which he assigns the distinctive character of Napoleon.

"It is the sublime power of conceiving bold and extensive plans; of constructing and bringing to bear, on a mighty object, a complicated machinery of means, energies, and arrangements, and of accomplishing great outward effects."

Our author then proceeds to combat the spurious sympathies that some have felt with the penalties to which the emperor was doomed at the close of his career. He has been pitied, and his masters have been blamed.

With regard to the scruples which not a few have expressed as to the right of banishing him to St. Helena, we can only say that our consciences are not yet refined to such exquisite delicacy as to be at all sensitive in this particular. We admire nothing more in Bonaparte than the effrontery with which he claimed protection from the laws of nations. That a man who had set these laws at open defiance, should fly to them for shelter—that the oppressor of the world should claim its sympathy, as an oppressed man, and that his claim should find advocates; these things are to be set down among the extraordinary things of this extraordinary age. Truly, the human race is in a pitiable state. It may be trampled on, spoiled, loaded like a beast of burden, made the prey of rapacity, insolence, and the sword, but it must not touch a hair, or disturb the pillow of one of its oppressors. For ourselves, we should rejoice to see every tyrant fastened to a lonely rock of the ocean. Whoever gives clear undoubted proof that he is prepared, and sternly resolved, to make the earth a slaughter-house, and to crush every will adverse to his own, ought to be caged like a wild beast. Bonaparte's history is, to us, too solemn—the wrongs for which freedom and humanity arraign him, are too flagrant to allow us to play the part of sentimentalists around his grave at St. Helena.

There is a pervading moral sentiment in every page of Channing, in virtue of which every achievement that contributes nothing to the real well-being of mankind, is made to assume its rightful inferiority. Wrongdoing is recorded in his page with the pen of an unsparing censor. He displays no partialities for crime in royalty, or in the retirements of life. The expansion of the mind, the freedom of conscience, the full growth of all sweet and holy affections, man rising to

his predestined fellowship with the Eternal, are the objects in promoting which our author sees the well-being of the human family. We want more of this *morale* in our literature—the angel's tenderness, and censor's severity. There is required the afflatus of a healthier moral feeling into our periodical works. Man's best feelings, as well as great and gifted intellect, would thereby be ministered to. Why should we be more ashamed to put forward the high principles of pure morality, than to dwell on the vitiating and the vile of human character. It may be safely left to the rabid Radicalism of the age to pour forth its antipathy to crowns and croziers, the purple and the lawn, the *Charta* and the Bible. High-minded Toryism, or, in other words, reverence for all sacred and civil institutions, can well spare to bequeath these functions to their appropriate *caste*. Our author looks at Bonaparte amid kindling feelings of strong sympathy with the rights and wrongs of the human race. No splendour of imperial dignity, no brilliancy of triumphs can conceal from his mind the fell conspiracy there is transparent throughout against the freedom and the privileges of the race. We pardon, in an American, occasional tints of Republicanism; and we accept, with thankfulness for our own constitutional monarchy, the following tribute from this highly gifted Republican:—

"The doors of office," says Channing, in these remarks on Napoleon, "being opened to all, crowds burn to rush in. A thousand hands are stretched out to grasp the reins, which are denied to none. Perhaps, in this boasted and boasting land of liberty, not a few, if called to state the chief good of a republic, would place it in this, that every man is eligible to every office, and that the highest places of power and trust are prizes for universal competition. The superiority attributed by many to our institutions is not that they secure the greatest freedom, but give every man a chance of ruling; not that they reduce the power of government within the narrowest limits which the safety of the state admits, but throw it into as many hands as possible. The despot's great crime is thought to be, that he keeps the delight of dominion to himself, that he makes a monopoly of it, whilst our most generous institutions, by breaking it into parcels, and inviting the multitude to scramble for it, spread this joy more widely. The result is, that political ambition infects our country, and generates a feverish restlessness and discontent, which, to the Monarchist, may seem more than a balance for our forms of liberty. The spirit of intrigue, which, in absolute governments, is confined to courts, walks abroad through the land, and as individuals can accomplish no political purpose single-handed, they band themselves into parties, ostensibly framed for public ends, but aiming only at the acquisition of power. The nominal sovereign—that is, the people,—like all other sovereigns, is courted and flattered, and told that it can do no wrong. Its pride is pampered, its passions inflamed, its prejudices made inveterate. Such are the processes by which other republics have been subverted; and he must be blind who cannot trace them among ourselves."

Such is Republicanism by a Republican. Were

these sentiments set forth by a headstrong and disappointed aspirant, they might be of little value; but they are the sober and well-weighed reflections of a gray and calculating sage—of one who has an instinctive and excessive antipathy to every thing that borders on enthusiasm. We invite the special attention of our noisy Republicans to this statement. The majesty of the people is one of the most intractable and disorderly of sovereigns. It deserves to be flogged. It is neither in theory nor in practice, good for any thing.

We feel refreshed by Channing's closing remarks, on the vast superiority of moral greatness. He dwells on this with an earnestness peculiarly his own. He sees, in mind, something nobler than the universe, more sacred than temples. That power alone, he calls divine, which awakens, elevates, and enlightens; which, itself, allied to the Divinity, goes forth quickening and assimilating those who had never before come under its beneficent sway. That might, we agree, is entitled to a nation's hosannahs, which unfolds new moral and intellectual resources, discloses new springs of action, communicates deep impulses to society, throws into wide and living circulation, new and holy imaginings, and becomes, in a most solemn sense, the reformer of the age and of the species.

"In the humblest conditions, a power goes forth from a devout and disinterested spirit, calling forth, silently, moral and religious sentiment, and teaching, without the aid of words, the loveliness and peace of sincere and single-hearted virtue. In the more enlightened classes, individuals now and then rise up, who, through a singular force and elevation of soul, obtain a sway over men's minds, to which no limit can be prescribed. They speak with a voice which is heard by distant nations, and which goes down to future ages. Their names are repeated with veneration by millions, and millions read in their lives and writings a quickening testimony to the greatness of the mind, to its moral strength, to the reality of disinterested virtue. These are the true sovereigns of the earth. They have a greatness which will be more and more felt. The time is coming—its signs are visible—when this long mistaken attribute of greatness will be seen to belong eminently, if not exclusively, to those who, by their characters, deeds, sufferings, writings, leave imperishable and ennobling traces of themselves on the human mind. Among these legitimate sovereigns of the world, will be ranked the philosopher who penetrates the secrets of the universe, and of the soul; who opens new fields to the intellect, who gives it a new consciousness of its powers, rights, and divine original; who spreads enlarged and liberal habits of thought, and who helps men to understand that an ever-growing knowledge is the patrimony destined for them by the 'Father of Spirits.' Among them, will be ranked the statesman who, escaping a vulgar policy, rises to the discovery of the true interest of a state; who seeks, without fear or favour, the common good; who understands that a nation's mind is more valuable than its soil; who inspires a people's intercourse, without making them the slaves of wealth; who is mainly anxious to originate or give stability to institutions, by which society may be carried for-

ward; who confides, with a sublime constancy, in justice and virtue, as the only foundation of a wise policy, and of public prosperity; and, above all, who has so drunk in the spirit of Christ, as never to forget that his particular country is a member of the great human family, bound to all nations by a common nature, by a common interest, and by indissoluble laws of equity and charity. Among these will be ranked, perhaps on the highest throne, the moral and religious Reformer, who truly merits that name; who rises above his times; who is moved by a holy impulse to assail vicious establishments, sustained by fierce passions and inveterate prejudices; who rescues great truths from the corruptions of ages; who, joining calm and deep thought to profound feeling, secures to religion, at once, enlightened and earnest conviction; who unfolds to men higher forms of virtue than they have yet attained or conceived; who gives brighter and more thrilling views of the perfection for which they were framed, and inspires a victorious faith in the perpetual progress of our nature."

Some may object to a few of the minuter shades of opinion in this long extract; but where shall we find more kindling thoughts in language more rich in harmony! It is generous thought, in the most clear and apposite vehicle. It is the inspiration of a profound intellect, wrapping itself in earth's sweetest tones. Moral excellence, in opposition to warfare and victorious battles, is the seminal source of national greatness. He who makes one "convert to this, near a despot's throne, has broken one link of that despot's chain." Brute force retards the world's progress. It does not, and cannot, speed it. It is the diffusion of generous truths, the growth of moral sentiment, the baptism of thrones, and senates, and the whole race, into religion, that will precede the ripe greatness of immortals. We mean not the religion of the monk, the jargon of the schools. This has no ennobling tendencies. It speaks in dark and discordant tones. We mean the simple truth, as it streams in living waters from the "wells of life;" which vivifies every feeling of the soul; which is felt not as a mere pathway for escape from future wrath, but as a present glorious heritage, refining, restraining, and prolific of great and enduring virtue. Our author has a constant reference to this. It shews there is something in the ever present influence of religion, of an inspiring character, that casts upon its votaries a portion of its better and brighter mantle, when we see that Channing's writing is then fraught with sublime and invigorating sentiment—when he advocates the *moral* and the *mental* in preference to all besides. He ascends, then, a prophet's throne; and, clothed with more than earthly majesty, gives utterance to the finest literature of the age. There are in this man's writing, deep springs of pure and hallowed feeling—a piercing and sublime estimate of all he touches. He has more than the sunshine of Parnassus's lofty height, and a deeper inspiration than the fountains of Helicon are conscious of. Napoleon

and Milton are both scanned and measured by his genius. The former evokes the unfeigned reprehension of a severe and uncompromising moralist; the other gathers round him the smiles of a kindred spirit, that follows close enough in his wake not to overtake him. We hail both delineations. We sympathise with his tears over Jaffa, Toussaint, the scaffold of the Duke D'Enghien, and fields of carnage and freeborn men weltering in their blood.

We rejoice, also, in his rapturous view of Eden and the unfallen pair; and in the poet's stanza, and the critic's exposition of it, we realise those "golden hours" that, on "angel wings," flew over a world that blushed not because of sin, and knew not what it was to bleed beneath the judgments of Heaven, and the wrong-doing of men.

We cannot do better than conclude this article, to be followed by others on kindred subjects of the same writer, by quoting the closing reflections of Channing on Napoleon:—

"We close our labours with commending to the protection of Almighty God, the cause of human freedom and improvement. We adore the wisdom and goodness of his providence, which has ordained that liberty shall be wrought out by the magnanimity, courage, and sacrifices of men. We bless him for the glorious efforts which his cause has already called forth; for the intrepid defenders who have gathered round it; and whose fame is a most precious legacy of past ages; for the toils and sufferings by which it has been upheld; for the awakening and thrilling voice, which comes to us from the dungeon and scaffold where the martyr of liberty have pined and bled. We beseech this great and good Parent to enkindle, by his quickening breath, an unquenchable love of virtue and freedom, in those favoured men whom he hath enriched and signalised by eminent gifts and powers, that they may fulfil the high function of inspiring their fellow-beings with a consciousness of the birthright and destination of human nature. Wearied with violence and blood, we beseech Him to subvert oppressive governments by the gentle, yet awful, power of truth and virtue; by the teachings of uncorrupted Christianity; by the sovereignty of enlightened opinion; by the triumph of sentiments of magnanimity; by mild, national, and purifying influences, which will raise the spirit of the enslaved. For this peaceful revolution we earnestly pray."

The man who does not join in these supplications, and find in them the embodied utterances and inspirations of his own heart, must be a stranger alike to philanthropy and Christianity.

From *Tail's Magazine*.

SIR SAMUEL ROMILLY.

Few persons have ever attained celebrity of name and exalted station, in any country, or in any age, with such unsullied purity of character as this equally

eminent and excellent person. His virtue was stern and inflexible—adjusted, indeed, rather to the rigorous standard of ancient morality than to the less ambitious and less elevated maxims of the modern code. But in this he very widely differed from the antique model upon which his character generally appeared to be framed, and also so very far surpassed it that there was nothing either affected or repulsive about him; and if ever a man existed who would, more than any other, have scorned the pitiful fopperies which disfigured the worth of Cato, or have shrunk from the harsher virtue of Brutus, Romilly was that man. He was, in truth, a person of the most natural and simple manners, and one in whom the kindest charities and warmest feelings of human nature were blended, in the largest measure, with that firmness of purpose and unrelaxed sincerity of principle, in almost all other men found to be little compatible with the attributes of a gentle nature and the feelings of a tender heart.

The observer who gazes upon the character of this great man is naturally struck, first of all, with its most prominent feature, and that is the rare excellence which we have now marked, so far above every gift of the understanding, and which throws the lustre of mere genius into the shade. But his capacity was of the highest order; an extraordinary reach of thought; great powers of attention, and of close reasoning; a memory quick and retentive; a fancy eminently brilliant, but kept in perfect discipline by his judgment and his taste, which was nice, cultivated, and severe, without any of the squeamishness so fatal to vigour. These were the qualities which, under the guidance of the most persevering industry, and with the stimulus of a lofty ambition, rendered him unquestionably the first advocate and the most profound lawyer of the age he flourished in; placed him high among the ornaments of the Senate; and would, in all likelihood, have given him the foremost place among them all, had not the occupations of his laborious profession necessarily engrossed a disproportionate share of his attention, and made political pursuits fill a subordinate place in the scheme of his life. *Juris peritorum disertissimus, disertorum vero juris peritissimus.* As his practice, so his authority at the bar and with the bench was unexampled; and his success in Parliament was great and progressive. Some of his speeches, both forensic and Parliamentary, are nearly unrivalled in excellence. The reply, even as reported in *11 Vesey junior*, in the cause of *Hugonin v. Beasley*, where the legal matters chiefly were in question, may give no mean idea of his extraordinary powers. The last speech which he pronounced in the House of Commons, upon a bill respecting the law of naturalization, which gave him occasion to paint the misconduct of the expiring Parliament in severe and even dark colours, was generally regarded as unexampled among the efforts of his elo-

quence; nor can they who recollect its effects ever cease to lament, with tenfold bitterness of sorrow, the catastrophe which terminated his life, and extinguished his glory, when they reflect that the vast accession to his influence, from being chosen for Westminster, came at a time when his genius had reached its amplest display, and his authority in Parliament, unaided by station, had attained the highest eminence. The friend of public virtue, and the advocate of human improvement, will mourn still more sorrowfully over his urn than the admirers of genius, or those who are dazzled by political triumphs. For no one could know Romilly, and doubt that, as he only valued his own success and his own powers, in the belief that they might conduce to the good of mankind, so each augmentation of his authority, each step of his progress, must have been attended with some triumph in the cause of humanity and justice. True, he would at length, in the course of nature, have ceased to live; but then the bigot would have ceased to persecute—the despot to vex—the desolate poor to suffer—the slave to groan and tremble—the ignorant to commit crimes—and the ill-contrived law to engender criminality.

On these things all men are agreed; but, if a more distinct account be desired of his eloquence, it must be said that it united all the more severe graces of oratory, both as regards the manner and the substance. No man argued more closely when the understanding was to be addressed; no man declaimed more powerfully when indignation was to be aroused, or the feelings moved. His language was choice and pure; his powers of invective resembled rather the grave authority with which the judge puts down a contempt, or punishes an offender, than the attack of an advocate against his adversary and his equal. His imagination was the minister whose services were rarely required, and whose mastery was never for an instant admitted; his sarcasm was tremendous, nor always very sparingly employed; his manner was perfect, in voice, in figure, in a countenance of singular beauty and dignity; nor was anything in his oratory more striking or more effective than the heartfelt sincerity which it, throughout, displayed, in topic, in diction, in tone, in look, in gesture. “*In Scauri oratione sapientis hominis et recti, gravitas summa, et naturalis quedam inerat auctoritas, non ut causam, sed ut testimonium dicere putares. Significabat enim non prudentiam solum, sed, quod maxime rem continebat, fidem.*”

Considering his exalted station at the bar, his pure and unsullied character, and the large space which he filled in the eyes of the country, men naturally looked for his ascent to the highest station in the profession of which he was, during so many years, the ornament and the pride. Nor could any one question that he would have presented to the world the figure of a con-

summate judge. He alone felt any doubt upon the extent of his own judicial qualities; and he has recorded in his journal (that invaluable document in which he was wont to set down freely his sentiments on men and things) a modest opinion, expressing his apprehension, should he ever be so tried, that men would say of him—"dignus imperio nisi imperasset." With this single exception, offering so rare an instance of impartial self-judgment, and tending of itself to its own refutation, all who had no interest in the elevation of others, have held his exclusion from the supreme place in the law, as one of the heaviest items in the price paid for the factious structure of our practical government.

In his private life and personal habits he exhibited a model for imitation, and an object of unqualified esteem. All his severity was reserved for the forum and the senate, when vice was to be lashed, or justice vindicated, the public delinquent exposed, or the national oppressor overawed. In his family and in society, where it was his delight, and the only reward of his unremitting labours, to unbend, he was amiable, simple, natural, cheerful. The vast resources of his memory—the astonishing economy of time, by which he was enabled to read almost every work of interest that came from the press of either his hereditary or his native country, either France or England—the perfect correctness of his taste, refined to such a pitch that his pencil was one of no ordinary power, and his verses, when once or twice only he wrote poetry, were of great merit—his freedom from affectation—the wisdom of not being above doing ordinary things in the ordinary way—all conspired to render his society peculiarly attractive, and would have made it courted even had his eminence in higher matters been far less conspicuous. While it was the saying of one political adversary, the most experienced and correct observer* among all the parliamentary men of his time, that he never was out of his place while Romilly spoke without finding that he had cause to lament his absence—it was the confession of all who were admitted to his private society, that they forgot the lawyer, the orator, and the patriot, and had never been aware, while gazing on him with admiration, how much more he really deserved that tribute than he appeared to do when seen from afar.

If defects are required to be thrown into such a sketch, and are deemed as necessary as the shades in a picture, or, at least, as the more subdued tones of some parts for giving relief to others, this portraiture of Romilly must be content to remain imperfect. For what is there on which to dwell for blame, if it be not a proneness to prejudice in favour of opinions resembling his own, a blindness to the defects of those who

held them, and a prepossession against those who held them not? While there is so very little to censure, there is unhappily much to deplore. A morbid sensibility embittered many hours of his earlier life; and, when deprived of the wife whom he most tenderly and justly loved, continued to bring on an inflammatory fever, in the paroxysm of which he untimely met his end.

The letter here printed was communicated in manuscript to him while attending the sick-bed of that excellent person whose loss brought on his own. It tended to beguile some of those sorrowful hours, the subject having long deeply engaged his attention; and it was the last thing that he read. His estimate of its merits was exceedingly low; at least he said he was sure no tract had ever been published on a more dry subject, or was likely to excite less attention. The interests of the subject, however, was much undervalued by him; for the letter ran through eight editions in the month of October.

* * * * *

The injunction to his friends contained in his will, was truly characteristic of the man. He particularly desired them, in determining whether or not the manuscripts should be published, only to regard the prospect there was of their being in any degree serviceable to mankind, and by no means to throw away a thought upon any injury which the appearance of such unfinished works might do to his literary character. Whoever knew him, indeed, was well persuaded that in all his exertions his personal gratification never was for a moment consulted, unless as far as whatever he did, or whatever he witnessed in others, had a relish for him exactly proportioned to its tendency towards the establishment of the principles which formed, as it were, a part of his nature, and towards the promotion of human happiness, the grand aim of all his views. This is that colleague and friend whose irreparable loss his surviving friends have had to deplore, through all their struggles in the good cause in which they had stood by his side; a loss which each succeeding day renders heavier, and harder to bear, when the misconduct of some, and the incapacity of others, so painfully recall the contrast of one whose premature end gave the first and the only pang that had ever come from him; and all his associates may justly exclaim, in the words of Tully regarding Hortensius—"Angebat etiam molestiam, quod magnâ sapientium civium bonorumque penuriâ, vir egregius, conjunctissimusque mecum consiliorum omnium societate, alienissimo reipublice tempore extinctus, et auctoritatis, et prudentiæ suæ triste nobis desiderium reliquerat: dolebamque, quod non, ut plerique putabant, adversarium, aut obrectatorem laudum mearum, sed socium potius et consortem gloriosi laboris amiseram."

* Mr. Charles Long, afterwards Lord Farnborough.

From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

THE COMPANY OF OFFICERS.

There are some feelings of an enthusiastic kind, which are not themselves virtues, though often erroneously called so, but are yet so based on a spirit of self-abandonment, that they tend greatly to exalt the character, and sometimes produce the most noble actions. Loyalty is one of these feelings—that ancient and now little-heard-of sentiment, which once was as a sort of second religion in the bosoms of a part of the community, only having an earthly instead of a heavenly deity for its object. In the seventeenth century, this so-called virtue was at its height in England; and no one can deny, that, whatever were the follies it committed, and however opposed many of its movements might be to the real good of the nation, it was then capable of every kind of self-sacrifice for the sake of what it thought politically right, and only was wrong from want of knowledge and sound judgment. It was, as might be expected, a much more ardent, and perhaps also more pure sentiment, in the northern than in the southern part of the island, the people of the former district being much the simplest and least sophisticated, and therefore the most liable to any possessing and disinterested emotion. Hence the resistance successively presented in that part of the island to the Parliament and Cromwell, to the Revolution settlement, and to the Hanoverian succession. We may smile at the unreflecting ardour which prompted these courses; but when we learn some of the particulars of the deeds which it dictated, and the sufferings which it taught its votaries to endure, we are apt to substitute for our smiles, tears of admiration and of pity.

When the Viscount of Dundee endeavoured, after the Revolution, to maintain the interest of the expatriated James II. in Scotland, he was joined by not only a considerable number of the Highland clans, but by the younger sons of a great number of Lowland families of note, and by not a few of the younger clergy of the disestablished Episcopal church, to most of whom he gave commissions in his little army. After his death at the battle of Killiecrankie, in July 1699, the cause was maintained for about a year in a languid manner, by commanders of less genius; but at length, when the affairs of the exiled king were ruined in Ireland, and no further hope of his immediate restoration was entertained, the Scottish insurgent army was dissolved by capitulation, and its officers transported, at their own request, to France. About a hundred and fifty landed there, and, as allies of the French monarch, were immediately placed in garrison, at the pay appropriate to their respective ranks. They so continued till September 1692, when, reflecting on the severe losses experienced by Louis at Cherbourg and La Hogue, and that there was no immediate prospect of

their proving of service to their own master, they resolved to be no longer a burden on the French government, but to convert themselves into a company of private sentinels, and serve in the army for ordinary pay. James, on receiving a petition from them to this effect, remonstrated with them against their design; representing that, in his first exile during the Commonwealth, he had commanded a similar company of officers, which had come to no good; but, their resolution being fixed, he at length gave way to it, and selected from their number the gentlemen who should act as captain, lieutenants, and ensign. They then repaired from their garrisons in French Flanders to be reviewed by the king at his palace of St. Germain, near Paris, preparatorily to being modelled into the French army. A few days after they came, James rode out with the intention of enjoying the chase, an amusement of which he had become passionately fond since his arrival in France. He was surprised to find himself passing through a double line of mousquetaires, and asked who they were. He was informed that they were the same Scottish officers, who, in garments better suited to their ranks, had the day before conversed with him at his levee. In uniforms borrowed from a French regiment, they had taken this opportunity of presenting themselves to him, for the first time, in their new character. The unfortunate monarch was struck by the levity of his amusement, in contrast with the distress of those who were suffering for him; and he returned pensively to the palace.*

On a future day, when they had received the rout for active service, the king reviewed them in the garden at St. Germain. "Gentlemen," he said, "my own misfortunes are not so near my heart as yours. It grieves me beyond what I can express, to see so many brave and worthy gentlemen, who had once the prospect of being the chief officers in my army, reduced to the station of private sentinels. Nothing but your loyalty, and that of a few of my subjects in Britain, could make me willing to live. The sense of what you have done and undergone for me, hath made so deep an impression on my heart, that, if ever it please God to restore me, it is impossible I can be forgetful of your services and sufferings. Neither can there be any posts in the armies of my dominions, but what you have just pretensions to. * * At your own desires, you are now going a long march, far distant from me. I have taken care to provide you with money, shoes, stockings, and other necessities. Fear God, and love one another. Write your wants particularly to me, and depend upon always finding me your father and king." He then passed along their ranks, and, writing down the name of every individual in his pocket-book, gave him his thanks in particular. Then removing to the front, he took off his hat, and

* Dalrymple's Memoirs of Great Britain.

bowed to them. After he had gone away, still thinking honour enough was not done them, he returned, bowed again, and burst into tears. They kneeled before the discrowned monarch, bent their eyes on the ground, and then, starting up, passed him with the usual honours of war, as if it was only a common review they were exhibiting. He prayed that God might bless and prosper them, and mournfully left the ground.

Having been destined to serve against Spain, they now commenced a march of between four and five hundred miles, for Perpignan, in the south of France, where they were to join the rest of the troops. In every town they passed through, their history, as well as their gentle and correct deportment, interested all magistrates and other dignitaries in their behalf, so that they were always billeted on the best people in the place. Each morning, also, before commencing their march, they were seen walking on parade with the ladies of the houses in which they had lodged, whose favour they never failed to gain. When they arrived at Perpignan, and drew up before the residence of the lieutenant-general, all the gentlewomen of the town assembled to honour them, and, if we are to believe their historian, "wept bitterly to see so many worthy gentlemen, for their loyalty and honour, reduced to the condition of private sentinels." These ladies were said to have made up a purse of two hundred pistoles for them; but this tribute, owing to some base dealing, never reached them. They were now greatly in need of supplies of money, for their own was all spent, and their pay was but threepence a-day, with a pound and a half of bread. They were therefore reduced, while spending the winter here, to the necessity of selling their watches, rings, Holland shirts, and embroidered clothes, in order that they might enjoy some share of the comforts to which they had been accustomed. Their fellow-soldiers meanwhile paid them greater respect than if they had still been possessed of their original commissions, and it was generally said that a detachment from all the officers in France could not excel them in all soldierly qualities. They were here joined by two other companies of expatriated Scotchmen, but not composed, like theirs, of officers. When about to commence the campaign in spring, the whole three were reviewed by the Mareschal de Noailles, who was so much pleased with the appearance of the company of officers, that he asked them to pass once more before him, and presented them with a valuable mule to carry their baggage.

On the 1st of May 1693, they commenced their march across the Pyrenees, into Catalonia, where it was the design of the French commander to invest the town of Rosas. Obligated, notwithstanding the kindness of the mareschal, to carry their tents and camp

utensils, and taking more than the usual share of the duty of foraging, they suffered more on the march than the rest of the army. The valley of Lampardo, in which Rosas is situated, is so unhealthy that the king of Spain, when he heard of the French troops having entered it, remarked, that he had no need of an army to fight them. Many of the officers' company took fevers, and other severe diseases; yet no entreaties could prevail on any of them to retire to the Perpignan hospital, or remit any part of their duties. The Spaniards having learnt the story of the officers' company, made three several sorties at the time when they were on duty in the trenches, and were on each occasion met by that company singly, and beaten back to the drawbridge. After the siege had continued for a few days, and a breach was made in the walls, the garrison suffered so severe a fire from a particular part of the trenches, that they beat a chamade, and would have surrendered the town if they could have obtained tolerable conditions. The ~~king~~ ^{siege} was renewed on both sides, and still the severest and most incessant discharges of shot came from one particular spot in the trenches. The governor soon after gave up the town, under the apprehension, as he afterwards informed the opposing general, that the grenadiers in that part of the trenches designed to attack the breach. He asked the Mareschal de Noailles who these men were, and was answered, "Ces sont mes enfans: they are," added the mareschal, "the king of Great Britain's Scottish officers, who, to show their willingness to share his miseries, have reduced themselves to the carrying of arms, and chosen to serve under my command." The commander next day publicly thanked them for their gallantry, and the service they had done in obliging the governor to surrender the town, of which he lost no time in apprising his master. Louis no sooner received the intelligence than he took coach for St. Germain, and thanked King James for the brave conduct of his subjects, which had gained for him the town of Rosas in Catalonia. The unfortunate monarch heard the news with joy, and said they were all of his officers that had been left to him, but they were such as could not easily be excelled.

The mareschal expressed his sense of their merits by at this time presenting each of them with a couple of pistoles and a supply of clothes; King James also was now able to make them an allowance of fivepence a-day each, from his slender resources. It is painful to mention, that of much of these benefits they were deprived by the officers placed over them, who seem to have been as dishonest as the men were brave. All that was done for them having failed to preserve their health, they were requested by the commander to leave the camp, and go to any garrison they chose; but, thanking him for his offer, they told him that

they would not lie idly within walls, whilst the king of France, who had been so kind to their master, had any occasion for their services, and they were determined not to leave the camp while one of them was alive. About the middle of June, the army left Rosas, and marched for Piscador, where, of twenty-six thousand who commenced the journey, not more than ten thousand arrived in health, in consequence of the great heat and the want of water. One day, during this march, when some apprehensions were entertained of an attack on the rear-guard, and a sufficiency of pickets could not be obtained, all the officers who were present turned out for their comrades, and were the first who arrived on the ground. The general officers, seeing them alone on the parade of the picket, were it was not their duty to be, remarked to each other, "*Le gentilhomme est toujours le gentilhomme, et se montre toujours dans le besoin, et dans le danger.*"*

Most of the remainder of the season was spent by the officers at Perpignan, where sixteen of their number died of various diseases. One had previously been killed at the siege of Rosa, and three more soon after perished of sickness, so that twenty in all died during the first campaign. At the request of King James, who lamented this mortality amongst men he admired so much, they were now ordered from the south of France; but, unfortunately, Alsace was the place to which they were commanded to remove. They had thus to encounter a journey of four hundred miles at the commencement of winter, and when their bodies were in general much debilitated by disease. The Mareschal de Noailles was taken by surprise by the order, and fearing it was the result of some dissatisfaction with his command, offered to make them all fitting concessions, saying that, from the great respect he bore them, he had designed to get all of them introduced in time, into the army in their original ranks. They assured him that they had been entirely satisfied with the treatment they had experienced from him, and were reluctant to leave his corps. The order being, however, imperative, they commenced their march on the 4th of December, along with the other two Scottish companies already mentioned. The most frugal of them could now carry his baggage in a handkerchief, while many had none at all; from their meagreness of body and poorness of clothing, many looked rather like shadows and skeletons than men. Their coats were old and thin; their lower garments wanted lining, and their shoes were worn to pieces; so that, by the time they reached Lyons, their miseries were such as no gentleman could express. Yet no one could ever observe the least discomposure or re-

* The gentleman is always the gentleman, and so always shows himself in the hour of trouble and of danger.

gret in their conversation: on the contrary, they bore themselves cheerfully, and when they chanced to be able to supply themselves with a little liquor, they would drink the health of the king, queen, and prince, and indulge in the fond though fallacious hope that rightful royalty would still be restored to the British throne.

At Roman in Dauphiny, Colonel Brown, their unworthy commander, parted from them to proceed to St. Germain, without leaving them any money, although he had in his possession two months of that pay which King James had provided for them. To add to their very great distresses, a three days' snow overtook them in the country of Brice, and, remaining on the ground, produced a famine throughout all that part of France. So great was the scarcity of provisions, so severe the cold, and so imperfect their clothing, that they were all apparently on the point of being starved. One was actually taken ill at Besançon, where he soon after died. At length they reached Schelestat in Alsace, the garrison in which they were to take up their quarters. The officers there received them with the utmost civility, and administered much to their necessities; but they were nevertheless reduced to great want, bread being six-pence a-pound, while their pay was only threepence a-day. They opened a market for the sale of certain articles which they formerly could not think of parting with, as rings which had been given them by mistresses, seals which had long been used in their families, and such like; yet, for a long period, the only food they could afford themselves was a few horse-beans, turnips, and cole-wort, or a little yellow seed, boiled in water. Still, it was observed with astonishment, they never uttered a repining word, nor accused their unhappy monarch of either his own or their calamities.

They spent the summer of 1694 in Schelestat, unable to enter into any species of active service; and here other five of their number died. The king, hearing of their misfortunes, sent orders that all who chose should be discharged; but their colonel in a great measure frustrated this kindness. At length, in November, fourteen of them, unable any longer to submit to their base commander, took their discharges, and proceeded to St. Germain, where they met with a gracious reception, and had it put in their choice either to stay there upon suitable pensions, or to return to their native country. While deliberating about their future course, these gentlemen succeeded in exposing the iniquitous conduct of Colonel Brown, and in getting the pay of the company put upon a proper footing, at tenpence a-day. We now lose sight of the fourteen retired officers, and must return to the rest, left in garrison at Schelestat.

During the summer of 1694, Prince Lewis of Baden passed the Rhine with an army of eighty thousand

men, and staid three weeks in Alsace, with the design of bringing it under contribution. The governor of Schelestat, apprehensive of a siege, was frequently heard to declare, that, if such should take place, he would depend more upon the company of officers than on his two battalions. Afterwards, on some alarm, Lewis of Baden retreated across the Rhine in such a hurry, that three thousand of his men were drowned. There was a detached troop of his hussars, consisting of about a hundred men, who, having been engaged in plundering the country, were completely isolated in Alsace before they knew of their commander's retreat. They made a bold attempt to reach Basle in Switzerland, but in vain. The governor of Schelestat planted the Scotch company in the way, and the hussars, being apprised of the reputation of that body of troops, fell back and gave themselves up at Strasburg, though no other such party, they declared, could have prevented them from cutting their way through into Switzerland.

The officers' company afterwards spent upwards of a year at Fort Cadette, on the Rhine. In December 1696, sixteen thousand of the enemy under General Stirk appearing on the opposite bank, as if for a new invasion, the French general, the Marquis de Sell, drew out all the garrisons of Alsace, amounting to four thousand men, and planted himself opposite to the German army, with the purpose of preventing its passage. There was an island in the Rhine, which the marquis conceived the Germans might employ in facilitating their transit across the river; and he resolved, if possible, to anticipate them in the possession of it. But, ere he could obtain boats, they had constructed a bridge, and sent five hundred men to form an entrenched post upon the island. The company of officers immediately sent their commander, Captain Foster, to request permission that they might wade into the island, and attack it. The marquis said that, when the boats came up, the Scots should be allowed to lead the attack; for which the captain thanked him, but added, that it was their wish "to wade into the island." The French general, at so extraordinary a request, only shrugged up his shoulders, prayed God to bless them, and desired them to do as they pleased. The gentlemen, with the other two Scottish companies, immediately made ready for their enterprise, tying their clothes and arms about their necks, and then, it being night, advanced quietly to the brink of the river, into which they waded in the Highland fashion, holding each other's hands. It took them as high as their breasts, but all got over in safety. As soon as they had passed the depth of the river, they halted, untied their cartouch-boxes and firelocks, and prepared for the onfall; the Germans being in the meantime busy entrenching themselves, and altogether unsuspecting of an attack. The company then ad-

vanced in the same quiet manner as before, and suddenly poured in a volley of shot upon the enemy, who instantly fell into confusion, and fled, breaking down their bridges as they went, whereby many of them were drowned. The officers soon cleared the island of the whole corps, and took possession of it for their own commander, who, when he heard what had been done, crossed himself on the face and breast, and declared that it was the bravest action he had ever known. He immediately sent to inform them that, as soon as the boats came, he should send them provisions and additional troops; but they, thanking him for his offer, assured him that they required no troops, that they had no time to take provisions, and that all they wanted was a quantity of pickaxes and shovels, with which they might entrench themselves. In the morning, the marquis went in person to the island, and embraced every one of them, with a profusion of thanks. He afterwards wrote a minute account of the transaction to his sovereign, who, as formerly, went to St. Germain to thank King James for the gallant services of his subjects.

The officers remained encamped on this island for six weeks, under deep snow, although no fires were allowed during the night, and no man could sleep at that time under the penalty of death. General Stirk made several attempts to surprise the post, and pass the Rhine; but the officers were so watchful, that all his efforts were vain, and he was at length obliged to decamp, and retire into the country. The island obtained the name of *L'Isle d'Ecosse*, in honour of its heroic defenders, to whom alone it was owing on this occasion that the French territory was preserved inviolate. The company of officers next spent some time in garrison at Strasburg, where nothing of consequence occurred until the peace of Ryswick in 1697, when, by virtue of one of the articles, which King William was said to have himself suggested and insisted upon, this noble little troop was dissolved, and the men allowed to go where they pleased. They were now much reduced in numbers by the hardships and other casualties of their service. When their history was written a few years after,* there were only sixteen alive, and of these, it is added by Sir John Dalrymple, probably from hearsay, not more than four ever revisited their native country. Their tale is thus a tragical one; but, while the human mind can be exalted and fortified by the recital of sufferings heroically encountered and firmly borne, it can never be a useless one. It is also precious for its showing in so lively a light the independence in which really noble minds stand with regard to circumstances. These gentlemen never forgot that they were gentlemen;

* An Account of Dundee's Officers after they went to France. Reprinted in *Miscellanea Scotica*, 4 vols., Glasgow, 1830.

and notwithstanding the humble character which necessity or honour led them to assume, their being so was never overlooked for a moment by any who came in contact with them. No real degradation could ever befall men who stooped from their proper sphere under the influence of such exalted feelings, or for such generous and disinterested objects. If any grudge remains for the fate of these brave men, so hapless and so wretched, while thousands of the sordid and selfish were drawing out lives of comfort in peace and security, let all now be absorbed in the one reflection—"The glory ends not, and the pain is past."

From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

BEAUMONT'S EXPERIMENTS ON DIGESTION.

The press has recently given us a volume, entitled "Experiments and Observations on the Gastric Juice, and the Physiology of Digestion, by William Beaumont, M. D., Surgeon in the United States' Army," being a reprint of an American publication, under the care of one to whom the world is indebted for many original works, on similar subjects, of great practical utility. Dr. Andrew Combe has added another item to the debt which his countrymen, and indeed mankind at large, owe to him, by the republication of this volume, which he has rendered doubly valuable by the notes and observations appended to it by his own pen.

Dr. Beaumont, as our readers will perhaps recollect, was the medical man under whose care fell the case of Alexis St. Martin, a young Canadian who received a gunshot wound in the left side, in consequence of which was formed a permanent opening into the stomach, affording most admirable and extraordinary opportunities for examining the workings and physiology of that organ. With a zeal most honourable to him, Dr. Beaumont took advantage of the chance thus held out, and, at an expense to his private fortune of above seven hundred pounds, retained the man beside him, for the purpose of prosecuting a series of experiments on the exposed organ of digestion. A general account of the case was given in a paper which appeared about two years ago in the *Journal*, (No. 229,) and for the materials of which we were indebted to Dr. Combe's work on the *Physiology of Digestion*. We shall, therefore, on the present occasion, confine our attention to some of the important deductions which have been made from the experiments, and particularly to some which Dr. Combe has given in his own clear and nervous language at the conclusion.

By the experiments, we are informed, the perfect identity of digestion with chemical solution has been

established. The gastric juice, removed and put into a phial, was just as successful in reducing food to chyme, as when left to operate in the stomach. After a summary of the reasons for this conclusion, Dr. Combe proceeds with the following useful remarks:—

"As, then, digestion consists essentially in a solution of the aliment in gastric juice, it follows, that whatever promotes the free and healthy secretion of that juice, will favour digestion, and, *vice versa*, whatever impedes or impairs it, will impede or impair the digestive process. It thus becomes important to ascertain the conditions under which it is secreted most freely and healthily.

The circumstances under which Dr. Beaumont obtained gastric juice of healthy quality, and in largest quantity, from St. Martin's stomach, and which, consequently, may be considered as most favourable to digestion, were moderate and regular living, due exercise in the open air, cheerful activity of mind and feeling, and dry bracing weather. After excesses, on the contrary, in eating or drinking, bodily fatigue, passionate excitement, or the temporary irritation of disease, and in damp weather, the secretion was generally impaired, both in quantity and quality.

If, as there is every reason to believe, the gastric secretion is naturally proportioned to the real wants of the system at the time, it is very easy to understand why it is most copious after moderate and regular living, and least so after intemperance. When a moderate meal is eaten, a sufficiency of juice is speedily secreted for its solution, digestion goes on rapidly, the coats of the stomach retain their usual healthy appearance, and, after an interval of repose, a fresh supply of juice is ready to be poured out when wanted for the digestion of the succeeding meal. Of these facts Dr. Beaumont had ample ocular evidence. But when food is eaten to excess, the portion left undissolved by the gastric juice begins to ferment, and, by its physical and chemical properties, acts as a local irritant, just as any other foreign body would do, and produces an inflammatory action on the inner coat of the stomach, which necessarily interferes with the gastric secretion, and thereby impairs the power of digestion.

From the relation which Dr. Beaumont believes to subsist between the quantity of gastric juice which the stomach can secrete, and the actual wants of the system at the time, it follows that the power of digestion varies considerably under different circumstances, even in the same individual. In youth, for example, and during convalescence from illness, and after much exercise, when copious materials are required for both nutrition and growth, the gastric secretion seems to be very abundant, and hence the vigorous appetite and easy digestion of early life. But after maturity, when the living fabric is complete in all its parts, and when the restless activity of youth is exchanged for the stayed and comparatively sedentary pursuits of middle age, and when, therefore, no such abundance of nutritive materials is required, the secretion of gastric juice is, in all probability, much diminished in quantity, and is the chief cause of the proportionally diminished power of digestion.

Keeping the above relation in view, we ought clearly, on the approach of maturity, to place ourselves in accordance with our altered circumstances, and diminish our quantity of food more or less, according to the more

or less sedentary mode of life in which we are engaged, so that there may be the due proportion between supply and expenditure, which alone is compatible with the continuance of health. This precaution, however, is very generally neglected. Retaining a lively sense of the pleasures of a youthfully omnivorous digestion, the grown man changes his habits, but continues his meals; and when he feels the accumulating weight of excess pressing more and more heavily upon him, instead of taking the hint, and restricting himself to what he requires, he begins to bemoan his weakness of stomach, and to wonder why he, who once never felt that he had a stomach, should now become a martyr to its complaints. From pretty extensive observation, I am confident that a large proportion of the severe dyspeptic cases which occur, in what are considered regular-living men, on the approach of manhood, or between twenty and forty years of age, are fairly attributable to this cause, and might be avoided by the exercise of a rational foresight; and I have known several who suffered severely in this way for years, emphatically lament the ignorance which betrayed them into the error. There are many persons, no doubt, constitutionally too devoted to intemperance to be corrected by any such considerations; but there are also many misled, less by the force of appetite, than by ignorance, who may profit by the remark.

The other conditions which Dr. Beaumont observed to be most influential in diminishing the secretion of the gastric juice, were, bodily fatigue, strong mental emotions, such as anger, and febrile excitement. Hence the obvious necessity of avoiding full meals under such circumstances, and never eating a second meal till the stomach has had time to recover from the labour of digesting the one preceding; for it requires an interval of repose just as the muscles do.

In febrile attacks, the coats of the stomach were often observed by Dr. Beaumont to present a somewhat dry and inflamed appearance, followed sometimes by an eruption of whitish vesicles. In this state the gastric juice is generally sparingly secreted and somewhat altered in quality. Hence the impaired power of digestion and the generally impaired appetite in fever, and the folly of giving solid food, which serves only to increase the irritation, and impair still further the already diminished gastric secretion. In many slight fits of indigestion, appearances of this kind presented themselves, and were easily removed by a short abstinence and a little laxative medicine.

Many persons who obviously live too freely, protest against the fact, because they feel no immediate inconvenience either from the quantity of food or the stimulants in which they habitually indulge; or, in other words, because they experience no pain, sickness, or headache—nothing perhaps, except slight fulness and oppression, which soon go off. Observation, extended over a sufficient length of time, shows, however, that the conclusion drawn is entirely fallacious, and that the real amount of injury is not felt at the moment merely, because, for a wise purpose, Nature has deprived us of any consciousness of either the existence or the state of the stomach during health. In accordance with this, Dr. Beaumont's experiments prove that extensive erythematous inflammation of the mucous coat of the stomach was of frequent occurrence in St. Martin after excesses in eating, and especially in drinking, even when no marked general symptom was present to indicate its existence. Occasionally, febrile heat,

nausea, headache, and thirst, were complained of, but not always. Had St. Martin's stomach and its inflamed patches not been visible to the eye, he too might have pleaded that his temporary excesses did him no harm; but when they presented themselves in such legible characters that Dr. Beaumont could not miss seeing them, argument and supposition were at an end, and the broad fact could not be denied.

In this point of view, I almost regret that a sufficient number of experiments were not made by Dr. Beaumont expressly to demonstrate the general effects of ardent spirits upon the coats of the stomach. So much has been done of late years to discourage the abuse of stimulants of every kind, with so much benefit to society, that one grudges the loss of any opportunity of assisting in the promotion of so good an object. Still, the experiments unintentionally made upon himself by St. Martin's occasional fits of intemperance, afford an instructive lesson to all who are willing to receive and enforce it, and as such I recommend them to the attentive consideration of the reader. The very acrid nature of the contents of the stomach, occasionally witnessed during the existence of the eruption, is a proof at once of great disturbance in the function, and of the necessity of avoiding every thing but the mildest nourishment till health is restored. It is quite common, however, for a patient, immediately after complaining of the acrimony of the last meal, to sit down to table and eat as heartily of all sorts of food as if the stomach were in perfect health. Dr. Beaumont shows why this cannot be done with impunity.

Dr. Beaumont shows *bulk* to be as necessary for healthy digestion as the presence of the nutrient principle itself. The stomach and bowels being adapted by nature for the reception of a mixed diet, it follows that they cannot act with the same effect upon very concentrated food in small quantity. This, in fact, is felt almost instinctively, as was amusingly shown in the reply of the spokesman of a party of the Veddahs or wild hunters of Ceylon to my friend Mr. H. Marshall, when the latter inquired why his people always mixed the pounded fibres of soft and decayed wood with the honey on which they fed when meat was not to be had. 'I cannot tell you,' said the practical Veddah, 'but I know that *the belly must be filled*.' An answer in strict accordance with the structure and functions of the digestive organs, and more replete with true philosophy than many of the physiological theories advanced by much whiter men. It is perhaps on the same principle that soups and fluid diet are insufficient to support the system. The watery part of soup being absorbed without undergoing digestion the really nutritive portion is left in too soft and concentrated a state to excite the healthy action of the stomach; and, accordingly, soups and liquids are well known to disagree with weak stomachs."

From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

ROBERT FULTON.

Robert Fulton, one of the most deservedly famous of modern engineers, was born in the town of Little Britain, state of Pennsylvania, in the year 1765. His family, though respectable, was not opulent, and the

patrimony which fell to him as the elder of two sons, on the death of the father in 1768, was very small. He received his early education in the town of Lancaster, and displayed, even from childhood, a strong taste for those pursuits in which he afterwards acquired celebrity. All the intervals of study, dedicated usually by boys to play, were spent by young Fulton in the workshops of mechanics, or in the employment of his pencil; and by the time he had reached the age of seventeen, he had become so skilful in drawing, as to obtain considerable emolument by painting portraits and landscapes in Philadelphia, in which city he remained until he came to his majority.

In 1786, Fulton went to his native district to visit his mother, and had the pleasure of purchasing for her, with his earnings at Philadelphia, a small farm, which greatly increased her comforts for the remainder of her life. Having effected this labour of love, he set out to re-establish himself at Philadelphia, but met some gentlemen by the way, who were so much struck with the productions of his pencil, as to advise him strongly to go to England, assuring him that there he would obtain the patronage of his countryman, Benjamin West, then in high favour as a painter with the British public. Fulton followed the counsel thus accidentally given to him. At the age of twenty-two he crossed the Atlantic, and presented himself before Mr. West, who received him with the utmost kindness, and installed him at once as an inmate of his own family. Here Fulton continued for several years, practising the art of painting under the eye of his friendly entertainer. Owing to the loss at sea, some years afterwards, of a number of his manuscripts, it is not accurately known for what reason the subject of our memoir gave up the profession of an artist for that of an engineer. It would appear that he went to Devonshire in the character of a painter, and spent two years there, during which time he became known to the Duke of Bridgewater, of canal celebrity, and to Lord Stanhope, a nobleman famed alike for eccentricity and mechanical genius. The formation of such acquaintances possibly led to the alteration in Fulton's views for the future. Whatever might be the cause, we find him, from the year 1793 downwards, devoting apparently his whole mind and time to improvements in the mechanic arts. In the year mentioned, he engaged actively in a project to improve inland navigation, and in May 1794 he obtained from the British government a patent for a double inclined plane, to be used in transporting canal boats from one level to another, without the aid of locks. In the same year he submitted to the British Society for the Promotion of Arts and Commerce, an improvement on mills for sawing marble, for which he received an honorary medal, and the thanks of the society. He also obtained patents for machines for spinning flax and for making ropes, and

invented a mechanical contrivance for scooping out the earth, in certain situations, to form the channels for canals or aqueducts. To conclude the account of his labours at this period in England, he published, in 1796, his *Treatise on Canal Navigation*, to which he appended his name as a professed Civil Engineer. This work, it was admitted by all, contained many ingenious and original thoughts on the subject of which it treats.

Whether these fruits of his genius were productive of much emolument to Mr. Fulton, does not seem to be well ascertained. In the year following the publication of his treatise, he left England and went to Paris, where he took up his residence with a distinguished countryman of his own, Mr. Joel Barlow. The objects to which Fulton's mind chiefly directed itself, during his seven years' stay in France, were of a remarkable cast. Under the impression, that, while individual countries maintained standing navies, the seas could never be the scene of secure and peaceful commerce, "I turned (says he) my whole attention to find out the means of destroying such engines of oppression, by some method which would put it out of the power of any nation to maintain such a system, and would compel every government to adopt the simple principles of education, industry, and a free circulation of its produce." This explanation refers to his schemes for destroying ships of war, by passing explosive machines secretly beneath them. After several fruitless attempts to call the attention of the French and Dutch governments to his plans for this purpose, Fulton was at last successful in inducing Bonaparte, in the year 1801, to appoint a commission with the view of inquiring into the practicability of his designs. Having gone to Brest, accordingly, Mr. Fulton there exhibited his machines. One of these was a plunging boat (called by him a *Nautilus*), made water-tight in part, and otherwise so constructed, that, with three companions, the inventor could remain in it for four or five hours at the depth of many feet *below the surface of the water*, and could there propel it from place to place with great ease, without a ripple being seen above. At the same time, the *Nautilus* could sail as readily above as beneath the water, its sails being struck when the plunge was made. The other machine was named by the inventor a *Torpedo*, and was merely a submarine bomb, which could be exploded in water. Mr. Fulton showed to the commission these engines in actual operation, by remaining for hours in the water, and shifting from place to place in the *Nautilus*, and by blowing a shallop to atoms with the *Torpedo*. He made it clear, that, with a little flotilla of these engines, a vast fleet, under favourable circumstances, could be blown in pieces into the air.

After these experiments were made, an opportunity was sought of trying their effects on some of the Bri-

tish vessels then hovering around the French coasts. No proper chance, however, presented itself, and the French government became tired of the matter. At this juncture, the British ministry, who had heard with some alarm of Mr. Fulton's projects, made proposals to him to give his services to Britain. Sincere in his belief, that, wherever put in force, his inventions would ere long bring to an end the war-system of Europe, Mr. Fulton conceived himself at liberty to accept of the invitation from the British government. He went to London in May 1804, but his journey was productive only of disappointment. In the single opportunity afforded to him of trying his machines on French vessels, they failed of success. The British ministry also changed members, and in 1806 Mr. Fulton sailed for America. It is impossible to regret, for his own sake, that such was the issue of these schemes of destruction, though at the same time, we are firmly of opinion that his motives were pure, and that his anticipations would have been ultimately fulfilled. This notice of Fulton's explosive inventions may be closed, by mentioning, that he endeavoured afterwards to apply the same engines to the defence of his native country, but did not succeed in extracting from them any practical benefit.

We have now to notice the great achievement of Fulton's life. For many years previous to this period, his attention had been turned to the subject of navigation by steam, as is distinctly proved by the following passage of a letter to him from Lord Stanhope, of date October 7, 1793:—"Sir, I have received yours of the 30th September, in which you propose to communicate to me the principles of an invention, which you say you have discovered, respecting the moving of ships by means of steam. I shall be glad to receive, &c." But although this letter shows Fulton to have formed plans for steam navigation much earlier than many persons had done, who afterwards sought to wrest from him the merit which was his due, the application of steam to the propulsion of vessels on water had been suggested long before, by Jonathan Hulls, in a little work published at London in 1737: Though this person's description of the machine invented by him is amazingly clear, and though he took out a patent for it, the attention of the world does not appear to have been arrested to the subject. The idea dropped aside for more than fifty years. About 1785, Patrick Miller, Esq., of Dalswinton, in Dumfriesshire (a gentleman who had made a fortune by banking, and bought that estate), made experiments with a double vessel driven by paddle-wheels. The tutor of his children, James Taylor, a native of Leadhills, in Lanarkshire, and a man of much mechanic ingenuity, suggested the application of the steam-engine to Mr. Miller's paddled vessel; and the consequence was, the preparation of a

vessel, having a small steam-engine on the deck, which was launched on Dalswinton Lake in October 1788—the first vessel of the kind, there is every reason to believe, ever put into operation in the world. A clever mechanic named Symington, an early friend of Taylor, was the person to whom the fitting up of this vessel was entrusted. Afterwards, at the expense of Mr. Miller, and under the superintendence of Mr. Taylor, Mr. Symington made another vessel, which was tried on the Forth and Clyde Canal, in December 1789, with such complete success, that, but for the injury done to the banks, it in all probability would never have been taken off. The disgust of Mr. Miller with the expense of this experiment was the means of withdrawing him and Taylor from the pursuit of an interesting object, which was then followed up for some years by Symington alone. It has always been asserted that Mr. Fulton, when on a visit to Scotland, saw and examined a boat made by Symington, which was lying in a dismantled state on the banks of the Forth and Clyde Canal. However this may be, it is certain that the first decisive experiments of the same nature, made by Fulton himself, did not take place until the year 1803, when he was resident in Paris. In the intervals which his Torpedo schemes at that time allowed to him, he prosecuted ardently the subject of steam navigation, in concert with the American ambassador, Mr. R. Livingstone. In July of the year mentioned, their first experimental boat, which was sixty-six feet long by eight feet wide, and was driven by wheels, was launched on the Seine, in presence of the members of the French Institute, and a great concourse of spectators. The boat moved slowly, but in other respects the experiment was perfectly satisfactory, and Messrs. Fulton and Livingstone resolved to carry the same principles into practical operation, as soon as they met in their native country.

Fulton went to England, as has been related, and did not reach America till the year 1806. Previously to that time, Mr. Livingstone had got an act passed by the legislature of New York, granting to himself and Mr. Fulton the exclusive privilege of steam navigation in all the waters of the state, for the term of twenty years. Though they passed this statute, the senators of New York actually regarded it as a mere delusion, and made it a standing jest for more than one session. Similar feelings of scorn and derision pervaded the minds of the American public at large. Notwithstanding this, Fulton, immediately on his arrival in New York, began the construction of his steam-boat. The expense proved to be great, and he was compelled to offer a share of the prospective advantages to some of his friends, with the view of getting pecuniary aid in the mean time. No man would accept his offers. "My friends (as he himself relates were civil, but shy.

They listened with patience to my explanations, but with a settled cast of incredulity on their countenances. I felt the full force of the lamentation of the poet,

Truths would you teach, to save a sinking land,
All shun, none aid you, and few understand.

As I had occasion to pass daily to and from the building-yard while my boat was in progress, I have often loitered, unknown, near the idle groups of strangers gathering in little circles, and heard various inquiries as to the object of this new vehicle. The language was uniformly that of scorn, sneer, or ridicule. The loud laugh rose at my expense, the dry jest, the wise calculation of losses and expenditure, the dull but endless repetition of '*the Fulton Folly*.' Never did a single encouraging remark, a bright hope, or a warm wish, cross my path."

In spite of this painful discouragement, the boat was completed in August 1807. To continue his own affecting language, "The day arrived when the experiment was to be made (on the Hudson River). To me it was a most trying and interesting occasion. I wanted some friends to go on board to witness the first successful trip. Many of them did me the favour to attend, as a matter of personal respect; but it was manifest they did it with reluctance, fearing to be partners of my mortification, and not of my triumph. I was well aware that, in my case, there were many reasons to doubt of my own success. The machinery was new and ill made, and many parts were constructed by mechanics unacquainted with such work; and unexpected difficulties might reasonably be presumed to present themselves from other causes. The moment arrived in which the word was to be given for the vessel to move. My friends were in groups on the deck. There was anxiety mixed with fear among them. They were silent, sad, and weary. I read in their looks nothing but disaster, and almost repented of my efforts. The signal was given, and the boat moved on a short distance, and then stopped, and became immoveable. To the silence of the preceding moment, now succeeded murmurs of discontent and agitation, and whispers and shrugs. I could hear distinctly repeated, 'I told you so—it is a foolish scheme—I wish we were well out of it.' I elevated myself on a platform, and stated that I knew not what was the matter; but if they would be quiet, and indulge me for half an hour, I would either go on or abandon the voyage. I went below, and discovered that a slight maladjustment was the cause. It was obviated. The boat went on; we left New York; we passed through the highlands; we reached Albany! Yet even then imagination superseded the force of fact. *It was doubted if it could be done again, or if it could be made, in any case, of any great value.*" Well may Mr. N. P. Willis, in quoting this letter of his distinguished

countryman,* exclaim, "What an affecting picture of the struggles of a great mind, and what a vivid lesson of encouragement to genius, is contained in this simple narration!"

Other descriptions of the first voyage of the *Clermont*, as the steam-boat was named, are scarcely less interesting than the builder's own. Pine-wood was the fuel used, and the ignited vapour from this substance rose many feet above the flue, sending off an occasional galaxy of sparks to a great height, so that those who saw the boat returning at night, at the rate of five miles an hour, could only conceive her to be a monster moving on the waters, defying the winds and tide, and breathing flames and smoke. It was even said that the crews of the ordinary vessels on the river hid themselves under decks, and fell to their prayers. But the good people on the Hudson ere long became familiar with the spectacle, for the *Clermont* soon began to travel regularly, as a passage-boat, between Albany and New York.

Thus for the *first time*, most certainly, was steam navigation made effectually conducive to the common purposes of life, by the genius and perseverance of Robert Fulton. He soon afterwards took out a patent for his inventions in navigation by steam, but all his exertions could not save him from the encroachments of others on his rights. A series of vexatious lawsuits was the consequence, by which his life was long embittered, and his fortune impaired. In 1811, Fulton built two steamers, as ferry-boats for crossing the Hudson. It was in the succeeding year that the example he had set was followed by Mr. Bell of Helensburgh, who launched a steam-vessel on the Clyde, the first used for the service of the public in the old hemisphere. Various steam-boats were about the same period built under the directions of Fulton, for the navigation of the Ohio, Mississippi, and other waters of the United States. He also gave his valuable assistance to the construction of the Erie canal and other public works. When war was declared between Great Britain and the United States in 1814, Mr. Fulton again directed his attention to the subject of Torpedoes, submarine guns, and other instruments of the kind, but none of his schemes were ever brought into practice. He erected, however, a steam ship of war (named *Fulton the First*), of such size that several thousand men might parade on her deck, and capable of throwing an immense quantity of red-hot shot from her numerous port-holes. But when the engineer of this magnificent structure had nearly seen it completed, he was removed from his country and friends. Having exposed himself

*In a very interesting work, entitled "*American Scenery*," now publishing in numbers in England, which gives, at a moderate expense, an excellent idea of the beautiful and magnificent of the United States. The letter-press is by Mr. Willis.

too long on the deck of his steam-frigate, in bad weather, he was seized with a severe pulmonary affection, and died on the 24th of February 1815.

In person, Mr. Fulton was tall and well proportioned. He was a man as excellent in his private as in his public character, being generous, affectionate, and humane. To him, rating his deeds even as low as his worst detractors would make them, the human race owes much. The waters of half the world are now covered with models of that splendid machine, which, thirty years ago, he set afloat on the waves of the Hudson; and the journey between the Old and New Worlds is, by the same means, made now a pleasure-trip of a few summer days.

From the Spectator.

EDUCATION OF THE MULTITUDE.

The Report from the Committee of the House of Commons "on the Education of the Poorer Classes in England and Wales," appears at a seasonable time. Public attention is forced to the subject of the franchise, which the "poorer classes" demand, scorning the imputation that they are not sufficiently instructed to exercise it wisely. The Report of the Committee, however, with the Evidence, confirms the worst surmises of the deplorable ignorance of the great bulk of the population, and conveys the impression that there is not that general willingness to receive instruction, for which the masses have commonly obtained credit in these latter and more philanthropic days.

The inquiries of the Committee were directed chiefly to the state of education among children; but the information collected on this point embraces necessarily much that relates to the habits and views of the parents. In the manufacturing districts of Lancashire, the working classes comprise 80 per cent. of the entire population; and in all parts of the country they form a very large proportion of the whole—in some of the more populous manufacturing country districts they are reckoned as 94 out of every 100 souls. It is calculated, from very imperfect data, that in Manchester one child in 35 receives instruction "likely to be useful;" and in the manufacturing places near it, about one in 24; whereas, in the opinion of the Committee, one-eighth of the entire population should be furnished with the means of instruction. The important bearings of the investigation are seen at once from these facts.

Birmingham and its neighbourhood may be assumed to be at least on a par with the other great towns and districts of England as respects the morality and intelligence of the bulk of the inhabitants. But read what Mr. John Corrie, a Magistrate, Chairman of the West Bromwich Poor-law Union, and an accomplished gentleman, says of the condition of the people. He is

asked if education among the humbler classes is much wanted?—

"I should say it is greatly, lamentably wanted. There is very little education of any sort; that which there is, is of the most elementary kind—reading and indifferent writing. Most of those (and especially the young) who come before the Magistrates, and before the Union Board, are unable either to read or write; *they have no knowledge of moral obligation, or very little.* Many of them have never been at any place of worship. I have no conception of any other means of forcing civilization downwards in society except education. There is a *slight surface* of civilization; these in certain circumstances have a little education, but *the mass have none.* The educated classes have the benefit of all the recorded experience of the past to guide them: these poor people have no recorded experience; their own experience, or the little experience of their fathers and mothers, is all they have to guide them."

It is to be remarked, that the West Bromwich district is one in which, from the absence of gentlemen and squires, the working population is very much left to its own ways. There is, however, one splendid exception, in the Tory Earl of Dartmouth. Mr. Corrie says—"This excellent person, of great property, is *always doing good;*" and in another part of his evidence, gives an instance of Lord Dartmouth's judicious mode of weaning the population of his neighbourhood from brutality—

"We used to have bull-baiting in these districts; and the colliers were devotedly attached to it; and there were riots when any attempt was made to prevent this bull-baiting. Last year, Lord Dartmouth opened an enclosure near his own park, at the usual time of bull-baiting, for races of various kinds,—bag-races and other things, and hurdle-races, such as deeply interest the common people. He had them there the three days of bull-baiting; and there was no effort to bait a bull; there was no riot, no confusion, and not a single thing brought before the Magistrates. The experiment succeeded entirely. Lord Dartmouth attended himself with all his family; and I hope it will be a continued practice."

It would be easy, but is not necessary, to make further extracts from the Report to show the need of education in the manufacturing towns. The facts are all of the same class, and tell the same story. It is not greater in and near Birmingham than in other populous districts: but as regards the Metropolis, it may be mentioned, that although the Committee calculate that gratuitous education ought to be supplied to one-eighth of the people, only about one-fourteenth receive it in Westminster, and one-twenty-seventh in the populous parishes of Christchurch Spitalfields, St. Mary Whitechapel, St. George-in-the-East, St. John Wapping, St. Mary Newington, St. Mary Bermondsey, and Christchurch Surry.

One point worthy of consideration is, whether the people, whose ignorance is undoubted, are desirous and willing to make any exertion and sacrifice to se-

cure it for their children? Some are, but the general indifference is great. Dr. Phillips Kay, a Poor-law Commissioner, whose experience on these subjects is extensive, thinks that parents must be *compelled* to give their children the advantage of education, before deriving any benefit from their labour; otherwise they will put them into factories, and make them work from morning to night without giving them the slightest opportunity of mental improvement. He says that the demand for education in Manchester "cannot be said to exceed the supply;" and that "among certain of the poorer classes the value of knowledge has not been ascertained, which is perhaps the most perfect proof of ignorance." To this ignorance Dr. Kay attributes the influence of such agitators as Oastler, Stephens, and Feargus O'Connor—

"I consider that the success of the agitators in operating upon the feelings and prejudices of the mass of the working population, is chiefly attributable to the want of information of their real interests, and particularly of the *true basis of the relation between master and servant*, in manufacturing communities."

Mr. John Riddall Wood, employed by the Statistical Society of Manchester to make inquiries into the state of education in large towns, says, that "a very great number who attended schools in Manchester, and have learned, perhaps, to read the New Testament, who are from fifteen to twenty years of age, now in many cases do not know their letters; and many of them cannot read, who were able to read fluently on leaving school." When asked if the parents would not pay a penny a week for the education of each of their children, he replies—

"I am quite satisfied they would gladly pay a penny a week; but it is not the penny a week that is the question with them about sending their children to school—it is the expense of keeping them, when they can find profitable employment for them at six or seven years of age; and it is an expense to provide them with such decent clothing as they ought to have when they go to school. * * * The only way in which general education can obtain *must be by an advance in the wages of the adult population.*"

Mr. Wood seems to have "hit the nail on the head." This is the point, after all. It is not because the poor are indifferent to the advantages of education, but because they live from hand to mouth, and *must* devote themselves to the business of getting food for their families, that they grudge the time taken from the factory and spent at school. This is the reason why they who have learned to read become ignorant of the alphabet—they work from morn to night, and go stupefied to bed. The improvement of their physical condition is a necessary preliminary to mental enlightenment.

The work to be done is immense; and, assuredly, voluntary exertion will go but a little way towards

discharging the duty. Mr. Corrie is asked whether the rate-paying inhabitants of the West Bromwich district would not agree to a small rate of 3d. or 6d. in the pound for the purposes of education? and he replies, that "any addition to the rate would be submitted to with great reluctance," and that "everybody pays as little as he can."

It appears, then, that the parents, ignorant themselves, grudge the hours taken from profitable labour for the education of their children; and that the wealthier classes—so called, but in point of fact needy—would submit with great reluctance to an education-rate. The only resource would seem to be the interference of the Government; but the Government will not act effectually; and the committee of the House of Commons, rejecting the more enlarged proposition of their chairman, Mr. Slaney, for the establishment of a Board of Education and the extension of government assistance, came to the lame and impotent conclusion, expressed in their fourth resolution, that they could not recommend "any means for meeting the deficiency beyond the continuance and extension of the grants which are at present made by the Treasury for the promotion of education through the medium of the National and British and Foreign School Societies."

This is the sum of the whole matter—that the great bulk of the labouring population not only lack instruction, but the leisure to receive it; that a portion of them are nevertheless ready to sacrifice the profitable labour of their children for the advantage of procuring something like education for them; that even for this small portion the Government and individuals together provide only means which are wretchedly inadequate; and that a committee of the House of Commons, in 1838, can think of no better remedy for this monstrous evil and serious danger, than a perseverance in the system proved to be a miserable failure! When such is the result of the parliamentary labours of their betters, who can blame the working classes for endeavouring to help themselves socially by political advancement!

From the Spectator.

MR. RAIKES'S VISIT TO ST. PETERSBURG.*

In November 1829, Mr. Raikes started for Hamburg, in an illfavoured steamboat, with a vulgar and motley company, contrasting, he says, very strikingly with the "well-known resorts of convivial gayety" (*Anglice*

* There seems to have been a change of title while the work was in the press. Though only one volume, it was delivered to us in three fasciculi, under the name of "The City of the Czar;" with the last fasciculus comes the title-page, in the words that we have printed above, and with the alarming motto from Burns,

"A chiel's amang you takin' notes,
And faith he'll prent them!"

the clubs?) he had just quitted. From Hamburg he posted to Berlin,—which he found very dull; and travelled by the same mode of conveyance to St. Petersburg; the ground—a marvellous thing in that region at that season—being covered with snow, and the rivers almost frozen up. In the “City of the Czar” he resided four months, at an hotel; received the invitations to our own Ambassador’s, which are customarily extended to persons of his *status*; and, scraping a few acquaintances, by their means got occasionally introduced to Russian set parties. He visited the curiosities usually seen by strangers; picked up some anecdotes, and some idle tales of great men; collected reports of the internal workings of the Russian Government, touching serfs, municipalities, and public offices; and, mingling these with rational enough views of the power of Russia, he weekly sent off the *omnium* to a dear friend, though the letters were sometimes, as he candidly admits, hardly worth the postage.

The reason assigned for the publication of such trifles is, “that not a single traveller has published even a sketch of the system and manners of a country which differs so essentially from all the civilized states of Europe.” This, however, is scarcely the fact; for, besides incidental notices by other travellers, we have Mr. Ritchie’s keen and shrewd, though of necessity, like Mr. Raikes’s superficial observations. The real truth seems to be, that our author has collected his off-hand letters for the sake of flattering the Tories, abusing the present Ministry, and fostering the Russophobia. But as his own first impressions, derived from the reality, do not in any way forward this last object, he is compelled to affix a lengthy postscript—in which he gathers together all sort of hearsays and conjectures on various subjects—about the increase of the Russian marine: as if seven years on the Black Sea could form a navy out of sailors formerly frozen up, according to his own account, more than half the year; as if the exploits of Russia in Circassia were any thing to boast of in the military way; as if the physical circumstances of the Tartar deserts, which he properly comments upon in his text, were altered since he wrote it; or as if Russia was any nearer to the possession of Constantinople than in 1830. Nor is Mr. Raikes always scrupulous in matters of fact; so far from having diminished the number of ships in commission, our present Government has increased them. Neither is he always attentive not to contradict himself. For example—

“Affection for the Sovereign, and a general approbation of his measures for the public good, may prompt the offer of a voluntary donation, as was the case lately at Nijni Novogorod, when the merchants came forward with a vote of a million and a half of roubles for the construction of quays on the Volga, according to a plan

conceived by the Emperor on his journey. But the Emperor, who might obtain millions in this manner, was unable to raise a loan in his own dominions. With an immense revenue, and finances in the most prosperous state, his government is without credit; as the mercantile spirit of the Russians is too clear-sighted not to be convinced that arbitrary power and public credit must always be incompatible.

“If, then, it became an object of the present Government to throw down the gauntlet in Europe and commence a war of aggression, funds would be required for the purpose; and those funds could only be raised by a previous consent to abrogate and limit that arbitrary power which now evidently exists, and which there is no disposition on the part of the ruler to curtail. The best security for peace is the want of means to make war.”

These rational remarks are from a note to his text: the following afterthought is from the postscript—

Some grave politicians, who undervalue the power of Russia, and think that Messrs. Rothschild are the arbiters of peace or war, significantly allude to, what they call, her vulnerable point; they talk of her financial embarrassments, and assert that the want of money will prevent a collision.

“Perhaps these reasoners are not aware that, personally, the Emperor of Russia possesses, in territorial property alone, a revenue ten times more considerable than any civil list in Europe; that, speaking financially, Russia has nothing to lose and every thing to gain, from the moment that the seat of war is carried beyond her frontiers; besides, that her internal administration is less expensive than any other; that her levies of troops are collected with a surprising economy for the crown, and at the cost of the landed proprietors; that every military expedition once out of a country like Russia, is a speculation which can hardly fail to turn out profitable to the empire, as there is scarcely on record a treaty of peace signed between that power and her adversaries, by which she did not ultimately gain some augmentation to her own territory.”

Passing over these incongruities, and the slight nature of Mr. Raikes’s matter, his volume may be recommended as lively, readable, and characteristic of the man of society. What he says is without depth or thought—often without justness; but he says it pleasantly albeit flippantly; while in the lighter matters of etiquette, or even of graceful sentiment, he rises to the height of his theme. Such are these quotations.

IMPERIAL FETE.

Yesterday was the Russian New Year’s Day: it was celebrated by a fête which can be seen in no other country; it is a fête original, extraordinary, and characteristic of the nation. The sovereign and his family commence the new year by an assembly given to the people; not less than twenty-five thousand invitations are issued to this gigantic rout. At seven o’clock in the evening, the doors of the Winter Palace and of the Hermitage are thrown open to the multitude; the innumerable rooms are lighted up with myriads of wax candles; at convenient distances are placed sideboards

with refreshments, adorned with pyramids of gold and silver plate; bands of military music resound in every corner to amuse the ear; picked men, of the highest stature, from the guards, are stationed in the ante-rooms to give effect to the scene; and liveried servants swarm in every direction more numerous than the troops. And for whom was this colossal entertainment prepared? For every rank and degree; from the highest noble to the lowest peasant, all were equally welcome without distinction to pay their respects at the foot of the throne: there are no exclusions; rich and poor, the field-marshal and the invalid, the princess and the washerwoman, the master of the horse and the dancing-master, the maid of honour and the maid of all-work, the prince and the mougik, the Queen of Georgia and the French milliner, may all hope for a smile or a courteous word from the fountain of honour.

In this immense crowd, slowly moving through the apartments, no instance of disorder or incivility ever occurs; not even an attempt to steal the most trifling ornament, which to some must be a great temptation: the Emperor is in the midst of his family, and the children are on their good behaviour.

At seven o'clock, the different members of the diplomatic corps are introduced into the great hall of St. George; where they are received by the Emperor, the Empress, the Grand Dukes, and Grand Duchesses, attended by their numerous court. This interview lasts but a few minutes, during which the crowd flows in like an inundation of the sea. The Emperor then gives the signal to move, by offering his hand to one of the ambassadors present; the whole court follows his example; and a grave *polonaise* is begun, which passes through all the different apartments to the sound of the military orchestras stationed in every direction. This procession advances, without interruption, through the surrounding masses of all ranks, headed by the tall, commanding figure of the Emperor; at every instant he salutes his subjects, by raising the two forefingers to his hat; and though the anxiety to catch even a glimpse of his person is so great that the eager crowd seems to present an impenetrable barrier, it opens before him as if by magic; the waves of human bodies recede, and leave always a space of at least six feet in front to facilitate his progress. The men are all expected to appear in domino, which is only a short black mantle on the shoulder, without a mask; but the tradespeople and mougiks are exempted from this rule. Here was a collection of all those nations who are only known in Europe by their name—Armenians, Greeks, Tartars, Persians, Georgians, Imeretians, inhabitants of Caucasus and of the Don, wearing their appropriate dresses, and gazing with astonishment at a scene which must have appeared to them the work of a magician. In those rooms where the Emperor was expected, the throng was at times so excessive that parties were separated, shoes were lost, gowns torn, and respiration impeded; but no sooner had he passed than 'ease and tranquillity were restored. At last the *polonaise* is finished; and at eleven o'clock the Emperor with his party retired to the private theatre at the Hermitage, where supper was prepared. It is illuminated in the most splendid manner with crystal ornaments and silver fringe, representing cascades and fountains of water, which have a dazzling effect to the eye; twelve Negroes in the Turkish dress keep guard at the entrance of this fairy palace. This curious assembly was conducted with the greatest regularity, and without any interfe-

rence of police, military, or dictation of any sort: it is highly creditable to the mildness and civility of the national character, as the same exhibition on the same scale in Paris or in London would have produced scenes of endless confusion.

AMBASSADORIAL BLUNDER.

The *bévue* which, I am told, created at first some coolness in Russian society towards the Duc de Mortemart, the French Ambassador, was of so ludicrous a nature that it is worth relating. A mistake of his secretary, in sending out cards of invitation without prefixing the proper titles of the guests, gave in the first instance some offence, which was afterwards to be repaired by another entertainment more carefully announced in proper form. The object proposed was a little French comedy, to be acted by the members of the Ambassador's family, on a theatre fitted up for the occasion in his hotel. The Russians are very partial to the French stage; and a *spectacle de société* is always more interesting than a public representation: the company, therefore, assembled with great good-will, and harmony, to all appearance, was completely reestablished. By one of those unfortunate coincidences which are impossible to be foreseen, and which sometimes will furnish an unpleasant construction to the most innocent intentions, the comedy of *L'Ours et le Pacha* was selected by the actors for this occasion. It is a favourite little piece in France, and must be in any country where bears are not indigenous, and where the climate does not oblige the lords and ladies of the land to borrow their costume whenever they venture out of their houses. Perhaps the actual war which was then going on with Turkey might have rendered the allusion to the Pacha still more striking also. Be that as it may, the scene opened, and the principal dramatic personæ proved to be two enormous bears: this was indeed past bearing; the offence was not to be forgiven; and even to the day the Ambassador, with all his known *amabilité* and high-bred manners, has never been able to efface the impression of this unintentional affront.

SERFDOM AND THE SERF'S FETE.

At the national theatre of Moscow, after the curtain had dropped, an actor stepped forward to announce to the public that he had purchased his liberty, and was about to leave the stage. This circumstance, from its rarity, created much conversation at the moment; and the question was asked of a musician present, why he did not follow such a laudable example. "Ah," replied he with a sigh, "Serf God has made me, serf I have lived, and serf I shall die. While I continue punctually to pay my *abrok* to my master, he is under the obligation to lodge, to feed me, my wife, and my children, when in health, and to take care of us when sick. Would liberty then procure to us equivalent advantages, when reduced to the scanty salary of one hundred and fifty roubles, which is all I receive from the managers of this theatre? In my position as a slave, I am readily admitted to a secondary situation in the orchestra; but as a freedman, it would be a different thing; my talents would be questioned, and my pretensions viewed with jealousy. No, no! serf I was born, serf I have lived, and serf I will die."

This sentiment is much more generally prevalent than the world imagines. A feeling of immediate personal interest stifles in this humbled race those aspirations for liberty which nature must have implanted in their breasts, in common with her other children; and,

if any doubt could exist on that subject, it vanishes at once in the institution of an annual fête, when the natural bias is expressed in a very affecting manner.

On that day the people hurry in crowds to the market-place, anxious to purchase all the birds that are on sale, and restore them to their native air, amidst the joyous cheers of the assembled multitude. There is something melancholy in this allegorical allusion to their own hapless position.

A RUSSIAN ON THE INDIAN INVASION.

There is one subject which, from time to time, is repeated in England, as an alarm-bell to rouse the nation against the power of Russia,—which is the apprehension of an attack from that quarter upon our Indian possessions: but I hear nothing from the most sanguine advocates of Russian aggrandizement which would make me think that sensible men have ever seriously entertained the idea of such an impracticable project. I have seen Russian officers who have lately travelled into the country which separates their furthest provinces from our Indian frontier, and all agree in their description of the dangers and difficulties attendant on such a journey, even for a private individual, much more for a numerous army. Some reasoners go further, and pretend to wish that we should even advance our Indian outposts towards their province of Kaboul; in order that we might meet amicably at that distant point, and coöperate mutually in promoting an overland communication from thence with Europe, which would insure to them the benefits of a carrying-trade through Russia, and would be of great advantage to those English who are established on that boundary of our Indian empire.

From the Spectator.

JOURNAL OF A TOUR BEYOND THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

Journal of an Exploring Tour beyond the Rocky Mountains, under the Direction of the A. B. C. F. M.; performed in the Years 1835, '36, and '37; containing a Description of the Geography, Geology, Climate, and Productions, and the Number, Manners, and Customs of the Natives; with a Map of Oregon Territory. By the Rev. Samuel Parker, A. M. Wiley and Putnam.

From the last boundary line of American settlement to the shores of the Pacific Ocean, is a distance of from 1,500 to 2,000 miles. The first part of this space is an extensive plain, thickly interspersed with various rivers feeding the Mississippi or the Northern Lakes, and sometimes clothed with forests, but more frequently forming the naked prairie; the second district is that of the Rocky Mountains, which form the backbone of North America, as the Andes do of the southern continent; the third is a descending country, intersected, like the valley of the Mississippi, by many rivers, all of which, rising between the 42nd and 52nd degrees of latitude, fall by the Columbia into the Pa-

cific. This last district is one of the principal seats of the fur-trade; and is divided between the American and the Hudson's Bay Companies, which have both formed establishments in it, those of the Hudson's Bay being the most numerous and best-conducted. Throughout these extensive regions, various tribes of Indians still roam unsubdued, though diminished, and contaminated. To convert and civilize them, is an object of the American Board of Foreign Missions; and the Reverend Samuel Parker was employed to undertake a journey in order to ascertain the practicability of penetrating with safety to "any and every portion of the vast interior," and the disposition of the natives to receive missionary instruction. For this purpose, Mr. Parker joined the caravan of the American Fur Company, which annually journeys to the Rocky Mountains, to furnish the hunters with goods and supplies, and bring back the peltries they have collected. Reaching a spot called, from its uses, the Rendezvous, our missionary quitted the caravan, and accompanied a body of Indians, whom he had disposed to listen to the word, if not wholly to receive it, across the mountain-range to the Columbia river, which he descended to Fort Vancouver, the principal station of the Hudson's Bay Company. Here he sojourned a considerable period, making excursions to seaward as far as the Pacific, and inland in various directions, under the guidance of Indians and French half-breeds. Having at length fulfilled the subject of his mission, and resolved both his instructions in the affirmative, he took a passage in one of the Hudson Bay Company's vessels, to the Sandwich Islands; whence, after a long detention, he sailed for America.

The *Astoria and Adventures of Captain Bonneville*, by Washington Irving, with the travels and novels of his nephews, have familiarized the English public with the romance of life in the Prairies, and of adventure in the Rocky Mountains and the houseless wastes on their western sides. Mr. Parker confines himself to its matter of fact; and his plain, unadorned narrative, certainly makes the gay, jaunty, half-sentimental, half-savage account of prairie excitement and mountain privations look very much like a fiction. A man cannot, indeed, ride three or four months on horseback and sleep in tents without fatigue; or subsist, during that period, on the provisions he carries or catches, without occasionally being hungry or apprehensive of hunger; and when vigilant Indians, who may prove foes, are lurking around, there is always the prospect of a scrimmage to stimulate attention. But for these things Mr. Parker seems to have prepared himself, and he regards them somewhat as matters of course: the minute peculiarities of costume and character, which give so much charm to Irving's sketches, he did not see; the excitement he *did* see had not its origin in the love of hunting or ambition of discovery, but in hunger or al-

cohol; and over the narrative of "hairbreadth 'scapes and battle dangerous" with wild beasts or wilder men, he casts considerable doubts.

There is, however, something more in the *Journal of a Tour beyond the Rocky Mountains*, than a bald commonplace narration, which sometimes by direct allusion, but more frequently by straightforward unconsciousness, dissipates some of the wonders of romance. Although incapable of seeing in nature, or relishing in art, the minute characteristics which the skill of a literary Gerard Dow has seized, and refined in realizing, Mr. Parker's pen, always clear, sometimes rises to eloquent effects when the stupendous wonders of creation require to be described. His religious object gave him a constant pursuit, and caused him occasionally to exhibit an unintentional exaggeration, as great, perhaps, as that of those who limit their ambition to secular triumphs. It was impossible, also, to sojourn at the stations of the two great companies who divide between them the whole fur-trade of the North American continent, without picking up some information respecting their modes of proceeding; or to mingle with the men in their employ without hearing of or seeing some strange scenes, or striking traits of character. Such are

THE PLEASURES OF THE PRAIRIES.

A day of indulgence was given to the men, in which they drink as much as they please, and conduct themselves as they may choose. It was found that ardent spirits excited so many evil spirits, that they may be called legion.

A Mr. G. shot a man by the name of Van B., with the full intention to kill him. The ball entered the back and came out at the side. Van B. exclaimed, "I am a dead man;" and after a little pause said, "No, I am not hurt." G. on this seized a rifle to finish the work; but was prevented by some men standing by, who took it from him, and fired it into the air.

The day of indulgence being past, a quiet day followed. The exhilaration was followed by consequent relaxation; and the tide of spirits which arose so high yesterday, ebbed to-day proportionably low. The men were seen lounging about in listless idleness, and could scarcely be roused to the business of making repairs and arrangements for the long journey yet before us.

A few days after our arrival at the place of rendezvous, and when all the mountain-men had assembled, another day of indulgence was granted to them, in which all restraint was laid aside. These days are the climax of the hunter's happiness. I will relate an occurrence which took place near evening, as a specimen of mountain life. A hunter, who goes technically by the name of the great bully of the mountains, mounted his horse with a loaded rifle, and challenged any Frenchman, American, Spaniard, or Dutchman, to fight him in single combat. Kit Carson, an American, told him, if he wished to die, he would accept the challenge. Shunar defied him. C. mounted his horse, and with a loaded pistol rushed into close contact, and both almost at the same instant fired. C.'s ball entered S.'s hand,

came out at the wrist, and passed through the arm above the elbow. S.'s ball passed over the head of C.; and while he went for another pistol, Shunar begged that his life might be spared. Such scenes, sometimes from passion and sometimes for amusement, make the pastime of their wild and wandering life. They appear to have sought for a place where, as they would say, human nature is not oppressed by the tyranny of religion, and pleasure is not awed by the frown of virtue.

DOINGS AT FORT WILLIAM.

Here, some months ago, a man named Thornburgh was killed by another named Hubbard, both from the United States. A controversy arose between them about an Indian woman. Thornburgh was determined to take her from Hubbard, even at the risk of his own life. He entered H.'s cabin in the night, armed with a loaded rifle. H. saw him, and shot him through the breast, and pushed him out of the door. Thornburgh fell, and expired almost instantly. A self-created jury of inquest sat upon the body of Thornburgh, and brought in a verdict that he lost his life by the hand of Hubbard in self-defence.

In Thornburgh there was an instance of a most insatiable appetite for ardent spirits. Mr. Townsend, the ornithologist, whom I have before mentioned, told me he was encamped out for several days, some miles from Fort William, attending to the business of his profession; and that in addition to collecting birds, he had collected rare specimens of reptiles, which he preserved in a keg of spirits. Several days after he was in this encampment, he went to his keg to deposit another reptile, and found the spirits gone. Mr. Townsend, knowing that Thornburgh had been several times loitering about, charged him with having drank off the spirits. He confessed it, and pleaded his thirst as an apology.

The White hunters employed by the American Company are mostly adventurers, (to use no stronger term,) whose wild spirits having exhausted their means and driven them from society, turn trappers, as an exciting pursuit and a last resource. In this vocation, hardship, exposure, and riot, with the casualties of brawls and Indians, soon finish them. According to Mr. Parker, three years in either service is about the average duration of life with the majority of these trappers. But of the general management of the Hudson's Bay Company, and the people in their employ, he speaks in much higher terms than he does of the American.

The gentlemen belonging to the Hudson Bay Company are worthy of commendation for their good treatment of the Indians, by which they have obtained their friendship and confidence, and also for the efforts which some few of them have made to instruct those about them in the first principles of our holy religion; especially in regard to equity, humanity, and morality. This company is of long standing, have become rich in the fur-trade, and they intend to perpetuate the business; therefore they consult the prosperity of the Indians, as intimately connected with their own. I have not heard as yet of a single instance of any Indians being wantonly killed by any of the men belonging to

this company. Nor have I heard any boasting among them of the satisfaction taken in killing or abusing Indians, as I have elsewhere heard.

FORT VANCOUVER.

I am very agreeably situated in this place. Half of a new house is assigned me, well furnished, and all the attendance which I could wish, with access to as many valuable books as I have time to read, and opportunities to ride out for exercise, and to see the adjoining country, as I can desire; and in addition to all these, and still more valuable, the society of gentlemen enlightened, polished, and sociable. These comforts and privileges were not anticipated, and therefore the more grateful.

There is a school connected with this establishment, for the benefit of the children of the traders and common labourers, some of whom are orphans whose parents were attached to the company; and also some Indian children, who are provided for by the generosity of the resident gentlemen. They are instructed in the common branches of the English language, such as reading, writing, arithmetic, grammar, and geography; and together with these, in religion and morality. The exercises of the school are closed with singing a hymn; after which, they are taken by their teachers to a garden assigned them, in which they labour. Finding them deficient in sacred music, I instructed them in singing; in which they made good proficiency, and developed excellent voices. Among them there was one Indian boy who had the most flexible and melodious voice I ever heard.

It is worthy of notice how little of the Indian complexion is seen in the half-breed children. Generally they have fair skin, often flaxen hair and blue eyes. The children of the school were punctual in their attendance on the three services of the Sabbath, and were our choir.

The extraordinary skill of the Indian horsemen, and their power over their horse, have been often noted. See how they acquire these.

Small children, not more than three years old, are mounted alone, and generally upon colts. They are lashed upon the saddle to keep them from falling, and especially when they go asleep, which they often do when they become fatigued. Then they recline upon the horse's shoulders; and when they awake, they lay hold of their whip, which is fastened to the wrist of their right hand, and apply it smartly to their horses; and it is astonishing to see how these little creatures will guide and run them.

Of the capability of the Indians for acquiring the arts of civilization, Mr. Parker speaks undoubtingly: and his facts in a measure support his conclusions. Still, if Christianly, humanity, and a just government went hand in hand, when their country became more densely peopled, they would in amalgamating become absorbed, and the race be as effectually extinguished as if destroyed. Of their disposition to embrace Christianity, Mr. Parker is as sanguine as most missionaries who make the first attempts. Allowing, however, for the politeness of the American Indian—the natural curiosity of an idle and imaginative people—a notion they seem to have taken up that Christianity would

raise them to a level with the Whites—and the difficulty of mutual understanding when the sermon and its results have to be conveyed by interpreters—we can scarcely fall in with Mr. Parker's sanguine anticipations. In the following interview with a party of chiefs at Rendezvous, for instance, there appears full as much of diplomacy as anxiety. The "oldest chief of the Flatheads" seems to us to have been any thing but a *flat* in the art of uttering polite double meanings.

After spending a few days in collecting and digesting information in regard to this country and the condition of the people, we had an interesting interview with the chiefs of the Nez Percés and Flatheads, and laid before them the object of our appointment, and explained to them the benevolent desires of Christians concerning them. We then inquired whether they wished to have teachers come among them and instruct them in the knowledge of God, his worship, and the way to be saved; and what they would do to aid them in their labours! The oldest chief of the Flatheads arose, and said he was old, and did not expect to know much more; he was *deaf* and could not hear, but his heart was made glad, very glad, to see *what he had never seen before*, a man near to God, (meaning a minister of the gospel.) Next arose Insals, the most influential chief among the Flathead nation, and said, he had heard a man near to God was coming to visit them; and he, with some of his people joined with some white men, went out three days' journey to meet him, but he missed us. A war party of Crow Indians came upon them, and took away some of their horses, and one from him which he greatly loved; but now he forgets all, his heart is made so glad to see a man near to God. There was a short battle, but no lives lost.

The first chief of the Nez Percés, Tai-quin-watish, arose and said, he had heard from White men a little about God, which had only gone into his ears; he wished to know enough to have it go down into his heart, to influence his life, and to teach his people. Others spoke to the same import; and they all made as many promises as we could desire.

When practice was enjoined, it was not always smooth.

During my continuance in this place, (Walla Walla,) I preached on the Sabbath, to the White people belonging to the fort in the morning, and in the afternoon to the Indians of the Cayuse, Walla Walla, and the Nez Percé tribes; and also improved other opportunities with the Indians besides on the Sabbath. They always gave good attention, and some appear to be much interested. An instance of opposition to the truths of the Gospel, however, occurred here, proving the truth of the Scriptures, that the Saviour is set for the fall and rising of those who hear. A chief of the Cayuses, who several times came to hear, disliked what was said about a plurality of wives. He said he would not part with any of his; for he had always lived in sin, and was going to the place of burning, and it was too late for him, now he was getting old, to repent and be saved; and, as he must go to that place, he would go in all his sins, and would not alter his life. Those who are familiar with the various methods to which sinners resort to avoid the convictions of truth and conscience, may see in his

deep-rooted hatred to holiness, that the operation of sin is the same in every unsanctified heart.

Turning from this subject, here is a curious fact for the geologists.

I left this encampment at nine o'clock in the forenoon, in the canoe with three men furnished by Tilki; and made good progress down the river (Columbia,) which flows in a wide and gentle current. Many parts of the way the river is walled up with high and perpendicular basalt. At the La Dalles commences a wood country, which becomes more and more dense as we descend, and more broken with high hills and precipices. Noticed a remarkable phenomenon—trees standing in their natural position in the river, in many places where the water is twenty feet deep, or much more, and rising to high or freshet water-mark, which is fifteen feet above the low water. Above the freshet rise, the tops of the trees are decayed and gone. I deferred forming an opinion in regard to the cause, until I should collect more data.

On the 15th, the wind and rain continuing through the forepart of the day, I did not leave my encampment until noon; when we set forward and arrived at the Cascades, at two o'clock in the afternoon. The trees to-day were still more numerous, in many places standing in deep water; and we had to pick our way with our canoe in some parts as through a forest. The water of this river is so clear, that I had an opportunity of examining their position down to their spreading roots, and found them in the same condition as when standing in their natural forest. As I approached the Cascades, instead of finding an embankment formed from volcanic eruptions, the shores above the falls were low, and the velocity of the water began to accelerate two-thirds of a mile above the main rapid. On a full examination, it is plainly evident that here has been an uncommon subsidence of a tract of land more than twenty miles in length and more than a mile in width. The trees standing in the water are found mostly towards and near the north shore; and yet, from the depth of the river and its sluggish movement, I should conclude the subsidence affected the whole bed. That the trees are not wholly decayed down to low-water-mark, proves that the subsidence is comparatively of recent date; and their undisturbed natural position proves that it took place in a tranquil manner, not by any tremendous convulsion of nature. The cause lies concealed, but the fact is plain. That parts of forest may in this way submerge, is evident from similar facts. The noted one on the eastern coast of Yorkshire and Lincolnshire, England, is about fifteen feet below low-water-mark, extending eastward a considerable distance from the shore, of which stumps and roots are seen in their natural position.

Much having been lately said, and we believe with truth, about the depopulation of Indian races, by contact with Europeans, it is but fair to show that it may occasionally arise from natural causes.

I have found the Indian population in the lower country—that is, below the falls of the Columbia—far less than I had expected, or what it was when Lewis and Clarke made their tour. Since the year 1829, probably seven-eighths, if not, as Dr. McLaughlin believes, nine-tenths, have been swept away by disease, principally by fever and ague. The malignancy of this disease may have been increased by predisposing causes, such

as intemperance, and the general spread of venerea since their intercourse with sailors. *But a more direct cause of the great mortality, was their mode of treatment. In the burning stage of the fever they plunged themselves in the river, and continued in the water until the heat was allayed, and rarely survived the cold stage which followed.* So many and so sudden were the deaths which occurred, that the shores were strewn with the unburied dead. Whole and large villages were depopulated; and some entire tribes have disappeared, the few remaining persons, if there were any, uniting themselves with other tribes. This great mortality extended not only from the vicinity of the Cascades to the shores of the Pacific, but far North and South; it is said as far South as California. The fever and ague were never known before the year 1829; and Dr. McLaughlin mentioned it as a singular circumstance, that this was the year in which fields were ploughed for the first time. He thought there must have been some connexion between breaking up the soil and the fever. I informed him that the same fever prevailed in the United States about the same time, and in places which had not before been subject to the complaint. The mortality, after one or two seasons, abated, partly for the want of subjects, and partly from medical assistance obtained at the hospital of Fort Vancouver. The mortality of Indians and their sufferings under diseases are far greater than they would be if they were furnished with a knowledge of medicine. Indian doctors are only Indian conjurors.

A PARTY AT THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

The King, Queen Regent, and chiefs gave a tea-party, to which with a few others I had the honour to be invited. They were dressed richly and in good taste; their table was splendidly arrayed with silver plate and china; the entertainment was both judiciously and tastefully arranged and prepared, and all the etiquette and ceremony of such occasions was observed. The conversation was cheerful and intelligent, without frivolity; and nothing occurred embarrassing to any one. At a suitable early hour, we were invited into a saloon well-furnished, where, after a performance of music, both vocal and instrumental, the Queen proposed that prayer should conclude our agreeable visit; which was done, and the company retired. I have seen but few parties in Christian America conducted more on the principles of rationality and religion.

A RUSSELL AT THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

In fair and honourable negotiations, regard is had to mutual rights; but here foreigners assume the style of dictation—"You shall, and you shall not;" and assertions are made of things existing in the laws and practices of England and America, which neither Government would tolerate. Lord Russell, the commander of the *Acteon*, a British man-of-war, obtained the signature to a certain instrument, by assuring the Hawaiian Government, that if they refused any longer to sign it, he would order all the English vessels to leave the harbour, and request all the American shipping to withdraw; and then bring his armed ship before their fort, and batter down the walls and prostrate their village. The King signed the instrument; and then he, together with the Queen and chiefs, like some other people who feel their feebleness before a mightier nation, had only the poor resort of a public remonstrance. They accordingly sent a remonstrance to the King of Great Britain; in which they say, that "on account of

There is an apparent discrepancy at this point.

The pages are either missing or the pagination is incorrect.

The filming is recorded as the book is found in the collections.

their urging us so strongly, on account of said commanders assuring us that their communication was from the King, and on account of their making preparation to fire upon us, therefore we gave our assent to the writing, without our being willing to give our real approbation, for we were not pleased with it." They feel incompetent to contend with naval strength, and therefore submit to indignities from which their feelings revolt.

From the Spectator.

AMERICAN PERIODICALS.

Besides Mr. PARKER's *Exploring Tour*, already noticed, we have received from Messrs. Wiley and Putnam a lot of their importations.

1. *History of the Revolution in Texas*. By the Reverend C. NEWELL.
2. *Conspiracy of the Spaniards against the Republic of Venice in 1618*. Translated from the French of the Abbé ST. REAL.
3. *The New York Review*. No. V. July 1838.
4. *The Knickerbocker; or New York Monthly Magazine*. August 1838.
5. *The American Monthly Magazine*. August 1838.

1. As far as composition is concerned, the *History of the Revolution in Texas* may be pronounced a clear and rapid narrative of the different events which have attended that piratical outbreak; but the partialities of the author are so evident, that his conclusions cannot be relied on, and it may be questioned whether his facts are not coloured or distorted. Taking the story, however, as he tells it, it is quite clear that the revolution was a naked victory of might over right. Outcasts of all kinds obtruded themselves into the province in opposition to the fundamental colonization regulations of the Mexican Government; when they increased and waxed strong, they took up arms without even colourable pretexts, and at last proceeded to open war. Besides an account of the incidents and actors in these scenes, the Texan divine draws a flaming picture of the beauties and advantages of the new state; but the whole is so characterized by the spirit of a projector beating up for colonists, that we feel disposed to place little confidence in the statements.

2. The translation of St. Real's history is a puerile affair; literal but cramped, and chiefly remarkable as indicative of the state of the American demand for books. In England, those who would read the *Conspiration contre Venise* could read it in the original.

3. The *New York Review* is a quarterly publication; and, though occasionally dashed with the narrowness of provincialism and the rawness of youth, is a highly creditable specimen of American periodical literature. Its principles would seem to be those of

the Federalists; and in several of its better articles their organ exhibits a worldly acumen with a largeness and justness of view, spiced by a measured severity, which reminds us of the Quarterly. Such especially is a depreciatory but searching estimate of Miss Martineau; such, with less temptation to sarcasm, an able paper on Education, the principal basis of which is the volume of Mr. Wyse; and such is a sketch of the early American and Indian border wars, in a review of Stone's *Life of Brandt*. Dr. Lardner's book on the Steam-engine furnishes a text for a history of Steam Navigation, including some speculations in reference to the late voyages across the Atlantic; the "Remains of Bishop Sanford" is a workmanlike review of a publication that would not pay for reprinting in America; and "Gardiner's Music of Nature," though crude, has some incidental and gossipy matter of a pleasant kind. There are other papers of inferior merit, and (a good feature) a batch of short notices, distinguished by a higher tone of criticism than any thing of the kind done in England.

4. 5. There is nothing very particular in either of these publications, except as they furnish a specimen of American monthly periodical literature; and this appears to be somewhat after the fashion of our old magazines, being equally verbose and equally unreal. It may be noted as a sign of the times, that a strong though concealed feeling against the abuses of Ultra Democracy appears to be spreading amongst the intellectual. It may also be remarked, that there are no traces of *nationality* in any of these periodicals: not only is their form English, but the topics, the materials, and the very cast of thought, are European; and most of the books reviewed are importations.

ADVERSITY.—The chief misery of a sudden misfortune, is not the first blow, but the subsequent discoveries of the different ways in which it affects us, of the various prospects which are blasted, and of the multifarious points where we are crushed. An unexpected piece of good fortune brings, also, after it a train of delightful surprises. Prosperity has been called the "touchstone of greatness." Adversity, from our childhood, we are taught to expect; and lessons of endurance, fortitude, and consolation are poured upon us in a thousand forms, and at every stage of our existence. It bears, too, with itself, deep admonition, from which we cannot avert our ear—which we cannot disregard—which we cannot forget. The wretched will always reflect; and the peasant, in a dungeon, unconsciously becomes a pupil in the school of philosophy and wisdom. Against prosperity we are rarely taught any precautions. We are accustomed to hope for it with an unmingled hope—as a blessing which brings with it repose and sunshine, opportunities of enjoyment and of virtue. Yet it is prosperity which shows the natural material of the soul; and, from the same alembic produces Caligula, Augustus, Nero, and Trajan.

From the Spectator.

STEPHENS' INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL.

Incidents of Travel in Egypt, Arabia, Petraea, and the Holy Land. By GEORGE STEPHENS. New Edition, with Additions. In 2 vols. Bently.

Familiar as we have become, through the medium of books and prints, with the colossal monuments of Egyptian grandeur and the interesting features of the Holy Land,—countries that only twenty years ago would have made a traveller's reputation who visited them, but now overrun by holyday tourists,—these volumes will be read with pleasure, though they add but little to our stock of information. Mr. Stephens is a young American, one of the most agreeable we have met with in print; and his narrative owes its attraction to his personal character. With no more learning than falls to the lot of every well-educated man, and with no other clue than that afforded by the Scriptures to the track of the Israelites and the footsteps of the Messiah—aspiring not to the character of a scientific, a sentimental, or a book-making traveller (for the publication of his notes was unpremeditated)—he carries us along with him by the amusing character of the “incidents” of his journey, and the lively reality of his unassuming narrative; which has the freshness and autobiographical character of a journal, without its tediousness and fragmentary shape.

Mr. Stephens's route from Alexandria to Cairo, and thence up the Nile to the Cataracts, is so far the beaten track of travellers; but in crossing the Desert, he struck out a new and almost untrodden path, that, since the departure of the children of Israel from “the house of bondage,” had only been crossed by the wandering Arab. Under the protection and guidance of the Sheik of Akaba, who had come to Cairo to escort the caravan of pilgrims to Mecca across the Desert, our traveller went through the heart of the Desert to the Holy Land. From Suez he proceeded to Mount Sinai; and thence traversed the “great and terrible wilderness” to Petra, the Edom of the Scriptures, by Akaba, or Gaza; ascending to the tomb of Aaron on Mount Hor by the way, and passing through the whole length of the land of Idumea to Hebron. Neither Burckhardt, who first discovered Petra, nor either of the three different parties who have since at various intervals entered this city of the Desert, passed through Idumea: Burckhardt, who was the nearest to passing through the land, only glanced its borders; and the other travellers probably followed the track of the caravan, which skirts its edge. To Mr. Stephens belongs the privilege of boasting that he was the first modern to disturb the literal fulfilment of the prophecy of Isaiah, who, in predicting the doom of Idumea, said, “None shall pass through it for ever and ever.” This, con-

sidering the dangers and difficulties of the way, was no small feat to accomplish. All travellers give the Arabs of this region the worst of characters: Burckhardt himself acknowledges that here he first felt fear during his journey in the Desert. Mr. Stephens, however, escaped without being attacked or plundered by the Arabs,—who seem, indeed, to be more formidable in appearance than reality: he came to regard their physical strength and warlike attributes with as much contempt as their moral qualities; and, being well armed and escorted, after a little acquaintance with their dark, seowling looks and predatory propensities, his chief apprehension was the annoyance of their clamorous demand for *bucksheesh*, a term answering to our word “largess.” From Hebron, he again fell into the beaten way of travellers in the Holy Land; visiting Bethlehem and Jerusalem, seeing Jordan and the Dead Sea, and proceeding by Capernaum and Nazareth to Mount Carmel, and thence to Tyre and Sidon, where he sailed for Alexandria.

One rare and excellent quality in Mr. Stephens is, that he never affects rapture he does not feel, nor works himself up into factitious enthusiasm at the sight of objects and places which might be expected to excite them. He is evidently sensible to impressions that the strangeness and grandeur of the monuments of man's greatness and littleness cannot fail to produce in every cultivated mind; and no pilgrim to the Holy Land ever felt a more sincere reverence for the associations which it awakens: but he has none of the cant of sentiment; when a thing disappoints him he says so; and he is “free to confess” when the romance of travel fades before its uncomfortable realities. In fact, a man who could not resist picking off a pigeon from a column of the Temple of Denderah, though his shot knocked out an eye of Isis whose head formed the capital—who unconsciously shot a partridge from the top of Sinai—and who woke the echoes of Mount Hor by firing a pistol into the tomb of Aaron to get a light—is not likely to sustain the reputation of a Eustace or a Delamartine. The imagination is not so easily evoked by the sight of a locality—a particular spot of ground, or a whole region, does not naturally awaken poetic or historical associations as by the inevitable process of cause and effect. Much depends on the frame of mind at the time, and that again on the bodily condition. Thebes, the city of temples, with its most vast and stupendous one of Carnac to which that of Luxor forms the portal, impresses by its overpowering magnificence, as the Pyramids do by their immensity, or the Acropolis of Athens by the symmetry and beauty of its architecture: the Desert, like the sea, is sublime; and Sinai is an imposing object in itself, stripped of all associations. The various places in the Holy Land, however, marked out by credulity and the rapacity of priestcraft as the identical spots where

particular events occurred that are recorded in the Bible, seem more calculated to shock the devout and rational Christian, by the profanation of sacred associations to fanatical purposes, than to enkindle holy emotions within him. In contemplating a plot of earth, or a bit of stone, whether a relic of an individual or an event, the mind is pinned down to a material point; whereas, in ranging freely over the scene of past glories and greatness, the imagination has room to expand—the very air seems redolent of them. It is, however, a useful, if a disappointing lesson, to learn from a survey of places famed in story, how much of their beauty and majesty is owing to our imagination: and this lesson Mr. Stephens, with his practical views of things, teaches very forcibly, though without doing violence to rational feelings of veneration for antiquity and sacredness. For instance, in thus bringing the Patriarchs bodily before us, by likening them to the present race of Arabs, while he strips the latter of the romance of a savage state, he does not abate one jot of our reverence for father Abraham.

THE ARAB OF THE DESERT.

"The Bedouins are essentially a pastoral people; their only riches are their flocks and herds, their home is in the wide desert, and they have no local attachments: to-day they pitch their tent among the mountains, to-morrow in the plain; and wherever they plant themselves for the time, all that they have on earth, wife, children, and friends, are immediately around them. In fact, the life of the Bedouin, his appearance and habits, are precisely the same as those of the patriarchs of old. Abraham himself, the first of the patriarchs, was a Bedouin; and four thousand years have not made the slightest alteration in the character and habits of this extraordinary people. Read of the patriarchs in the Bible, and it is the best description you can have of pastoral life in the East at the present day.

"The woman whom we had pursued belonged to the tent of a Bedouin not far from our road, but completely hidden from our view; and when overtaken by Toualeb, she recognised in him a friend of her tribe, and in the same spirit, and almost in the same words which would have been used by her ancestors four thousand years ago, she asked us to her tent, and promised us a lamb or a kid for supper. Her husband was stretched on the ground in front of his tent, and welcomed us with an air and manner that belonged to the Desert, but which a king on his throne could not have excelled. He was the embodied personification of all my conceptions of a patriarch. A large loose frock, a striped handkerchief on his head, bare legs, sandals on his feet, and a long white beard, formed the outward man. Almost immediately after we were seated, he took his shepherd's crook, and, assisted by his son, selected a lamb from the flock for the evening meal: and now I would fain prolong the illusion of this pastoral scene. To stop at the door of an Arab's tent, and partake with him of a lamb or a kid prepared by his hospitable hands, all sitting together on the ground, and provided with no other implements than those which Nature gave us, is a picture of primitive and captivating simplicity; but

the details were such as to destroy for ever all its poetry, and take away all relish for patriarchal feasts. While we were taking coffee, the lamb lay bleating in our ears, as if conscious of its coming fate. The coffee drunk and the pipe smoked, our host arose, and laid his hand upon the victim: the long sword which he wore over his shoulder was quickly drawn; one man held the head, and another the hind legs; and, with a rapidity almost inconceivable, it was killed and dressed, and its smoking entrails, yet curling with life, were broiling on the fire.

"One by one I had seen the many illusions of my waking dreams fade away, the gorgeous pictures of Oriental scenes melt into nothing, but I had still clung to the primitive simplicity and purity of the children of the desert, their temperance and abstinence, their contented poverty and contempt for luxuries, as approaching the true nobility of man's nature, and sustaining the poetry of the 'Land of the East.' But my last dream was broken; and I never saw among the wanderers of the desert any traits of character or any habits of life which did not make me prize and value more the privileges of civilization. I had been more than a month alone with the Bedouins; and, to say nothing of their manners,—excluding women from all companionship, dipping their fingers up to their knuckles in the same dish, eating sheep's insides, and sleeping under tents crawling with vermin engendered by their filthy habits,—their temperance and frugality are from necessity, not from choice; for in their nature they are gluttonous, and will eat at any time till they are gorged of whatever they can get, and then lie down and sleep like brutes.

"One might expect to find these children of Nature free from the reproach of civilized life—the love of gold. But, fellow-citizens and fellow-worshippers of mammon, hold up your heads, this reproach must not be confined to you!

"I never saw any thing like the expression of face with which a Bedouin looks upon silver or gold. When he asks for bucksheesh, and receives the glittering metal, his eyes sparkle with wild delight, his fingers clutch it with eager rapacity, and he skulks away like the miser to count it over alone and hide it from all other eyes."

The following correction of an erroneous notion about the difference between the camel and dromedary is curious: but the explanation looks very like what the author suspects it to be—an Arab hoax.

THE HUMP OF THE CAMEL AND DROMEDARY.

"I had a long discourse about the difference between the camel and the dromedary. Buffon gives the camel two humps, and the dromedary one; and this, I believe, is the received opinion, as it had always been mine; but, since I had been in the East, I had remarked that it was exceedingly rare to meet a camel with two humps. I had seen together at one time, on the starting of the caravan of pilgrims to Mecca, perhaps twenty thousand camels and dromedaries, and had not seen among them more than half-a-dozen with two humps. Not satisfied with any explanation from European residents or travellers, I had inquired among the Bedouins; and Toualeb, my old guide, brought up among camels, had given such a strange account that I never paid any regard to it. Now, however, the sheik told me the

same thing, namely, that they were of different races, the dromedary being to the camel as the blood-horse is to the cart-horse; and that the two humps were peculiar neither to the dromedary nor the camel, or natural to either; but that both are always born with only one hump, which, being a mere mass of flesh, and very tender, almost as soon as the young camel is born a piece is sometimes cut out of the middle for the convenience of better arranging the saddle; and, being cut out of the centre, a hump is left on either side of the cavity; and this, according to the account given by Toualeb, is the only way in which two humps ever appear on the back of a camel or dromedary. I should not mention this story if I had heard it only once; but, precisely as I had it from Toualeb, it was confirmed with a great deal of circumstantial detail by another Bedouin, who, like himself, had lived among camels and dromedaries all his life; and his statement was assented to by all his companions. I do not give this out as a discovery made at this late day in regard to an animal so well known as the camel; indeed, I am told that the Arabs are not ignorant of that elegance of civilized life called 'quizzing;' I give it merely to show how I whiled away my time in the desert, and for what it is worth."

Mr. Stephens's opinion of the far-famed Mohammed Ali, Pacha of Egypt, is, we suspect, the true one: the old rebel is nothing more than a vulgar despot—one of the common herd of crafty conquerors, who only seek to aggrandize themselves; his schemes for the civilization and enlightenment of his virtual subjects being mere clapclap.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

FARDOROUGH, THE MISER.

(CONTINUED.)

PART IV.

Fardorougha stood amazed and confounded, looking from one to another like a man who felt incapable of comprehending all that passed before him. His forehead, over which fell a few grey thin locks, assumed a deadly paleness, and his eye lost the piercing expression which usually characterized it. He threw his *Cothamore* several times over his shoulders, as he had been in the habit of doing when about to proceed after breakfast to his usual avocations, and as often laid it aside, without being at all conscious of what he did. His limbs appeared to get feeble, and his hands trembled as if he laboured under palsy. In this mood he passed from one to another, sometimes seizing a constable by the arm with a hard, tremulous grip, and again suddenly letting go his hold of him without speaking. At length a singular transition from this state of mind became apparent; a gleam of wild exultation shot from his eye; his sallow and blasted features brightened; the *Cothamore* was buttoned under his chin with a rapid energy of manner evidently arising from the removal of some secret apprehension.

"Then," he exclaimed, "it's no robbery; it's not rob-

bery ather all; but how could it? there's no money here; not a penny; an' I'm belied, at any rate; for there's not a poorer man in the barony—thank God, it's not robbery!"

"Oh, Fardorougha," said the wife, "don't you see they're goin' to take him away from us!"

"Take who away from us?"

"Connor, your own Connor—our boy—the light of my heart—the light of his poor mother's heart! Oh, Connor, Connor, what is it they're goin' to do to you?"

"No harm, mother, I trust; no harm—don't be frightened."

The old man put his open hands to his temples, which he pressed bitterly, and with all his force, for nearly half a minute. He had, in truth, been alarmed into the very worst mood of his habitual vice, apprehension concerning his money; and felt that nothing, except a powerful effort, could succeed in drawing his attention to the scene which was passing before him.

"What," said he; "what is it that's wrong wid Connor?"

"He must come to jail," said one of the men, looking at him with surprise; "we have already stated the crime for which he stands committed."

"To jail! Connor O'Donovan to jail!"

"It's too true, father; Bartle Flanagan has sworn that I burned Mr. O'Brien's haggard."

"Connor, Connor," said the old man, approaching him as he spoke, and putting his arms composedly about his neck, "Connor, my brave boy, my brave boy, it wasn't you did it; 'twas I did it," he added, turning to the constables; "lave him, lave him with her, an' take me in his place! Who would if I would not—who ought, I say—an' I'll do it—take me; I'll go in his place."

Connor looked down upon the old man, and he saw his heart rent, and his reason absolutely tottering, a sense of the singular and devoted affection which he had ever borne him, overcame him, and with a full heart he dashed away a tear from his eye, and pressed his father to his breast.

"Mother," said he, "this will kill the old man; it will kill him!"

"Fardorougha, a hagar," said his wife, feeling it necessary to sustain him as much as possible, "don't take it so much to heart, it won't signify—Connor's innocent, an' no harm will happen to him."

"But are you lavin' us, Connor? are they—must they bring you to jail?"

"For a while, father; but I wont be long there I hope."

"It's an unpleasant duty on our part," said the principal of them; "still it's one we must perform. Your father should lose no time in taking the proper steps for your defence."

'And what are we to do?' asked the mother; 'God knows the boy's as innocent as I am.'

'Yes,' said Fardorougha, still dwelling upon the resolution he had made; 'I'll stand for you, Connor; you won't go; let them bring *me* instead of *you*.'

'That's out of the question,' replied the constable; 'the law suffers nothing of the kind to take place; but if you be advised by me, lose no time in preparing to defend him. It would be unjust to disguise the matter from you, or to keep you ignorant of its being a case of life and death.'

'Life and death! what do you mane?' asked Fardorougha, staring vacantly at the last speaker.

'It's painful to distress you; but if he's found guilty, it's death.'

'Death! hanged!' shrieked the old man, awaking as it were for the first time to a full perception of his son's situation; 'hanged! my boy hanged! Connor, Connor, don't go from me!'

'I'll die with him,' said the mother; 'I'll die wid you, Connor. We couldn't live widout him,' she added, addressing the strangers; 'as God is in heaven we couldn't! Oh Connor, Connor, avourneen, what is it that has come over us, and brought us to this sorrow!'

The mother's grief then flowed on, accompanied by a burst of that unstudied, but pathetic eloquence, which in Ireland is frequently uttered in the tone of wail and lamentation peculiar to those who mourn over the dead.

'No,' she added with her arms tenderly about him, and her streaming eyes fixed with a wild and mournful look of despair upon his face; 'no, he is in his loving mother's arms, the boy that never gave to his father or me a harsh word or a sore heart! Long were we lookin' for him, an' little did we think it was for this heavy fate that the goodness of God sent him to us! Oh many a look of lovin' affection, many a happy heart did he give us! Many a time Connor, avillish, did I hang over your cradle, and draw out to myself the happiness and the good that I hoped was before you. You wor too good—too good, I doubt—to be long in such a world as this; an' no wonder that the heart of the fair young colleen, the heart of the colleen *dhas dhun* should rest upon you and love you; for who ever knew you that didn't! Is'nt there enough, King of heaven! enough of the bad an' the wicked in this world for the law to punish, an' not to take the innocent—not to take away from us the only one—the only one—I cant—I cant—but if they do—Connor—if they do, your lovin' mother will die with you!'

The stern officers of justice wiped their eyes, and were proceeding to afford such consolation as they could, when Fardorougha, who had sat down after having made way for Honor to recline on the bosom of their son, now rose, and seizing the breast of his coat,

was about to speak, but ere he could utter a word he tottered, and would have instantly fallen, had not Connor caught him in his arms. This served for a moment to divert the mother's grief, and to draw her attention from the son to the husband, who was now insensible. He was carried to the door by Connor; but when they attempted to lay him in a recumbent posture, it was found almost impossible to unclasp the death-like grip which he held of the coat. His haggard face was shrunk and collapsed; the individual features sharp and thin, but earnest and stamped with traces of alarm; his brows, too, which were slightly knit, gave to his whole countenance a character of keen and painful determination. But that which struck those who were present most, was the unyielding grasp with which he clung even in his insensibility to the person of Connor.

If not an affecting sight it was one at least strongly indicative of the intractable and indurated attachment which put itself forth with such vague and illusive energy on behalf of his son. At length he recovered, and on opening his eyes he fixed them with a long look of pain and distraction upon the boy's countenance.

'Father,' said Connor, 'don't be cast down—you need not—and you ought not to be so much disheartened—do you feel better?'

When the father heard his voice he smiled; yes—his shrunk, pale, withered face was lit up by a wild, indescribable ecstasy, whose startling expression was borrowed, one would think, as much from the light of insanity as from that of returning consciousness. He sucked in his thin cheeks, smacked his parched skinny lips, and with difficulty called for a drink. Having swallowed a little water, he looked round him with more composure, and inquired—

'What has happened me? am I robbed? are you robbers? But I tell you there's no money in the house. I lodged the last penny yestherday—afore my God I did—but—oh what am I sayin'? what is this, Connor?'

'Father dear, compose yourself—we'll get over this throuble.'

'We will, darlin',' said Honor, wiping the pale brows of her husband; 'an' we won't lose him.'

'No, achora,' said the old man; 'no, we wont lose him! Connor!'

'Well, father dear!'

'There's a thing here—here'—and he placed his hand upon his heart—'something it is that makes me afear'd—a sinkin'—a weight—and there's a strugglin', too, Connor. I know I cant stand it long—an' its about you—it's *all* about you.'

'You distress yourself too much, father; indeed you do. Why I hoped that you would comfort my poor mother 'till I come back to her and you, as I will, plase God.'

'Yes,' he replied; 'yes, I will, I will.'

'You had better prepare,' said one of the officers; the sooner this is over the better—he's a feeble man and not very well able to bear it.'

'You are right,' said Connor; 'I won't delay many minutes; I have only to change my clothes, an' I'm ready.'

In a short time he made his appearance dressed in his best suit; and indeed it would be extremely difficult to meet, in any rank of life, a finer specimen of vigour, activity, and manly beauty. His countenance, at all times sedate and open, was on this occasion shaded by an air of profound melancholy that gave a composed grace and dignity to his whole bearing.

'Now, father,' said he, 'before I go, I think it right to lave you and my poor mother all the consolation I can. In the presence of God, in your's, in my dear mother's, and in the presence of all who hear me, I am as innocent of the crime that's laid to my charge as the babe unborn. That's a comfort for you to know, and let it prevent you from frettin'; and now, good by, God be with you, and strengthen, and support you both!'

Fardorougha had already seized his hand; but the old man could neither speak nor weep; his whole frame appeared to have been suddenly pervaded by a dry agony that suspended the beatings of his very heart. The mother's grief, on the contrary, was loud, and piercing, and vehement. She threw herself once more on his neck; she kissed his lips, she pressed him to her heart, and poured out as before the wail of a wild and hopeless misery. At length, by the aid of some slight but necessary force, her arms were untwined from about his neck; and Connor then stooping, embraced his father, and gently placing him upon a settle bed, bade him farewell! On reaching the door he paused, and, turning about, surveyed his mother struggling in the hands of one of the officers to get embracing him again, and his grey-haired father sitting in speechless misery on the settle. He stood a moment to look upon them, and a few bitter tears rolled, in the silence of manly sorrow, down his cheeks.

'Oh, Fardorougha,' exclaimed his mother, after they had gone, 'sure it isn't merely for partin' wid him that we feel so heartbroken. He may never stand under this roof again, an' he all we have and had to love!'

'No,' returned Fardorougha, quietly; 'no, it's not, as you say, for merely partin' wid him—hanged! God! God! *him*—here—Honor—here the thought of it—I'll die—it'll break! Oh God support me! my heart—here—my heart 'ill break! My brain, too, and my head—oh! if God 'ud take me before I'd see it! But it can't be—it's not possible that our innocent boy should meet sich a death!'

'No, dear, it is not; sure he's innocent—that's one comfort; but Fardorougha, as the men said, you must

go to a lawyer and see what can be done to defend him.'

The old man rose up and proceeded to his son's bedroom.

'Honor,' said he, 'come here;' and while uttering these words he gazed upon her face with a look of unutterable and helpless distress; 'there's his bed, Honor—*his* bed—he may never sleep on it more—he may be cut down like a flower in his youth—an' then what will become of us?'

'For ever, from this day out,' said the distracted mother; 'no hands will ever make it but my own; on no other will I sleep—will we both sleep—where *his* head lay there will mine be too—avick machree—machree! Och, Fardorougha, we can't stand this; let us not take it to heart, as we do; let us trust in God, an' hope for the best.'

Honor, in fact, found it necessary to assume the office of the comforter; but it was clear that nothing urged or suggested by her could for a moment win back the old man's heart from a contemplation of the loss of his son. He moped about for a considerable time; but, ever and anon, found himself in Connor's bedroom, looking upon his clothes and such other memorials of him as it contained.

During the occurrence of these melancholy incidents at Fardorougha's, others of a scarcely less distressing character were passing under the roof of Bodagh Buie O'Brien.

Our readers need not be informed that the charge brought by Bartle Flanagan against Connor, excited the utmost amazement in all who heard it. So much at variance were his untarnished reputation and amiable manners with a disposition so dark and malignant as that which must have prompted the perpetration of such a crime, that it was treated at first by the public as an idle rumour. The evidence, however, of Phil Curtis, and his deposition to the conversation which occurred between him and Connor at the time and place already known to the reader, together with the corroborating circumstances arising from the correspondence of the foot-prints about the haggard with the shoes produced by the constable—all, when combined together, left little doubt of his guilt. No sooner had this impression become general, than the spirit of the father was immediately imputed to the son, and many sagacious observations made, all tending to show, that, as they expressed it, 'the bad drop of the old rogue would sooner or later come out in the young one;' 'he wouldn't be what he was, or the bitter heart of the miser would appear;' with many other apothegms of a similar import. The family of the Bodagh, however, were painfully and peculiarly circumstanced. With the exception of Una herself, none of them entertained a doubt that Connor was the incendiary. Flanagan had maintained a good character,

and his direct impeachment of Connor, supported by such exact circumstantial evidence, left nothing to be urged in the young man's defence. Aware as they were of the force of Una's attachment, and apprehensive that the shock, arising from the discovery of his atrocity might be dangerous if injudiciously disclosed to her, they resolved, in accordance with the suggestion of their son, to break the matter to herself with the utmost delicacy and caution.

'It is better,' said John, 'that she should hear of the misfortune from ourselves; for after breaking it to her as gently as possible, we can at least attempt to strengthen and console her under it.'

'Heaven above sees,' exclaimed his mother, 'that it was a black and unlucky business to her and to all of us; but now that she knows what a revengeful villain he is, I'm sure she'll not find it hard to banish him out of her thoughts. *Deah Grasthias* for the escape she had from him at any rate!'

'John, bring her in,' said the father; 'bring the unfortunate young creature in. I can't but pity her, Bridget; I can't but pity *ma colleen voghth*.'

When Una entered with her brother she perceived by a glance at the solemn bearing of her parents, that some unhappy announcement was about to be made to her. She sat down therefore with a beating heart and a cheek already pale with apprehension.

'Una,' said her father, 'we sent for you to mention a circumstance that we would rather you should hear from ourselves than from strangers. You were always a good girl, Una—an' obadient girl, and sensible beyant your years; and I trust that your good sinse and the grace of the Almighty will enable you to bear up under any disappointment that may come upon you.'

'Surely, father, there can be nothing worse than I know already,' she replied.

'Why what *do* you know, dear?'

'Only what you told me the day Fardorougha was here, that nothing agreeable to my wishes could take place.'

'I would give a great deal that the business was now as it was even then,' responded her father; 'there's far worse to come, Una, an' you must be firm, an' prepare to hear what'll thry you sorely.'

'I can't guess it, father; but for God's sake tell me at once.'

'Who do you think burned our property?'

'And I suppose if *she* hadn't been under the one roof wid us that it's ourselves he'd burn,' observed her mother.

'Father, tell me the worst at once—whatever it may be;—how could I guess the villain or villains who destroyed our property?'

'Villain, indeed; you may well say so,' returned the Bodagh. 'That villain is no other than Connor O'Donovan.'

Una felt as if a weighty burthen had been removed from her heart; she breathed freely; her depression and alarm vanished, and her dark eye kindled into a proud confidence in the integrity of her lover.

'And father,' she asked, in a full and firm voice, 'is there nothing worse than *that* to come?'

'Worse! is the girl's brain turned?'

'*Dhar a Lhóra Heena*, she's as mad I believe as ould Fardorougha himself,' said her mother; '*worse!* why she has parted wid all the little reasing she ever had.'

'Indeed, mother, I hope I have not, and that my reason's as clear as ever; but as to Connor O'Donovan, he's innocent of that charge, and of every other that may be brought against him; I don't believe it, and I never will.'

'It's proved against him; it's brought home to him.'

'Who's his accuser?'

'His father's servant, Bartle Flanagan, has turned king's evidence.'

'The deep-dyed villain!' she exclaimed, with indignation: 'father, of that crime, so sure as God's in heaven, so sure is Connor O'Donovan innocent, and so sure is Bartle Flanagan guilty—I know it.'

'You know it—explain yourself.'

'I mean I *feel* it—ay home to the core of my heart—my unhappy heart—I feel the truth of what I say.'

'Una,' observed her brother, 'I'm afraid you have been vilely deceived by him—there's not the slightest doubt of his guilt.'

'Don't you be deceived, John; I say he's innocent—as I hope for heaven he's innocent; and father, I'm not a bit cast down or disheartened by any thing I have yet heard against him.'

'You're a very extraordinary girl, Una; but for my part I'm glad you look upon it as you do. If his innocence appears, no man alive will be better plased at it than myself.'

'His innocence *will* appear,' exclaimed the faithful girl; 'it must appear; and father, mark this—I say, time will tell yet who is innocent and who is guilty. God knows,' she added, her energy of manner increasing, while a shower of hot tears fell down her cheeks, 'God knows I would marry him to-morrow with the disgrace of that and ten times as much upon him, so certain am I that his heart and his hand are free from thought or deed that's either treacherous or dishonourable.'

'Marry him!' said her mother, losing temper; 'nobody doubts but you'd marry him on the gallows, wid the rope about his neck.'

'I would do it, and unite myself to a true heart.—Don't mistake me, and mother, dear, don't blame me,' she added, her tears flowing still faster; 'he's in disgrace—sunk in shame and sorrow—and I wont conceal the force of what I feel for him; I wont desert him now as the world will do; I know his heart, and on the

scaffold to-morrow I would become his wife, if it would take away one atom of his misery.'

'If he's innocent,' said her father, 'you have more penetration than any girl in Europe; but if he's guilty of such an act against any one connected with you, Una, the guilt of all the devils in hell is no match for his. Well, you have heard all we wanted to say to you, and you needn't stay.'

'As she herself says,' observed John, 'perhaps time will place every thing in its true light. At present all those who are not in love with him have little doubt of his guilt. However, even as it is, in principle Una is right; putting love out of the question, we should pre-judge no one.'

'Time will,' said his sister, 'or rather God will in his own good time. On God I'm sure *he* depends; on his providence I also rely for seeing his name and character cleared of all that has been brought against him. John, I wish to speak to you in my own room; not that I intend to make any secret of it, but I want to consult with you first.'

'*Cheerna dheelish*,' exclaimed her mother; 'what a wife that child would make to any man that deserved her!'

'It's more than I'm able to do, to be angry with her,' returned the Bodagh. 'Did you ever know her to tell a lie, Bridget?'

'A lie; no, nor the shadow of a lie never came out of her lips; the desate's not in her; an' may God look down on her wid compunction this day; for there's a dark road I doubt before her!'

'Amen,' responded her father; 'amen, I pray the Saviour. At all events, O'Donovan's guilt or innocence will soon be known,' he added; 'the 'sises begin this day week, so that the business will soon be either one way or other.'

Una, on reaching her own room, thus addressed her affectionate brother:

'Now, John, you know that my grand-father left me two hundred guineas in his will, and you know, too, the impossibility of getting any money from the clutches of Fardorougha. You must see Connor, and find out how he intends to defend himself. If his father wont allow him sufficient means to employ the best lawyers—as I doubt whether he will or not—just tell him the truth, that whilst I have a penny of these two hundred guineas, he mustn't want money; an' tell him, too, that all the world wont persuade me that he's guilty; say I know him to be innocent, and that his disgrace has made him dearer to me than he ever was before.'

'Surely you cant suppose for a moment, my dear Una, that I, your brother, who, by the way, have never opened my lips to him, could deliberately convey such a message.'

'It must be conveyed in some manner; I'm resolved on that.'

'The best plan,' said the other, 'is to find out whatsoever attorney they employ, and then to discover, if possible, whether his father has furnished sufficient funds for his defence. If he has, your offer is unnecessary; and if not, a private arrangement may be made with the attorney of which no body else need know any thing.'

'God bless you, John; God bless you,' she replied; 'that is far better; you have been a good brother to your poor Una—to your poor unhappy Una!'

She leaned her head on a table, and wept for some time at the trying fate, as she termed it, which hung over two beings so young and so guiltless of any crime. The brother soothed her by every argument in his power, and after gently compelling her to dry her tears, expressed his intention of going early the next day to ascertain whether or not any professional man had been engaged to conduct the defence of her unfortunate lover.

In effecting this object there was little time lost on the part of young O'Brien. Knowing that two respectable attorneys lived in the next market town, he deemed it best to ascertain whether Fardorougha had applied to either of them for the purposes aforementioned, or if not, to assure himself whether the old man had gone to any of those pettifoggers, who, rather than appear without practice, will undertake a cause almost on any terms, and afterwards institute a lawsuit for the recovery of a much larger bill of costs than a man of character and experience would demand.

In pursuance of the plan concerted between them, the next morning found him rapping, about eleven o'clock, at the door of an attorney named Kennedy, whom he asked to see on professional business. A clerk, on hearing his voice in the hall, came out and requested him to step into a back room, adding that his master, who was engaged, would see him the moment he had despatched the person then with him. Thus shown, he was separated from O'Halloran's office only by a pair of foldings doors, through which every word uttered in the office could be distinctly heard; a circumstance that enabled O'Brien unintentionally to overhear the following dialogue between the parties:

'Well, my good friend,' said Kennedy to the stranger, who, it appeared, had arrived before O'Brien only a few minutes; 'I am now disengaged; pray, let me know your business.'

The stranger paused a moment, as if seeking the most appropriate terms in which to express himself.

'It's a black business,' he replied, 'and the worst of it is I'm a poor man.'

'You should not go to law, then,' observed the attorney. 'I tell you before hand you will find it devilish expensive.'

'I know it,' said the man; 'it's open robbery; I know what it cost me to recover the little pences that wor sometimes due to me, when I broke myself lending

weeny thrifles to strugglin' people that I thought honest, an' robbed me afterwards.'

'In what way can my services be of use to you at present? for that I suppose is the object of your calling upon me,' said Kennedy.

'Oh thin, sir, if you have the grace of God, or kindness, or pity in your heart, you can sarve me, you can save my heart from breakin'!'

'How—how, man?—come to the point.'

'My son, sir, Connor; my only son was taken away from his mother an' me, an' put into jail yesterday mornin', an' he innocent; he was put in, sir, for burnin' Bodagh Buie O'Brien's haggard, an' as God is above me, he as much burnt it as you did.'

'Then you are Fardorougha Donovan,' said the attorney; 'I have heard of that outrage; and to be plain with you, a good deal about yourself.' How, in the name of heaven, can you call yourself a poor man?'

'They belie me, sir; they're bitter enemies that say I'm otherwise.'

'Be you rich or be you poor, let me tell you that I would not stand in your son's situation for the wealth of the king's exchequer. Sell your last cow; your last coat; your last acre; sell the bed from under you, without loss of time, if you wish to save his life; and I tell you that for this purpose you must employ the best counsel, and plenty of them. The Assizes commence on this day week, so that you have not a single moment to lose. Think now whether you love your son or your money best.'

'Saver of earth amn't I an unhappy man! every one sayin' I have money, an' me has not! Where would I get it? Where would a man like me get it! Instead o' that I'm so poor that I see plainly I'll starve yet; I see it's before me! God pity me this day! But agin, there's my boy, my boy; oh God pity him! Say what's the laste, the lowest, the very lowest you could take, for definin' him; an' for pity's sake, for charity's sake, for God's sake, don't grind a poor, helpless, ould man by extortion. If you knew the boy—if you knew him—oh, afore my God, if you knew him, you would'nt be apt to charge a penny; you'd be proud to sarve sich a boy.'

'You wish every thing possible to be done for him, of course.'

'Of coorse, of coorse; but widout extravagance; as asy an' light on a poor man as you can. You could shorten it, sure, an' lave out a great dale that 'ud be of no use; an' half the paper 'ud do; for you might make the clerks write close—why, very little 'ud be wanted if you wor savin'.'

'I can defend him with one counsel if you wish; but if anxious to save the boy's life, you ought to enable your attorney to secure a strong bar of the most eminent lawyers he can engage.'

'An' what 'ud it cost to hire three or four of them?'

'The whole expenses might amount to between thirty and forty guineas.'

A deep groan of dismay, astonishment, and anguish, was the only reply made to this for some time.

'Oh heavens above,' he screamed, 'what will—what will become of me! I'd rather be dead, as I'll soon be, than hear this, or know it at all. How could I get it? I'm as poor as poverty itself; oh couldn't you feel for the boy, an' defend him on trust; couldn't you feel for him?'

'It's your business to do that,' returned the man of law, coolly.

'Feel for him; me! oh little you know how my heart's in him; but any way, I'm an unhappy man; every thing in the world wide goes against me; but—oh my darlin' boy—Connor, Connor, my son, to be tould that I don't feel for you—well you know, avourneen machree—well you know that I feel for you, and 'ud kiss the track of your feet upon the ground. Oh, it's cruel to tell it to me; to say sich a thing to a man that his heart's breakin' widin' him for your sake; but, sir, you sed this minute that you could defend him wid one lawyer!'

'Certainly, and with a cheap one, too, if you wish; but in that case, I would rather decline the thing altogether.'

'Why! why! sure if you can defend him chapely, isn't it so much saved? isn't it the same as if you defended him at a higher rate? Sure if one lawyer tells the truth for the poor boy, ten or fifteen can do no more; an' thin maybe they'd crass in an' puzzle one another if you hired too many of them.'

'How would you feel, should your son be found guilty? you know the penalty is his life. He will be executed.'

O'Brien could hear the old man clap his hands in agony, and in truth he walked about wringing them as if his heart would burst.

'What will I do?' he exclaimed; 'what will I do? I cant lose him, an' I wont lose him; lose him! oh God, oh God, it is to lose the best son and only child that ever man had; wouldn't it be downright murder in me to let him be lost if I could prevint it. Oh, if I was in his place, what wouldn't he do for me, for the father that he always loved!'

The tears ran copiously down his furrowed cheeks; and his whole appearance evinced such distraction and anguish as could rarely be witnessed.

'I'll tell you what I'll do,' he added; 'I'll give you fifty guineas *after my death* if you defend him properly.'

'Much obliged,' replied the other; 'but in matters of this kind we make no such bargains.'

'I'll make it sixty, in case you don't axe it *now*.'

'Can you give me security that I'll survive you? Why you are tough looking enough to outlive me.'

'Me tough!—no, God help me, my race is nearly run; I won't be alive this day twelve months—look at the differ between us.'

'This is idle talk,' said the attorney; 'determine on what you'll do; really my time is valuable, and I am now wasting it to no purpose.'

'Take the offer—depend on't it'll soon come to you.'

'No, no,' said the other, coolly; 'not at all; we might shut up shop if we made such *post obit* bargains as that.'

'I'll tell you,' said Fardorough; 'I'll tell you what;' his eyes gleamed with a reddish, bitter light; and he clasped his withered hands together, until the joints cracked, and the perspiration teemed from his pale, sallow features; 'I'll tell you,' he added—'I'll make it seventy!'

'No.'

'Aighty!'

'No.'

'Ninety!'—with a husky shriek.

'No, no.'

'A hundhre'—a hundhre'—a hundhre', he shouted; 'a hundhre', when I'm gone—*when I'm gone!*'

One solemn and determined No, that precluded all hopes of any such arrangement, was the only reply.

The old man leaped up again, and looked impatiently and wildly and fiercely about him.

'What are you?' he shouted; 'what are you?—You're a devil—a born devil. Will nothing but my death satisfy you? Do you want to rob me—to starve me—to murder me! Don't you see the state I'm in by you? look at me—look at these thremlin' limbs—look at the sweat powerin' down from my poor ould face! What is it you want! There—there's my grey hairs to you. You have brought me to that—to more than that—I'm dyin' this minute—I'm dyin'—oh, my boy—my boy, if I had you here—ay, I'm—I'm——'

He staggered over on his seat, his eyes gleaming in a fixed and intense glare at the attorney; his hands were clenched, his lips parched, and his mummy-like cheeks sucked, as before, into his toothless jaws. In addition to all this, there was a bitter white smile of despair upon his features, and his thin grey locks that were discomposed in the paroxysm by his own hands, stood out in disorder upon his head. We question indeed whether mere imagination could, without having actually witnessed it in real life, conceive any object so frightfully illustrative of the terrible dominion which the passion of avarice is capable of exercising over the human heart.

'I protest to heaven,' exclaimed the attorney, alarmed, 'I believe the man is dying—if not dead, he is motionless.'

'O'Donovan, what's the matter with you?'

The old man's lips gave a dry hard smack, then became desperately compressed together, and his cheeks

were drawn still farther into his jaws. At length he sighed deeply, and changed his fixed and motionless attitude.

'He is alive, at all events,' said one of his young men.

Fardorough turned his eyes upon the speaker, then upon his master, and successively upon two other assistants who were in the office.

'What is this?' said he, 'what is this?—I'm very weak—will you get me a dhrink o' wather. God help me—God direct me! I'm an unhappy man; get me a dhrink for heaven's sake, I can hardly spake, my mouth and lips are so dry.'

The water having been procured, he drank it eagerly, and felt evidently relieved.

'This business,' he continued, 'about the money—I mane about my poor boy, Connor, how will it be managed, sir?'

'I have already told you that there is but one way of managing it, and that is, as the young man's life is at stake, to spare no cost.'

'And I must do that?'

'You ought at least, remember that he's an only son, and that if you lose him——'

'Lose him!—I can't—I couldn't—I'd die—die—dead——'

'And by so shameful a death,' proceeded Cassidy, 'you will not only be childless, but you will have the bitter fact to reflect on, that he died in disgrace. You will blush to name him! What father would not make any sacrifice to prevent his child from meeting such a fate! It's a trying thing and a pitiable calamity to see a father ashamed to name the child that he loves.'

The old man rose, and approaching Cassidy, said, eagerly, 'how much will do? Ashamed to name you, alanna, *Chierna—Chierna*—ashamed to name you, Connor! Oh! if the world knew you, asthore, as well as I an' your poor mother knows you, they'd say that we ought to be proud to hear your name soundin' in our ears. How much will do! for, may God stringthen me, I'll do it.'

'I think about forty guineas; it may be more, and it may be less, but we will say forty.'

'Then I'll give you an order for it on a man that's a good mark. Give me pin an' paper, fast.'

The paper was placed before him, and he held the pen in his hand for some time, and, ere he wrote, turned a look of deep distress upon Cassidy.

'God Almighty pity me,' said he; 'you see—you see that I'm a poor heartbroken creature—a ruined man I'll be—a ruined man!'

'Think of your son, and of his situation.'

'It's before me—I know it is—to die like a dog behind a ditch wid hunger!'

'Think of your son, I say, and, if possible, save him from a shameful death.'

'What? Ay—yis—yis—surely—surely—oh, my poor boy—my innocent boy—I will—I will do it.'

He then sat down, and with a tremulous hand, and lips tightly drawn together, wrote an order on P——, the county treasurer, for the money.

Cassidy, on seeing it, looked alternately at the paper and the man for a considerable time.

'Is P—— your banker?' he asked.

'Every penny that I'm worth, he has.'

'Then you're a ruined man,' he replied, with cool emphasis. 'P—— absconded the day before yesterday, and robbed half the county. Have you no loose cash at home?'

'Robbed! who robbed?'

'Why, P—— has robbed every man who was fool enough to trust him; he's off to the Isle of Man, with the county funds in addition to the other prog.'

'You don't mane to say,' replied Fardorough, with a hideous calmness of voice and manner; 'you *don't*, you *can't* mane to say that he has run off wid *my* money?'

'I do; you'll never see a shilling of it, if you live to the age of a Hebrew patriarch. See what it is to fix the heart upon money. You are now what you wished the world to believe you to be, a poor man.'

'Ho, ho,' howled the miser, 'he daru't, he daru't—wouldn't God conshume him if he robbed the poor—wouldn't God stiffen him, and pin him to the airth, if he attempted to run off wid the hard earnings of strugglin' honest men! Where 'ud God be, an' him to dar to do it! But it's a falsity, an' you're thryin' me to see how I'd bear it—it is, it is, an' may heaven forgive you.'

'It's as true as the gospel,' replied the other; 'why, I'm surprised you didn't hear it before now—every one knows it—it's over the whole country.'

'It's a lie—it's a lie,' he howled again; 'no one dar to do sich an act. You have some scheme in this—you're not a safe man; you're a villain, an' nothin' else; but I'll soon know; which of these is my hat?'

'You are mad, I think,' said Cassidy.

'Get me my hat, I say; I'll soon know it; but sure the world's all in a scheme against me—all, all, young an' ould—where's my hat, I say?'

'You have put it upon your head this moment,' said the other.

'An' my stick?'

'It's in your hand.'

'The curse o' heaven upon you,' he shrieked, 'whether it's thrue or false,' and, with a look that might scorch him to whom it was directed, he shuffled in a wild and frantic mood out of the house.

'The man is mad,' observed Cassidy; 'or, if not, he will soon be so; I never witnessed such a desperate case of avarice. If ever the demon of money lurked in any man's soul, it's in his. God bless me! God

bless me! it's dreadful! Richard, tell the gentleman in the dining-room I'm at leisure to see him.'

The scene we have attempted to describe, spared O'Brien the trouble of much unpleasant inquiry, and enabled him to enter at once into the proposed arrangements on behalf of Connor. Of course he did not permit his sister's name to transpire, nor any trace whatsoever to appear, by which her delicacy might be compromised, or her character involved. His interference in the matter he judiciously put upon the footing of personal regard for the young man, and his reluctance to be even the indirect means of bringing him to a violent and shameful death. Having thus fulfilled Una's instructions, he returned home, and relieved her of a heavy burthen by a full communication of all that had been done.

The struggle hitherto endured by Fardorough was in its own nature sufficiently severe to render his sufferings sharp and pungent; still they resembled the influence of local disease, more than that of a malady which prostrates the strength and grapples with the powers of the whole constitution. The sensation he immediately felt on hearing that his banker had absconded with the gains of his penurious life, was rather a stunning shock that occasioned for the moment a feeling of dull, and heavy, and overwhelming dismay. It filled, nay, it actually distended his narrow soul with an oppressive sense of exclusive misery that banished all consideration for every person and thing extraneous to his individual selfishness. In truth the tumult of his mind was peculiarly wild and anomalous. The situation of his son, and the dreadful fate that hung over him were as completely forgotten as if they did not exist. Yet there lay underneath his own gloomy agony, a remote consciousness of collateral affliction, such as is frequently experienced by those who may be drawn by some temporary and present pleasure, from the contemplation of their misery. We feel, in such cases, that the darkness is upon us, even while the image of the calamity is not before the mind; nay, it sometimes requires an effort to bring it back, when anxious to account for our depression; but when it comes, the heart sinks with a shudder, and we feel, that although it ceased to engage our thoughts, we had been sitting all the time beneath its shadow. For this reason, although Fardorough's own loss absorbed, in one sense, all his powers of suffering, still he knew that *something else* pressed with additional weight upon his heart. Of its distinct character, however, he was ignorant, and only felt that a dead and heavy load of multiplied affliction bent him in burning anguish to the earth.

There is something more or less eccentric in the gait and dress of every miser. Fardorough's pace was naturally slow, and the habit for which, in the

latter point, he had all his life been remarkable, was that of wearing a great coat thrown loosely about his shoulders. In summer it saved an inside one, and, as he said, kept him cool and comfortable. That he seldom or never put his arms into it arose from the fact that he knew it would last a much longer period of time, than if he wore it in the usual manner.

On leaving the attorney's office, he might be seen creeping along towards the County Treasurer's, at a pace quite unusual to him; his hollow gleaming eyes were bent on the earth; his *Colthamore* about his shoulders; his staff held with a tight and desperate grip, and his whole appearance that of a man frightfully distracted by the intelligence of some sudden calamity.

He had not proceeded far on this hopeless errand, when many bitter confirmations of the melancholy truth, by persons whom he met on their return from P——'s residence, were afforded him. Even these, however, were insufficient to satisfy him; he heard them with a vehement impatience, that could not brook the bare possibility of the report being true. His soul clung with the tenacity of a death-grip to the hope that, however others might have suffered, some chance might, notwithstanding, still remain in *his* particular favour. In the meantime, he poured out curses of unexampled malignity against the guilty defaulter, on whose head he invoked the Almighty's vengeance with a venomous fervour which appalled all who heard him. Having reached the treasurer's house, a scene presented itself that was by no means calculated to afford him consolation. Persons of every condition, from the Squireen and gentleman farmer, to the humble widow and inexperienced orphan, stood in melancholy groups about the deserted mansion, interchanging details of their losses, their blasted prospects, and their immediate ruin. The cries of the widow, who mourned for the desolations brought upon her and her now destitute orphans, rose in a piteous wail to heaven, and the industrious fathers of many struggling families, with pale faces and breaking hearts, looked up in silent misery upon the closed shutters and smokeless chimneys of their oppressor's house, bitterly conscious that the laws of the boasted constitution under which they lived, permitted the destroyer of hundreds to enjoy, in luxury and security, the many thousands of which, at one fell and rapacious swoop, he had deprived them.

With white quivering lips and panting breath, Fardorougha approached and joined them.

'What, what,' said he, in broken sentences; 'is this throe—can it, can it be throe? Is the thievin' villain of hell gone? Has he robbed us, ruined us, destroyed us?'

'Ah, too throe it is,' replied a farmer; 'the dam' rip is off to that nest of robbers, the Isle of Man; ay, he's

gone! an' may all our bad luck past, present, and to come, go with him, an' all he tuck.'

Fardorougha looked at his informant as if he had been P—— himself; he then glared from one to another, whilst the white foam wrought up to his lips by the prodigious force of his excitement. He clasped his hands, then attempted to speak, but language had abandoned him.

'If one is to judge by your appearance, you have suffered heavily,' observed the farmer.

The other stared at him with a kind of angry amazement for doubting it, or it might be, for speaking so coolly of his loss.

'Suffered,' said he, 'ay, ay, but did yees thry the house? we'll see—suffered!—suffered!—we'll see.'

He immediately shuffled over to the hall-door, which he assaulted with the eagerness of a despairing soul at the gate of heaven, throwing into each knock such a character of impatience and apprehension, as one might suppose the aforesaid soul to feel from a certain knowledge that the devil's clutches were spread immediately behind, to seize and carry him to perdition. His impetuosity, however, was all in vain; not even an echo reverberated through the cold and empty walls, but on the contrary, every peal was followed by a most unromantic and ominous silence.

'That man appears beside himself,' observed another of the sufferers; 'surely, if he wasn't half-mad, he'd not expect to find any one in an empty house!'

'Devil a much it signifies whether he's mad or otherwise,' responded a neighbour; 'I know him well; his name's Fardorougha Donovan, the miser of Lisnamona, the biggest shrew that ever skinned a flint. If P—— did nothin' worse than fleece *him*, it would never stand between him an' the blessin' o' heaven.'

Fardorougha, in the mean time, finding that no response was given from the front, passed hurriedly by an archway into the back court, where he made similar efforts to get in by attempting to force the kitchen door. Every entrance, however, had been strongly secured; he rattled, and thumped, and screamed, as if P—— himself had actually been within hearing, but still to no purpose, he might as well have expected to extort a reply from the grave.

When he returned to the group that stood on the lawn, the deadly conviction that all was lost affected every joint of his body with a nervous trepidation, that might have been mistaken for *delirium tremens*. His eyes were full of terror, mingled with the impotent fury of hatred and revenge; whilst over all now predominated for the first time such an expression of horror and despair, as made the spectators shudder to look upon him.

'Where was God,' said he, addressing them, and his voice, naturally thin and wiry, now became husky and hollow; 'where was God, to suffer this! to suffer

the poor to be ruined, and the rich to be made poor! Was it right for the Almighty to look on an' let the villain do it. No—no—no; I say no!

The group around him shuddered at the daring blasphemy to which his monstrous passion had driven him. Many females, who were in tears, lamenting audibly, started, and felt their grief suspended for a moment by this revolting charge against the justice of Providence.

'What do you all stand for here,' he proceeded, 'like stocks an' stones! Why don't yeas kneel with me, an' let us join in one curse; one, no, but let us shower them down upon him in thousands—in millions; an' when we can no longer *spake* them, let us *think* them. To the last hour of my life my heart 'ill never be wid-out a curse for him; an' the last word afore I go into the presence of God 'll be a black heavy blessin' from hell against him an' his, sowl an' body, while a drop o' their bad blood's upon the earth.'

'Don't be blaspheming, honest man,' said a bystander; 'if you've lost your money, that's no reason why you should fly in the face o' God for P——'s roguery. Devil a one o' myself cares if I join you in a volley against the robbin' scoundril, but I'd not take all the money the rip of hell ran away wid, an' spake of God as you do.'

'Oh Saver!' exclaimed Fardoroughia, who probably heard not a word he said; 'I knew—I knew—I always felt it was before me—a dog's death behind a ditch—my tongue out wid starvation and hunger, and it was he brought me to it!'

He had already knelt, and was uncovered, his whitish hair tossed by the breeze in confusion about a face on which was painted the fearful workings of that giant spirit, under whose tremendous grasp he writhed and suffered like a serpent in the talons of a vulture. In this position, with uplifted and trembling arms, his face raised towards heaven, and his whole figure shrunk firmly together by the intense malignity with which he was about to hiss out his venomous imprecations against the defaulter, he presented at least one instance in which the low sordid vice of avarice rose to something like wild grandeur, if not sublimity.

Having remained in this posture for some time, he clasped his withered hands together and wrung them until the bones cracked; then rising up and striking his stick bitterly upon the earth—

'I can't,' he exclaimed, 'I can't get out the curses against him; but my heart's full of them—they're in it—they're in it—it's black an' hot wid them; I feel them here—here—*movin'* as if they wor alive, an' they'll be out.'

Such was the strength and impetuosity of his hatred, and such his eagerness to discharge the whole quiver of his maledictions against the great public delinquent, that, as often happens in cases of overwhelming agita-

tion, his faculties were paralysed by the storm of passion which raged within him.

Having rose to his feet, he left the group, muttering his wordless malignity as he went along, and occasionally pausing to look back with a fiery glare of a hyena at the house in which the robbery of his soul's treasure had been planned and accomplished.

It is unnecessary to say that the arrangements entered into with Cassidy, by John O'Brien, were promptly and ably carried into effect. A rapid ride soon brought the man of briefs and depositions to the prison, where unhappy Connor lay. This young man's story, though simple was improbable, and his version of the burning such as induced Cassidy, who knew little of impressions and feelings in the absence of facts, to believe that no other head than his ever concocted the crime. Still, from the manly sincerity with which his young client spoke, he felt inclined to impute the act rather to a freak of boyish malice and disappointment, than to a spirit of vindictive rancour. He entertained no expectation whatsoever of Connor's acquittal, and hinted to him that it was his habit in such cases to recommend his clients to be prepared for the worst, without at the same time altogether abolishing hope. There was, indeed, nothing to break the chain of circumstantial evidence in which Flanagan had entangled him; he had been at the haggard shortly before the conflagration broke out: he had met Phil. Curtis, and begged that man to conceal the fact of his having seen him, and he had not slept in his own bed either on that or the preceding night. It was to no purpose, he affirmed, that Flanagan himself had borrowed from him, and worn on the night in question, the shoes, whose prints were so strongly against him, or that the steel and tinder-box, which were found in his pocket actually belonged to his accuser, who must have put them there without his knowledge. His case, in fact, was a bad one, and he felt that the interview with his attorney left him more seriously impressed with the danger of his situation, than he had been up till that period.

'I suppose,' said he, when the instructions were completed, 'you have seen my father.'

'Every thing is fully and liberally arranged,' replied the other, with reservation; 'your father has been with me to-day; in fact I parted with him only a few minutes before I left home. So far let your mind be easy. The government prosecutes, which is something in your favour; and now, good-bye to you; for my part, I neither advise you to hope or despair. If the worst comes to the worst, you must bear it like a man; and if we get an acquittal, it will prove the more agreeable for its not being expected.'

The unfortunate youth felt, after Cassidy's departure, the full force of that dark and fearful presentiment which arises from the approach of the mightiest

calamity that can befall an innocent man—a public and ignominious death, while in the very pride of youth, strength, and those natural hopes of happiness, which existence had otherwise promised. In him this awful apprehension proceeded neither from the terror of judgment nor of hell, but from that dread of being withdrawn from life, and of passing down from the light, the enjoyments and busy intercourse of a breathing and conscious world, into the silence and corruption of the unknown grave. When this ghastly picture was brought near him by the force of his imagination, he felt for a moment as if his heart had died away in him, and his blood become congealed into ice. Should this continue, he knew that human nature could not sustain it long, and he had already resolved to bear his fate with firmness, whatever that fate might be. He then reflected that he was innocent, and remembering the practice of his simple and less political forefathers, he knelt down and fervently besought the protection of that Being in whose hands are the issues of life and death.

On rising from this act of heartfelt devotion, he experienced that support which he required so much. The fear of death ceased to alarm him, and his natural fortitude returned with more than its usual power to his support. In this state of mind he was pacing his narrow room, when the door opened, and his father, with a tottering step, entered and approached him. The son was startled, if not terrified at the change which so short a time had wrought in the old man's appearance.

'Good God, father dear,' he exclaimed, as the latter threw his arms with a tight and clinging grasp about him; 'good heavens, what has happened to change you so much for the worse? why, if you fret this way about me, you'll soon break your heart: why will you fret, father, when you know I am *innocent*? Surely at the worst, it is better to die innocent than live guilty!'

'Connor,' said the old man, still clinging tenaciously to him, and looking wildly into his face; 'Connor it's broke—my heart's broke at last. Oh, Connor, won't you pity me, when you hear it—wont you, Connor—oh when you hear it, Connor, wont you pity me? It's gone, it's gone, it's gone—he's off, off—to that nest of robbers, the Isle of Man, and has robbed me and half the county. P—— has; I'm a ruined man, a beggar, an' will die a dog's death.'

Connor looked down keenly into his father's face, and began to entertain a surmise so terrible that the beatings of his heart were in a moment audible to his own ear.

'Father,' he inquired, 'in the name of God what is wrong with you? what is it you spake of? Has P—— gone off with your money? Sit down, and don't look so terrified.'

'He has, Conner—robbed me an' half the county—he disappeared the evenin' of the very day I left my

last lodgment wid him; he's in that nest of robbers, the Isle of Man, an' I'm ruined—ruined! Oh, God! Connor, how can I stand it? all my carmin's an' my savin's an' the fruits of my industry in *his* pocket, an' upon *his* back, an' upon *his* bones! My brain is reelin'—I dunna what I'm doin', nor what I'll do. To what hand now can I turn myself? who'll assist me? I dunna what I'm doin', nor scarcely what I'm sayin'. My head's all in confusion. Gone! gone! gone! Oh, see the luck that has come down upon me! Above all men, why was I singled out to be made a world's wondher of—why was I? What did I do? I robbed no one; yet it's gone—an' see the death that's afore me! oh God! oh God!'

'Well, father, let it go—you have still your health; you have still my poor mother to console you; and I hope you'll soon have myself too; between us we'll keep you comfortable, and if you'll allow us to take our own way, more so than ever you did——'

Fardorougha started, as if struck by some faint but sudden recollection. All at once he looked with amazement around the room, and afterwards, with a pause of inquiry, at his son. At length, a light of some forgotten memory appeared to flash at once across his brain; his countenance changed from the wild and unsettled expression which it bore, to one more stamped with the earnest humanity of our better nature.

'Oh, Connor,' he at last exclaimed, putting his two hands into those of his son; 'can you pity me, an' forgive me? You see, my poor boy, how I'm sufferin', an' you see that I can't—I wont—be able to bear up against this, long.'

The tears here ran down his worn and hollow cheeks.

'Oh,' he proceeded, 'how could I forget you, my darlin' boy? but I hardly think my head's right. If I had you with me, an' before my eyes, you'd keep my heart right, an' give me strength, which I stand sorely in need of. Saints in glory! how could I forget you, acushla, an' what now can I do for you? Not a penny have I to pay lawyer, or attorney, or any one, to defend you at your trial, and it so near!'

'Why, haven't you settled all that with Mr. Cassidy, the attorney?'

'Not a bit, achora machree, not a bit; I was wid him this day, an' had agreed, but whin I went to give him an order on P——, he—oh saints above, he whistled at me an' it—an' told me that P—— was gone to that nest o' robbers, the Isle of Man.'

Connor turned his eyes, during a long pause, on the floor, and it was evident by his features that he laboured under some powerful and profound emotion. He rose up and took a sudden turn or two across the room, then resuming his seat, he wiped away a few bitter tears that no firmness on his part could repress.

'Noble girl—my darling, darling life, I see it all,'

he exclaimed, 'Father, I never felt how bitter an' dark my fate is till *now*; death, death would be little to me, only for her, but to leave her—to leave *her*,' he suddenly buried his face in his hands; but, by an insistent effort once more rose up and added—'Well, I'll die worthy of her, if I can't live so. Like a man I'll die, if it must be—she knows I'm innocent, father; an' when others—when the world—will be talkin' of me as a villain, there will be, out of my own family at all events, one heart and one tongue, that will defend my unhappy name. If I am to come to a shameful death, I'll care little about what the world may think, but that *she* knows me to be innocent, will make me die proudly—proudly.'

Whilst he thus spoke and thought, the father's eyes with a fixed gaze, steadily followed his motions; the old man's countenance altered; it first became pale as the ghastly visage of a skeleton, anon darkened with horror, which eventually shifted its hue into the workings of some passion or feeling that was new to him.

'Connor,' said he, feebly, 'I am unwell—unwell—come and sit down by me.'

'You are too much distressed every way, father,' said his son, taking his place upon the iron bedstead beside him.

'I am,' said Fardorougha calmly; 'I am too much distressed—sit nearer me, Connor. I wish your mother was here, but she wasn't able to come, she's unwell too; a good mother she was, Connor, and a good wife.'

The son was struck, and somewhat alarmed by this sudden and extraordinary calmness of the old man.

'Father dear,' said he, 'don't be too much disheartened—all will be well yet, I hope—my trust in God is strong.'

'I hope all will be well,' replied the old man, 'sit nearer me, an' Connor, let me lay my head over upon your breast. I'm thinkin' a great dale—don't the world say, Connor, that I am a bad man?'

'I don't care what the world says; no one in it ever durst say as much to *me*, father dear.'

The old man looked up affectionately, but shook his head apparently in calm but rooted sorrow.

'Put your arms about me, Connor, and keep my head a little more up; I'm weak an' tired, an', someway, spakin's a throuble to me; let me think for a while.'

'Do so, father,' said the son, with deep compassion; 'God knows but you're sufferin's enough to wear you out.'

'It is,' said Fardorougha, 'it is.'

A silence of some minutes ensued, during which, Connor perceived that the old man, overcome with care and misery, had actually fallen asleep with his head upon his bosom. This circumstance, though by no means extraordinary, affected him very much. On surveying the pallid face of his father, and the worn thread-like veins that ran along his temples, and call-

ing to mind the love of the old man for himself, which, even avarice, in its deadliest power, failed to utterly overcome, he felt all the springs of his affection loosened, and his soul vibrated with a tenderness towards him, such as no situation in their past lives had ever before created.

'If my fate chances to be an untimely one, father dear,' he slowly murmured, 'we'll soon meet in another place, for I know that you will not long live after me.'

He then thought with bitterness of his mother and Una, and wondered at the mystery of the trial to which he was exposed.

The old man's slumber, however, was not dreamless, nor so refreshing as the exhaustion of a frame, shattered by the havoc of contending principles required. On the contrary, it was disturbed by heavy groans, quick startings, and those twitchings of the limbs which betoken a restless mood of mind, and a nervous system highly excited. In the course of half an hour, the symptoms of his inward commotion became more apparent; from being as at first merely physical, they assumed a mental character, and passed from ejaculations and single words, to short sentences, and ultimately to those of considerable length.

'Gone,' he exclaimed, 'gone, oh God! my curse—starved—dog—wid my tongue out!'

This dread of starvation, which haunted him through life, appeared in his dream still to follow him like a demon.

'I'm dyin',' he said, 'I'm dyin' wid hunger—will no one give me a morsel? I was robbed an' have no money—don't you see me starvin'. I'm cuttin' wid hunger—five days without mate—bring me mate, for God's sake—mate, mate, mate!—I'm gaspin'—my tongue's out; look at me, like a dog, behind this ditch, an' my tongue out!'

The son at this period would have awoke him, but he became more composed for a time, and enjoyed apparently a refreshing sleep. Still it soon was evident that he dreamt, and as clear that a change had come o'er the spirit of his dream.

'Who'll prevent me?' he exclaimed, 'isn't he my son, our only child? Let me alone—I must, I must—what's my life, take it, an' let *him* live.'

The tears started to Connor's eyes, and he pressed his father to his heart.

'Don't hould me,' he proceeded, oh God, here, I'll give all I'm worth, an' save him! Oh let me, thin—let me but kiss him once before he dies; it was I, it was myself that murdered him—all might 'a been well; ay, it was I that murdered you, Connor, my brave boy, an' have I you in my arms! Oh avick agus asshore machree, it was I that murdered you, by my —, but they're takin' him—they're bearin' him away to—'

He started, and awoke, but so terrific had been his

dream, that on opening his eyes he clasped Connor in his arms, and exclaimed—

‘No, no, I’ll hould him till you cut my grip. Connor, avick, avick machree, hould to me!’

‘Father, father, for God’s sake, think a minute, you wor only dreamin’.’

‘Eh—what—where am I! Oh Connor darlin’, if you knew the dhramas I had—I thought you wor on the scaffle; but thanks be to the Saver, it *was* only a dhrame.’

‘Nothing more, father—nothing more; but for God’s sake, keep your mind aisy. Trust in God, father; every thing’s in *his* hands; if it’s his will to make us suffer, we ought to submit; and if it’s not his will, he surely can bring us out of all our troubles. That’s the greatest comfort I have.’

Fardorougha once more became calm, but still there was on his countenance, which was mournful and full of something else than simple sorrow, some deeply fixed determination, such as it was difficult to develope.

‘Connor, achora,’ said he, ‘I must lave you, for there’s little time to be lost. What attorney would you wish me to employ? I’ll go home an’ sell oats an’ a cow or two. I’ve done you harm enough—more than you know—but now I’ll spare no cost to get you out of this business. Connor, the tears that I saw a while ago run down your cheeks cut me to the heart.’

The son then informed him that a friend had taken proper measures for his defence, and that any further interference on his part would only create confusion and delay. He also entreated his father to make no allusion whatsoever to *this* circumstance, and added, ‘that he himself actually knew not the name of the friend in question, but that, as the matter stood, he considered even a surmise to be a breach of confidence that might be indelicate and offensive. After the trial, you can and ought to pay the expenses, and not be under an obligation to any one of so solemn a kind as that.’ He then sent his affectionate love and duty to his mother, at whose name his eyes were again filled with tears, and begged the old man to comfort and support her with the utmost care and tenderness. As she was unwell, he requested him to dissuade her against visiting him till after the trial, lest an interview might increase her illness, and render her less capable of bearing up under an unfavourable sentence, should such be the issue of the prosecution. Having then bade farewell to, and embraced the old man, the latter departed with more calmness and fortitude than he had up to that period displayed.

When Time approaches the miserable with calamity in his train, his pinion is swifter than that of the eagle; but, alas! when carrying them towards happiness, his pace is slower than is that of the tortoise.

The only three persons on earth, whose happiness was involved in that of O’Donovan, found themselves, on the eve of the assizes, overshadowed by a dreariness of heart, that was strong in proportion to the love they bore him. The dead calm which had fallen on Fardorougha was absolutely more painful to his wife, than would have been the paroxysms that resulted from his lust of wealth. Since his last interview with Connor, he never once alluded to the loss of his money, unless abruptly in his dreams, but there was stamped upon his whole manner a gloomy and mysterious composure, which, of itself wofully sank her spirits, independently of the fate which impended over their son. The change, visible on both, and the breaking down of their strength were indeed pitiable.

As for Una, it would be difficult to describe her struggle between confidence in his innocence, and apprehension of the law, which she knew had often punished the guiltless instead of the criminal. ‘Tis true she attempted to assume in the eyes of others, a fortitude which belied her fears, and even affected to smile at the possibility of her lover’s honour and character suffering any tarnish from the ordeal to which they were about to be submitted. Her smile, however, on such occasions, was a melancholy one, and the secret tears she shed might prove, as they did to her brother, who was alone privy to her grief, the extent of those terrors which, notwithstanding her disavowal of them, wrung her soul so bitterly. Day after day her spirits became more and more depressed, till, as the crisis of Connor’s fate arrived, the roses had altogether flown from her cheeks.

Indeed, now that the trial was at hand, public sympathy turned rapidly and strongly in his favour; his father had lost that wealth, the acquisition of which earned him so heavy a portion of infamy; and, as he had been sufficiently punished *in his own person*, they did not think it just to transfer any portion of the resentment borne against him to a son who had never participated in his system of oppression. They felt for Connor now on his own account, and remembered only his amiable and excellent character. In addition to this, the history of the mutual attachment between him and Una having become the topic of general conversation, the rash act for which he stood committed was good-humouredly resolved into a foolish freak of love; for which it would be a thousand murders to take away his life. In such mood was the public, and the parties most interested in the event of our story, when the morning dawned of that awful day which was to restore Connor O’Donovan to the hearts that loved him so well, or to doom him a convicted felon, to a shameful and ignominious death.

At length the trial came on, and our unhappy prisoner, at the hour of eleven o’clock, was placed at the bar of his country to stand the brunt of a Government

prosecution. Common report had already carried abroad the story of Una's love and his, many interesting accounts of which had got into the papers of the day. When he stood forward, therefore, all eyes were eagerly rivetted upon him; the judge glanced at him with calm dispassionate scrutiny, and the members of the bar, especially the juniors, turning round, surveyed him through their glasses with a gaze in which might be read something more than that hard indifference which familiarity with human crime and affliction ultimately produces even in dispositions the most humane and amiable. No sooner had the curiosity of the multitude been gratified, than a murmur of pity, blended slightly with surprise and approbation, ran lowly through the court-house. One of the judges whispered a few words to his brother, and the latter again surveyed Connor with a countenance in which were depicted admiration and regret. The counsel also chatted to each other in a low tone, occasionally turning round and marking his deportment and appearance with increasing interest.

Seldom, probably never, had a more striking, perhaps a more noble figure, stood at the bar of that court. His locks were rich and brown; his forehead expansive, and his manly features remarkable for their symmetry; his teeth were regular and white, and his dark eye full of a youthful lustre which the dread of no calamity could repress. Neither was his figure, which was of the tallest, inferior in a single point to so fine a countenance. As he stood, at his full height of six feet, it was impossible not to feel deeply influenced in his favour, especially after having witnessed the mournful but dignified composure of his manner, equally remote from indifference or dejection. He appeared indeed to view in its proper light, the danger of the position in which he stood, but he viewed it with the calm unshrinking energy of a brave man who is always prepared for the worst. Indeed there might be observed upon his broad open brow a loftiness of bearing such as is not unfrequently produced by a consciousness of innocence, and the natural elevation of mind which results from a sense of danger; to which we may add that inward scorn which is ever felt for baseness, by those who are degraded to the necessity of defending themselves against the villany of the malignant and profligate.

When called upon to plead to the indictment, he uttered the words 'not guilty' in a full, firm and mellow voice that drew the eyes of the spectators once more upon him, and occasioned another slight hum of sympathy and admiration. No change of colour was observable on his countenance, or any other expression, save the lofty composure to which we have just alluded.

The trial at length proceeded, and, after a long and able statement from the attorney-general, Bartle Flanagan was called up on the table. The prisoner, whose

motions were keenly observed, betrayed, on seeing him, neither embarrassment nor agitation; all that could be perceived, was a more earnest and intense light in his eyes, as they settled upon his accuser. Flanagan detailed, with singular minuteness and accuracy, the whole progress of the crime from its first conception to its perpetration. Indeed, had he himself been in the dock, and his evidence against Connor a confession of his own guilt, it would, with some exceptions, have been literally true. He was ably cross-examined, but no tact or experience, or talent, on the part of the prisoner's counsel, could in any important degree shake his testimony. The ingenuity with which he laid and conducted the plot was astonishing, as was his foresight, and the precaution he adopted against detection. Cassidy, Connor's attorney, had ferreted out the very man from whom he purchased the tinder-box, with a hope of proving that it was not the prisoner's property but his own, yet this person, who remembered the transaction very well, assured him that Flanagan said he procured it by the desire of Fardorougha Donovan's son.

During his whole evidence, he never once raised his eye to look upon the prisoner's face, until he was desired to identify him. He then turned round, and standing with the rod in his hand, looked for some moments upon his victim. His dark brows got black as night, whilst his cheeks were blanched to the hue of ashes—the white smile as before sat upon his lips, and his eyes, in which there blazed the unsteady fire of a treacherous and cowardly heart, sparkled with the red turbid glare of triumph and vengeance. He laid the rod upon Connor's head, and they gazed at each other face to face, exhibiting as striking a contrast as could be witnessed. The latter stood erect and unshaken—his eye calmly bent upon that of his foe, but with a spirit in it that seemed to him alone by whom it was best understood, to strike dismay into the very soul of falsehood within him. The villain's eyes could not withstand the glance of Connor's—they fell, and his whole countenance assumed such a blank and guilty stamp, that an old experienced barrister who watched them both, could not avoid saying, that if he had his will they should exchange situations.

'I would not hang a dog,' he whispered, 'on that fellow's evidence—he has guilt in his face.'

When asked why he ran away on meeting Phil Curtis, near O'Brien's house, on their return that night, while Connor held his ground, he replied that it was very natural he should run away, and not wish to be seen after having assisted at such a crime. In reply to another question, he said it was as natural that Connor should have run away also, and that he could not account for it, except by the fact that God always occasions the guilty to commit some oversight, by which they may be brought to punishment. These

replies, apparently so rational and satisfactory, convinced Connor's counsel that his case was hopeless, and that no skill or ingenuity on their part could succeed in breaking down Flanagan's evidence.

The next witness called was Phil Curtis, whose testimony corroborated Bartle's in every particular, and gave to the whole trial a character of gloom and despair. The constables who applied his shoes to the foot-marks were then produced, and swore in the clearest manner as to their corresponding. They then deposed to finding the tinder-box in his pocket, according to the information received from Flanagan, every tittle of which they found to be remarkably correct.

There was only one other witness now necessary to complete the chain against him, and he was only produced because Biddy Nulty, the servant-maid, positively stated, and actually swore, when previously examined, that she was ignorant whether Connor slept in his father's house on the night in question or not. There was no alternative, therefore, but to produce the father; and Fardorougha Donovan was consequently forced to become an evidence against his own son.

The old man's appearance upon the table excited deep commiseration for both, and the more so when the spectators contemplated the rooted sorrow which lay upon the wild and wasted features of the wo-worn father. Still the old man was composed and calm; but his calmness was in an extraordinary degree mournful and touching. When he sat down after having been sworn, and feebly wiped the dew from his thin temples, many eyes were already filled with tears. When the question was put to him if he remembered the night laid in the indictment, he replied that he did.

'Did the prisoner at the bar sleep at home on that night?'

The old man looked into the face of the counsel with such an eye of deprecating entreaty, as shook the voice in which the question was repeated. He then turned about, and taking a long gaze at his son, rose up, and extending his hands to the judges, exclaimed:

'My lords, my lords, he is my only son—my only child!'

These words were followed by a pause in the business of the court, and a dead silence of more than a minute.

'If Justice,' said the judge, 'could on any occasion waive her claim to a subordinate link in the testimony she requires, it would certainly be in a case so painful and affecting as this. Still we cannot permit personal feeling, however amiable, or domestic attachment, however strong, to impede her progress when redressing public wrong. Although the duty be painful, and, we admit, that such a duty is one of unexampled

agony, yet it must be complied with, and you consequently will answer the question which the counsel has put to you. The interests of society require such sacrifices, and they must be made.'

The old man kept his eyes fixed on the judge while he spoke, but when he had ceased, he again fixed them on his son.

'My lord,' he exclaimed again, with clasped hands, 'I can't—I can't.'

'There is nothing criminal, or improper, or sinful in it,' replied the judge; 'on the contrary, it is your duty both as a Christian and a man. Remember you have this moment sworn to tell the truth, and the whole truth; you consequently must keep your oath.'

'What you say, sir, may be right, an' of coorse is; but oh, my lord, I'm not able; I can't get out the words to hang my only boy. If I said any thing to hurt him, my heart 'ud break before your eyes. Maybe you don't know the love of a father for an only son?'

'Perhaps, my lords,' observed the attorney-general, 'it would be desirable to send for a clergyman of his own religion, who might succeed in prevailing on him to—'

'No,' interrupted Fardorougha, 'my mind's made up—a word against him will never come from my lips, not for priest or friar. I'd die widout the saykerment sooner.'

'This is trifling with the court,' said the judge, assuming an air of severity, which, however, he did not feel. 'We shall be forced to commit you to prison unless you give evidence.'

'My lord,' said Fardorougha, meekly but firmly, 'I am willin' to go to prison. I am willin' to die wid him, if he is to die—but I neither can nor will open my lips against him. If I thought him guilty I might, but I know he is innocent—my heart knows it—an' am I to back the villain that's strivin' to swear away his life! No, Connor avourneen, whatever they do to you, your father will have no hand in it.'

The court, in fact, were perplexed in the extreme. The old man was not only firm, from motives of strong attachment, but intractable from an habitual narrowness of thought which prevented him from taking that comprehensive view of justice and judicial authority, which might overcome the repugnance of men less obstinate from ignorance of legal usages.

'I ask you for the last time,' said the judge, 'will you give your evidence? because if you refuse, the court will feel bound to send you to prison.'

'God bless you, my lord; that's a relief to my heart—any thing, any thing, but to say a word against a boy that, since the day he was born, never vexed either his mother or myself. If he gets over this, I have much to make up to him, for indeed I wasn't the father to him that I ought. Avick machree, now I feel it, maybe whin it's too late.'

These words affected all who heard them, many even to tears.

'I have no remedy,' observed the judge. 'Tipstaff, take away the witness to prison. It is painful to me,' he added, in a broken voice, 'to feel compelled thus to punish you for an act which, however I may respect the motives that dictate it, I cannot overlook. The ends of justice cannot be frustrated.'

'My lord,' exclaimed the prisoner, 'don't punish the old man for refusing to speak against me. His love for me is so strong, that I know he couldn't do it. I will state the truth myself, but spare him. I did *not* sleep in my own bed on the night Mr. O'Brien's haggard was burned, nor on the night before it. I slept in my father's barn with Flanagan, both times at his own request, but I did not then suspect his design in asking me.'

'This admission, though creditable to your affection and filial duty, was indiscreet,' observed the judge. 'Whatever you think might be serviceable, suggest to your attorney, who can communicate it to your counsel.'

'My lord,' said Connor, 'I could not see my father punished for loving me as he does; an' besides I have no wish to conceal any thing. If the whole truth could be known, I would stand but a short time where I am, nor would Flanagan be long out of it.'

There is an earnest and impressive tone in truth, especially when spoken under circumstances of great difficulty, where it is rather disadvantageous to him who utters it, that in many instances produces conviction by an inherent candour which all feel without any process of reasoning or argument. There was in those few words a warmth of affection towards his father, and a manly simplicity of heart, each of which was duly appreciated by the assembly about him, who felt, without knowing why, the indignant scorn of falsehood that so emphatically pervaded his expressions. It was indeed impossible to hear them, and look upon his noble countenance and figure without forgetting the humbleness of his rank in life, and feeling for him a marked deference and respect.

The trial then proceeded, but, alas, the hopes of Connor's friends abandoned them at its conclusion; for although the judge's charge was as favourable as the nature of the evidence permitted, yet it was quite clear that the jury had only one course to pursue, and that was to bring in a conviction. After a lapse of about ten minutes, they returned to the jury-box, and as the foreman handed down their verdict, a feather might be heard falling in the court. The faces of the spectators got pale, and the hearts of strong men beat as if the verdict about to be announced were to fall upon themselves, and not upon the prisoner. It is at all times an awful and trying ceremony to witness, but on this occasion it was a much more affecting one than

had occurred in that court for many years. As the foreman handed down the verdict, Connor's eye followed the paper with the same calm resolution which he displayed during the trial. On himself there was no change visible, unless the appearance of two round spots, one on each cheek, of a somewhat deeper red than the rest. At length, in the midst of the dead silence, pronounced in a voice that reached to the remotest extremity of the court, was heard the fatal sentence—'Guilty;' and afterwards in a less distinct manner, 'with our strongest and most earnest recommendation for mercy, in consequence of his youth and previous good character.' The wail and loud sobbings of the female part of the crowd, and the stronger but more silent grief of the men, could not for many minutes be repressed by any efforts of the court or its officers. In the midst of this a little to the left of the dock, was an old man, whom those around him were conveying in a state of insensibility out of the court, and it was obvious that from motives of humane consideration for the prisoner, they endeavoured to prevent him from ascertaining that it was his father. In this, however, they failed; the son's eye caught a glimpse of his grey locks, and it was observed that his cheek paled for the first time, indicating by a momentary change, that the only evidence of agitation he betrayed, was occasioned by sympathy in the old man's sorrows, rather than by the contemplation of his own fate.

The tragic spirit of the day, however, was still to deepen, and a more stunning blow, though less acute in its agony, was to fall upon the prisoner. The stir of the calm and solemn jurors, as they issued out of their room—the hushed breaths of the spectators—the deadly silence that prevails—and the appalling announcement of the word 'Guilty'—are circumstances that test human fortitude, more even than the passing of the fearful sentence itself. In the latter case hope is banished, and the worst that can happen known; the mind is, therefore, thrown back upon its last energies, which give it strength in the same way in which the death-struggle frequently arouses the muscular action of the body—an unconscious power or resistance that forces the culprit's heart to take refuge in the first and strongest instincts of its nature, the undying principle of self-preservation. No sooner was the verdict returned, and silence obtained, than the judge, now deeply affected, put on the black cap, at which a low wild murmur of stifled grief and pity ran through the court-house; but no sooner was his eye bent on the prisoner, than their anxiety to hear the sentence hushed them once more into the stillness of the grave. The prisoner looked upon him with an open but melancholy gaze, which from the candid and manly character of his countenance, was touching in the extreme.

'Connor O'Donovan,' said the judge, 'have you any

thing to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon you?"

"My lord," he replied, "I can say nothing to prevent it. I am prepared for it. I know I must bear it, and I hope I will bear it as a man ought that feels his heart free from even a thought of the crime he is to die for. I have nothing more to say."

"You have this day been found guilty," proceeded the judge, "and, in the opinion of the court, upon clear and satisfactory evidence, of a crime marked by a character of revenge, which I am bound to say must have proceeded from a very malignant spirit. It was a wanton act, for the perpetration of which your motives were so inadequate, that one must feel at a loss to ascertain the exact principle on which you committed it. It was also not only a wicked act, but one so mean, that a young man bearing the character of spirit and generosity which you have hitherto borne, as appears from the testimony of those respectable persons who this day have spoken in your favour, ought to have scorned to contemplate it even for a moment. Had the passion you entertained for the daughter of the man you so basely injured, possessed one atom of the dignity, disinterestedness, or purity of true affection, you never could have stooped to any act offensive to the object of your love, or to those even in the remotest degree related to her. The example, consequently, which you have held out to society, is equally vile and dangerous. A parent discharges the most solemn and important of all duties, when disposing of his children in marriage, because by that act he seals their happiness or misery in this life, and most probably in that which is to come. By what tie, by what duty, by what consideration, is not a parent bound to consult for the best interests of those beloved beings whom he has brought into the world, and who, in a great measure depend upon him as their dearest relative, their guardian by the voice of nature, for the fulfilment of those expectations upon which depends the principal comforts and enjoyments of life? Reason, religion, justice, instinct, the whole economy of nature, both in man and the inferior animals, all teach him to secure for them, as far as in him lies, the greatest sum of human happiness; but if there be one duty more sacred and tender than another, it is that which a parent is called upon to exercise on behalf of a daughter. The son, impressed by that original impulse which moves him to assume a loftier place in the conduct of life, and gifted also with a stronger mind, and clearer judgment, to guide him in its varied transactions, goes abroad into society, and claims for himself a bolder right of thought and a wider range of action, while determining an event which is to exercise, as marriage does, such an important influence upon his own future condition, and all the relations that may arise out of it. From this privilege the beautiful and delicate frame-work of woman's moral

nature debars her, and she is consequently forced, by the graces of her own modesty—by the finer texture of her mind—by her greater purity and gentleness—in short, by all her virtues, into a tenderer and more affecting dependence upon the judgment and love of her natural guardians, whose pleasure is made, by a wise decree of God, commensurate with their duty in providing for her wants and enjoyments. There is no point of view in which the parental character shines forth with greater beauty than that in which it appears while working for and promoting the happiness of a daughter. But you, it would seem, did not think so. You punished the father by a dastardly and unmanly act, for guarding the future peace and welfare of a child so young, and so dear to him. What would become of society if this exercise of a parent's right on behalf of his daughter were to be visited upon him as a crime, by every vindictive and disappointed man, whose affection for them he might, upon proper grounds, decline to sanction? Yet it is singular, and, I confess, almost inexplicable to me at least, why you should have rushed into the commission of such an act. The brief period of your existence has been stained by no other crime. On the contrary, you have maintained a character far above your situation in life—a character equally remarkable for gentleness, spirit, truth, and affection—all of which your appearance and bearing have this day exhibited. Your countenance presents no feature expressive of ferocity, or of those headlong propensities which lead to outrage; and I must confess, that on no other occasion of my judicial life have I ever felt my judgment and my feelings so much at issue. I cannot doubt your guilt, but I shed those tears that it ever existed, and that a youth of so much promise should be cut down prematurely by the strong arm of necessary justice, leaving his bereaved parents bowed down with despair that can never be comforted. Had they another son, or another child to whom their affections could turn——"

Here the judge felt it necessary to pause, in consequence of his emotions. Strong feelings had, indeed, spread through the whole court, in which, while he ceased, could be heard low moanings, and other symptoms of acute sorrow.

"It is now your duty to forget every earthly object on which your heart may have been fixed, and to seek that source of consolation and mercy which can best sustain and comfort you. Go with a penitent heart to the throne of your Redeemer, who, if your repentance be sincere, will in no wise cast you out. Unhappy youth, prepare yourself, let me implore you, for infinitely a greater and more awful tribunal than this. There, should the judgment be in your favour, you will learn that the fate which has cut you off in the bloom of early life, will bring an accession of happiness to your being for which no earthly enjoyment here, however prolong-

ed or exalted, could compensate you. The recommendation of the jury to the mercy of the crown, in consideration of your youth and previous good conduct, will not be overlooked; but in the meantime the court is bound to pronounce upon you the sentence of the law, which is, that you be taken from the prison from which you came, on the 8th of next month, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon, to the front drop of the jail, and there hanged by the neck, until you be dead, and may God have mercy on your soul!"

'My lord,' said the prisoner, unmoved in voice or in manner, unless it might be that both expressed more decision and energy than he had shown during any other part of the trial; 'my lord, I am now a condemned man, but if I stood with the rope about my neck, ready to die, I would not exchange situations with the man that has been my accuser. My lord, I can forgive him, and I ought, for I know he has yet to die, and must meet his God. As for myself, I am thankful that I have not such a conscience as his to bring before my Judge; and for this reason I am not afraid to die.'

He was then removed amidst a murmur of grief, as deep and sincere as was ever expressed for a human being under circumstances of a similar character. After having entered the prison, he was about to turn along a passage which led to the apartment hitherto allocated to him.

'This way,' said the turnkey, 'this way; God knows I would be glad to let you stop in the room you had, but I haven't the power. We must put you into one of the condemned cells; but by — it'll go hard if I don't stretch a little to make you as comfortable as possible.'

'Take no trouble,' said Connor, 'take no trouble. I care now little about my own comfort; but if you wish to oblige me, bring me my father. Oh, my mother, my mother!—you, I doubt, are struck down already!'

'She was too ill to attend the trial to-day,' replied the turnkey.

'I know it,' said Connor; 'but as she's not here, bring me my father. Send out a messenger for him, and be quick, for I won't rest till I see him—he wants comfort—the old man's heart will break.'

'I heard them say,' replied the turnkey, after they had entered the cell allotted to him, 'that he was in a faint in Mat Corrigan's public-house, but that he had recovered. I'll go myself and bring him in to you.'

'Do,' said Connor, 'an' leave us the moment you bring him.'

It was more than an hour before the man returned, holding Fardorougha by the arm, and after having left him in the cell, he instantly locked it outside, and withdrew as he had been desired. Connor ran to support his tottering steps; and woefully indeed did that unfortunate parent stand in need of his assistance. In the picture presented by Fardorougha the unhappy

young man forgot in a moment his own miserable and gloomy fate. There blazed in his father's eyes an excitement at once dead and wild—a vague fire without character, yet stirred by an incomprehensible energy wholly beyond the usual manifestations of thought or suffering. The son on beholding him shuddered, and not for the first time, for he had on one or two occasions before become apprehensive that his father's mind might, if strongly pressed, be worn down by the singular conflict of which it was the scene, to that most frightful of all maladies—insanity. As the old man, however, folded him in his feeble arms, and attempted to express what he felt, the unhappy boy groaned aloud, and felt even in the depth of his cell, a blush of momentary shame suffuse his cheek and brow. His father, notwithstanding the sentence that had been so shortly before passed upon his son—that father, he perceived to be absolutely intoxicated, or to use a more appropriate expression, decidedly drunk. There was less blame, however, to be attached to Fardorougha on this occasion, than Connor imagined. When the old man swooned in the court-house, he was taken by his neighbours to a public-house, where he lay for some minutes in a state of insensibility. On his recovery he was plied with burnt whiskey, as well to restore his strength and prevent a relapse, as upon the principle that it would enable him to sustain with more firmness the dreadful and shocking destiny which awaited his son. Actuated by motives of mistaken kindness, they poured between two and three glasses of this fiery cordial down his throat, which, as he had not taken so much during the lapse of thirty years before, soon reduced the feeble old man to the condition in which we have described him when entering the gloomy cell of the prisoner.

'Father,' said Connor, 'in the name of heaven above, who or what has put you into this dreadful state, especially when we consider the hard, hard fate that is over us, and upon us!'

'Connor,' returned Fardorougha, not perceiving the drift of his question, 'Connor, my son, I'll hang—hang him, that's one comfort.'

'Who are you spaking about?'

'The villain sentence was passed on to—to-day. He'll swing—swing for the robbery; P—e will. We got him back out of that nest of robbers, the Isle o' Man—o' Man they call it—that he made off to, the villain!'

'Father dear, I'm sorry to see you in this state on such a day—such a black day to us. For *your* sake I am. What will the world say of it?'

'Connor, I'm in great spirits all out, exceptin' for something that I forget, that—that—li—lies heavy upon me. That I mayn't sin, but I am—I am, indeed—for now that we've *catch* him, we'll hang the villain up. Ha, ha, ha, it's a pleasant sight to see sich a fellow danglein' from a rope!'

'Father, sit down here, sit down upon this bad and comfortless bed, and keep yourself quiet for a little. Maybe you'll be better soon. Oh, why did you drink, and us in such trouble?'

'I'll not sit down; I'm very well able to stand,' said he, tottering across the room. 'The villain thought to starve me, Connor, but you heard the sentence that was passed on him to-day. Where's Honor, from me? she'll be glad whin—whin she hears it, and my son, Connor, will too—but he's, he's—where is Connor?—bring me, bring me to Connor. Ah, avourneen, Honor's heart's breaking for him—'tany rate, the mother's heart—the mother's heart—she's laid low wid an achin' sorrowful head for her boy.'

'Father, for God's sake, will you try and rest a little. If you could sleep, father dear, if you could sleep.'

'I'll hang P———I'll hang him—but if he gives back my money, I'll not touch him. Who are you?'

'Father dear, I'm Connor, your own son, Connor.'

'I'll marry you and Una, then. I'll settle all the villain robbed me of on you, and you'll have every penny of it *after my death*. Don't be keepin' me up, I can walk very well; ay, an' I'm in right good spirits. Sure, the money's got, Connor—got back every skilleen of it. Ha, ha, ha, God be praised! God be praised! We've a right to be thankful—the world isn't so bad, after all.'

'Father, will you try and rest?'

'It's not bad, after all—I won't starve, as I thought I would, now that the *arrighad* is got back from the villain. Ha, ha, ha, it's great—it's great, Connor, ahagur.'

'What is it, father dear?'

'Connor, sing me a song—my heart's up—it's light—arn't you glad?—sing me a song.'

'If you'll sleep first, father dear.'

'The *Uligone*, Connor, or *Shuilagra*, or the *Trougha*—for, avourneen, avourneen, there must be sorrow in it, for my heart's low, and your mother's heart's in sorrow, and she's lyin' far from us, an' her boy's not near her, an' her heart's sore, sore, and her head achin', bekase her boy's far from her, an' she can't come to him!'

The boy, whose noble fortitude was unshaken during the formidable trial it had encountered in the course of that day, now felt overcome by this simple allusion to his mother's love. He threw his arms about his father's neck, and placing his head upon his bosom, wept aloud for many, many minutes.

'Hush, Connor, hush, ashore—what makes you cry? Sure, all 'ill be right now that we've got back the money. Eh? Ha, ha, ha, it's great luck, Connor, isn't it great! An' you'll have it, you an' Una, *after my death*—for I won't starve for e'er a one o' yeas.'

'Father, father, I wish you would rest.'

'Well, I will, avick, I will—bring me to bed—you'll

sleep in your own bed to night. Your poor mother's head hasn't been off o' the place where your own lay, Connor. No, indeed; her heart's low—it's breakin'—it's breakin'—but she won't let any body make *your* bed but herself. Oh, the mother's love, Connor—that mother's love—that mother's love—but, Connor—'

'Well, father, dear?'

'Isn't there something wrong, avick! isn't there something not right, somehow?'

This question occasioned the son to feel as if his heart would literally burst to pieces, especially when he considered the circumstances under which the old man put it. Indeed there was something so transcendantly appalling in his intoxication, and in a wild but affecting tone of his conversation, that when joined to his pallid and spectral appearance, it gave a character, for the time being, of a mood that struck the heart with an image more frightful than that of madness itself.

'Wrong, father!' he replied, 'all's wrong, and I can't understand it. It's well for you that you don't know the doom that's upon us now, for I feel how it would bring you down, and how it will, too. It will kill you, my father—it will kill you.'

'Connor, come home, avick, come home—I'm tired at any rate—come home to your mother—come, for her sake—I know I'm not at home, an' she'll not rest till I bring you safe back to her. Come now, I'll have no put off—you must come, I say—I order you—I can't and won't meet her widout you. Come, avick, an' you can sing me the song goin' home—come wid your own poor ould father, that can't live widout you—come, a *sullish machree*, I don't feel right here—we won't be properly happy, till we go to your lovin' mother.'

'Father, father, you don't know what you're making me suffer. What heart, blessed heaven, can bear—'

The door of his cell here opened, and the turnkey stated that some five or six of his friends were anxious to see him, and, above all things, to take charge of his father to his own home. This was a manifest relief to the young man, who then felt more deeply on his unhappy father's account than on his own.

'Some foolish friends,' said he, 'have given my father liquor, an' it has got into his head—indeed it overcame him the more, as I never remember him to taste a drop of spirits during his life before. I can see nobody now an' him in this state; but if they wish me well, let them take care of him, and leave him safe at his own house, and tell them I'll be glad if I can see them to-morrow, or any other time.'

With considerable difficulty Fardorougha was removed from Connor, whom he clung to with all his strength, attempting also to drag him away. He then wept bitterly, because he declined to accompany him home, that he might comfort his mother, and enjoy

the imagined recovery of his money from P——, and the conviction which he believed they had just succeeded in getting against that notorious defaulter.

After they had departed, Connor sat down upon his hard pallet, and, supporting his head with his hand, saw, for the first time, in all its magnitude and horror, the death to which he found himself now doomed. The excitement occasioned by his trial, and his increasing firmness, as it darkened on through all its stages to the final sentence, now had in a considerable degree abandoned him, and left his heart, at present more accessible to natural weakness than it had been, to the power of his own affections. The image of his early-loved Una had seldom since his arrest been out of his imagination. Her youth, her beauty, her wild but natural grace, and the flashing glances of her dark enthusiastic eye, when joined to her tenderness and boundless affection for himself—all caused his heart to quiver with deadly anguish through every fibre. This produced a transition to Flanagan—the contemplation of whose perfidious vengeance made him spring from his seat in a paroxysm of indignant but intense hatred, so utterly furious that the swelling tempest which it sent through his veins caused him to reel with absolute giddiness.

‘Great God!’ he exclaimed, ‘you are just, and will this be suffered?’

He then thought of his parents, and the fiery mood of his mind changed to one of melancholy and sorrow. He looked back upon his aged father’s enduring struggle—upon the battle of the old man’s heart against the accursed vice which had swayed its impulses so long—on the protracted conflict between the two energies, which, like contending armies in the field, had now left little but ruin and desolation behind them. His heart, when he brought all these things near him, expanded, and like a bird, folded its wings about the grey-haired martyr, to the love he bore him. But his mother—the caressing, the proud, the affectionate, whose heart, in the vivid tenderness of hope for her beloved boy, had shaped out his path in life, as that on which she could brood with the fondness of a loving and delighted spirit—that mother’s image, and the idea of her sorrows prostrated his whole strength, like that of a stricken infant, to the earth.

‘Mother, mother,’ he exclaimed, ‘when I think of what you reared me for, and what I am, this night, how can my heart do otherwise than break, as well on your account as my own, and for all that love us! Oh! what will become of you, my blessed mother! Hard does it go with you that you’re not about your pride, as you used to call me, now that I’m in this trouble, in this fate that is soon to cut me down from your loving arms! The thought of you is dear to my heart, dear, dearer, dearer than that of any—than my own Una. What will become of *her*, too, and the old

man? Oh, why, why is it that the death I am to suffer is to fall so heavily on them that love me best!’

He then returned to his bed, but the cold and dreary images of death and ruin haunted his imagination, until the night was far spent, when at length he fell into a deep and dreamless sleep.

By the sympathy expressed at his trial, our readers may easily conceive the profound sorrow which was felt for him, in the district where he was known, from the moment the knowledge of his sentence had gone abroad among the people. This was much strengthened by that which, whether in man or woman, never fails to create an amiable prejudice in its favour—I mean youth and personal beauty. His whole previous character was now canvassed with a mournful lenity that brought out his virtues into beautiful relief; and the fate of the affectionate son was deplored no less than that of the youthful, but rash and inconsiderate lover. Neither was the father without his share of compassion, for they could not forget that, despite of all his penury and extortion, the old man’s heart had been fixed, with a strong but uncouth affection upon his amiable and only boy. It was, however, when they thought of his mother, in whose heart of hearts he had been enshrined as the idol of her whole affection, that their spirits became truly touched. Many a mother assumed in her own person, by the force of imagination, the sinking woman’s misery, and poured forth, in unavailing tears, the undeniable proofs of the sincerity with which she participated in Honor’s bereavement. As for Flanagan, a deadly weight of odium, such as is peculiar to the *Informer* in Ireland, fell upon both him and his. Nor was this all. Aided by that sagacity which is so conspicuous in Irishmen, when a vindictive or hostile feeling is excited among them, they depicted Flanagan’s character with an accuracy and truth astonishingly correct and intuitive. Numerous were the instances of cowardice, treachery, and revenge remembered against him, by those who had been his close and early companions, not one of which would have ever occurred to them, were it not that their minds had been thrown back upon the scrutiny by the melancholy fate in which he had involved the unhappy Connor O’Donovan. Had he been a mere ordinary witness in the matter, he would have experienced little of this boiling indignation at their hands; but first to participate in the guilt, and afterwards, for the sake of the reward, or from a worse and more flagitious motive, to turn upon him, and become his accuser, even to the taking away the young man’s life—to *slag* against his companion and accomplice—this was looked upon as a crime ten thousand times more black and damnable than that for which the unhappy culprit had been consigned to so shameful a death.

But, alas, of what avail was all this sympathy and

indignation to the unfortunate youth himself, or to those most deeply interested in his fate? Would not the very love and sorrow felt towards her son fall upon his mother's heart with a heavier weight of bitterness and agony? Would not his Una's soul be wounded on that account with a sharper and more deadly pang of despair and misery. It would, indeed, be difficult to say whether the house of Bodagh Buie or that of Fardorough was then in the deeper sorrow. On the morning of Connor's trial Una arose at an earlier hour than usual, and it was observed when she sat at breakfast, that her cheek was at one moment pale as death, and again flushed and feverish. These symptoms were first perceived by her affectionate brother, who, on witnessing the mistakes she made in pouring out the tea, exchanged a glance with his parents, and afterwards asked her to allow him to take her place. She laid down the teapot, and looking him mournfully in the face, attempted to smile at a request so unusual.

'Una dear,' said he, 'you must allow me. There is no necessity for attempting to conceal what you feel—we all know it—and if we did not, the fact of your having filled the sugar-bowl instead of the tea-cup would soon discover it.'

She said nothing, but looked at him again, as if she scarcely comprehended what he said. A glance, however, at the sugar-bowl convinced her that she was incapable of performing the usual duties of the breakfast table. Hitherto she had not raised her eyes to her father or mother's face, nor spoken to them as had been her wont, when meeting at that strictly domestic meal. The unrestrained sobbings of the mother now aroused her for the first time, and on looking up, she saw her father wiping away the big tears from his eyes.

'Una, avourneen,' said the worthy man, 'let John make tay for us—for, God help you, you can't do it. Don't fret, achora machree, don't, don't, Una; as God is over me, I'd give all I'm worth to save him, for your sake.'

She looked at her father, and smiled again; but that smile cut him to the heart.

'I will make the tea myself, father,' she replied, 'and I won't commit any more mistakes; and as she spoke she unconsciously poured the tea into the slop-bowl.'

'Avourneen,' said her mother, 'let John do it: acushla machree, let him do it.'

She then rose, and without uttering a word, passively and silently placed herself on her brother's chair—he having, at the same time, taken that on which she sat.

'Una,' said her father, taking her hand, 'you must be a good girl, and you must have courage; and whatever happens, my darling, you'll pluck up strength, I hope, and bear it.'

'I hope so, father,' said she, 'I hope so.'

'But, avourneen machree,' said her mother, 'I would

rather see you cryin' fifty times over, than smilin' the way you do.'

'Mother,' said she, 'my heart is sore—my heart is sore.'

'It is, ahagur machree; and your hand is tremblin' so much that you can't bring the tay-cup to your mouth; but, then, don't smile so sorrowfully, *anein machree*.'

'Why should I cry, mother!' she replied; 'I know that Connor is innocent. If I knew him to be guilty, I would weep, and I ought to weep.'

'At all events, Una,' said her father, 'you know it's the government, and not us that's prosecuting him.'

To this Una made no reply, but, thrusting away her cup, she looked with the same mournful smile from one to another of the little circle about her. At length she spoke.

'Father, I have a request to ask of you.'

'If it's within my power, Una darling, I'll grant it; and if it's not, it'll go hard with me but I'll bring it within my power. What is it, asthore machree?'

'In case *he's* found guilty, to let John put off his journey to Maynooth, and stay with me for some time—it won't be long I'll keep him.'

'If it pleases you, darling, he'll never put his foot into Maynooth again.'

'No,' said the mother, '*dhamnho* to the step, if you don't wish him.'

'Oh, no, no,' said Una, 'it's only for a while.'

'Unless she desires it, I will never go,' replied the loving brother; 'nor will I ever leave you in your sorrow, my beloved and only sister—never—never—so long as a word from my lips can give you consolation.'

The warm tears coursed each other down his cheeks as he spoke, and both his parents, on looking at the almost blighted flower before them, wept as if the hand of death had already been upon her.

'You, father, and John are going to his trial,' she observed; 'for me I like to be alone;—alone; but when you return to-night, let John break it to me. I'll go now to the garden. I'll walk about to-day—only before you go, John, I want to speak to you.'

Calmly and without a tear, she then left the parlour, and proceeded to the garden, where she began to dress and ornament the hive which contained the swarm that Connor had brought back to her on the day their mutual attachment was first disclosed to each other.

'Father,' said John, when she was gone, 'I am afraid that Una's heart is broken, or if not broken, that she won't survive his conviction long—it's breaking fast—for my part, in her present state, I neither will nor can leave her.'

The affectionate father made no reply, but putting his handkerchief to his eyes, wept, as did her mother, in silent but bitter grief.

'I cannot spake about it, nor think of it, John,' said

he, after some time, 'but we must do what we can for her.'

'If any thing happens her,' said the mother, 'I'd never get over it. Oh merciful Saviour! how could we live without her!'

'I would rather see her in tears,' said John—'I would rather see her in outrageous grief a thousand times, than in the calm but ghastly resolution with which she is bearing herself up against the trial of this day. If he's condemned to death, I'm afraid that either her health or reason will sink under it, and, in that case, God pity her and us, for how, as you say, mother, could we afford to lose her! Still let us hope for the best. Father, it's time to prepare; get the car ready. I am going to the garden, to hear what the poor thing has to say to me, but I will be with you soon.'

Her brother found her, as we have said, engaged calmly, and with a melancholy pleasure, in adorning the hive which, on Connor's account, had become her favourite. He was not at all sorry that she had proposed this short interview, for as his hopes of Connor's acquittal were but feeble, if, indeed, he could truly be said to entertain any, he resolved by delicately communicating his apprehensions, to gradually prepare her mind for the worst that might happen.

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From the Spectator.

THE PROFESSION OF LITERATURE.

We wish to offer a few observations on the subject of literature regarded as a profession, and on the moral circumstances attending its pursuit. If in doing so we have occasion to animadvert with severity on certain sins of the fraternity with which we deem them for the most part chargeable, we shall hardly be suspected of a desire to depreciate a profession the honour and respectability of which we have as much interest in upholding as any of our contemporaries.

The profession of literature has at all times been regarded with some degree of suspicion. It is so little analogous to any other pursuit—the material or commodity in which it deals is so unlike that constituting the basis of any other traffic or business—it is so liable to fluctuations of value, so precarious and so deceptive—that we cannot wonder at any degree of distrust with which it may inspire those not well accustomed to its operations. In the dark ages, reading and writing were a sort of cabalistic arts; and we find that amongst savage tribes at the present day no occupations of European travellers excite so much jealousy and suspicion. Familiar as these arts have long been amongst ourselves, it is not till recently, that is to say till within the present century, that literature has assumed a decidedly professional character in England.

And still some of the old mystery clings to it; if the virtue of its enchantments has not declined, neither have the prejudices existing against its professors altogether subsided. Those who live in great towns are not able to estimate the force of these prejudices. Wherever a large population is drawn to a focus, the profession of literature soon starts into existence, and by supplying an actual want gains an equal footing with other occupations. But in the rural districts, where the social uses of literature are comparatively little felt or appreciated, and where the idea of gaining a livelihood attaches chiefly to the disposal of good solid productions, or the performance of sufficient personal services, an author—living on the airy creations of his mind—is still a phenomenon and a mystery, neither very well liked nor at all understood. What can he do to acquire the money that flows to him? He comes not forth, neither does he make any stir; nobody sees him, nobody hears him, the whole day long; the lazy rogue in his slippers, hanging about the house, and taking no part in the business of the working world—what right has he to the livelihood he gets? He is assuredly a truant,—an idle scapegrace, skipping duty; and it is no honest penny that he is making. Such reflections are still likely to pass through the minds of unsophisticated people, living apart from the influences of a highly-civilized state of society. Nor can it be doubted that a portion of the same feeling, which might suggest such a train of reflections in regard to literary men to the uneducated and ignorant, is entertained even by those who are qualified to appreciate their labours, and who habitually respect them.

It is obvious, therefore, that the literary profession, though rightfully honoured, and possessing no doubtful claim to the position it occupies, does present certain anomalies and objectionable features, detracting from the fulness and integrity of its pretensions. To these features we wish accordingly to point attention; and we do so without the least intention of reserve, though with the utmost good-will towards the profession. The subject is one of great extent, and we shall probably recur to it more than once. In the mean while, not aiming at any strict analysis or methodical procedure, we will briefly glance at some of the more obvious sins of professional writers.

The most noticeable evil besetting the path of professional literature is the temptation to *diffusiveness* which its conditions hold forth. The brains of a professional writer must be in a perpetual flux, or he cannot fulfil his engagements. It is on all occasions absolutely necessary to say something—whether or not he has any thing to say. This dilemma is, at first sight, simply a ludicrous one; but on further consideration it assumes a serious aspect. *A perpetual obligation to speak* can under no circumstances, even the

most favourable, be supposed to be attended with a continuance of happy results; but, under such circumstances as may be called ordinary, it must manifestly result in the utterance of frequent and considerable nonsense. This result produces another, less innocent; for as nonsense, undisguised, is apt to incur inconvenient penalties, so it becomes necessary to disguise it and make it pass for sense; and this is done by the adoption of a style of writing that seems to have been invented on purpose. It is not easy to characterize this style, (by which we shall probably be understood to point to the commonplace newspaper style, as well as that adopted in the Houses of Parliament,) but its leading qualities may be mentioned: and these are *smoothness* and *vagueness*. *Smoothness*, or a pleasant and easy fluency, is of the greatest importance, because it is the means of dropping the reader, or the hearer, gently and as it were imperceptibly down the tide of the nonsense, and lulling him into a happy state of passive indifference, in which he insists on nothing too much, and lets every sentence pass him in peace, without exaction or scrutiny; whereas were he so far roused from his siesta as to arrest one of the periods and demand "what it meant?" there would at once be an end of the charm, and the unlucky speaker would stand confessed in all the nakedness of nonsense. Like Sir Toby Belch's letter of defiance, the article of the learned editor, or speech of the honourable member, though "exceeding good," would be found to be no less "senseless."* *Vagueness* is important, because it puts off the reckoning, and procures a long term of credit for meaning; for in proportion as a discourse is spread over a large surface, the chances of particular error are reduced, and ignorance escapes exposure,—as the county of Cornwall might more safely be described than the town of Truro, by him who had seen neither Truro nor Cornwall.

When we consider how rare a privilege it is to be able to add to the stock of human knowledge, even where the mind has been continually and studiously addressed to the contemplation of a single branch of science, and how much time and thought deserve to be bestowed on every discourse intended for the public ear, we almost shrink from the reflection that there are hundreds or rather thousands of individuals, writers for the periodical press in England, for the most part little raised either by nature or education above the level of the mass, whose livelihood depends on their boldly advancing and unscrupulously maintaining opinions, from day to day and from week to week, on all the most vital and sacred questions that can engage the mind of man. The amount of error thus diffused is, of course, incalculable; and when mixed up with

party virulence, becomes a public poison of frightful power. It is allowed to be a bad case where safety lies in excess; but as extremes neutralize one another, so it often happens that the excessive absurdity or excessive dishonesty of two opposite portions of the public press defeats the mischief which either would separately inflict.

The most baneful effect arising from the necessity of continual composition, is the unfortunate encouragement it offers to falsehood. Truth is not always at hand—but *something* must be said. The actual cold-blooded invention of an untruth, to the credit of the press be it spoken, is certainly rare; but there are many shades between truth and its opposite, and the tendency we advert to is rather towards equivocation and evasion than inventive falsehood. A professional writer is liable to contract an indifference to the sterner dictates of conscience, and to tamper with the truth on paper, in a manner he would be ashamed to do in conversation. The fault is only not morally serious in the individual because it is committed under cover of the protecting sophistry, that official circumstances require it; which, taking off the edge of self-reproach, leaves each man blameless in his own regard, and with sufficient character at stake to forbid the spirit of falsehood from spreading in the direction of private life. But whoever is of opinion that no circumstances, official or otherwise, can justify, or even palliate, deviations from truth and honour, must necessarily rank the manœuvres and tricks of the press amongst the sins of society—and not amongst the least considerable.

These few remarks apply chiefly to the periodical press; but, in resuming the subject, it will not be uninteresting to extend it to a consideration of other cases. Poets have in all ages been more or less objects of censure or ridicule; and it will be well worth while to inquire into the causes of those peculiarities which appear to have exposed them to such a misfortune.

From the Spectator.

TRANSPORTATION.

Crime and immortality of every species and degree flourish in the Penal Colonies of England. It is not merely that a certain portion of wickedness is transferred from one part of the British dominions to another by the Transportation system: that system gives a direct stimulus to the growth of vice and the perpetration of crime, which could scarcely be applied to the same extent in any other way. Transportation, as at present managed, might be a cunningly-devised plan for the multiplication of villany and the conversion of a beautiful and fertile country into Sodom and Gomorrah. But though such are the results in the Colonies, is not the Mother Country benefitted? does not transportation

**Fabian* (eulogizing Sir Toby's letter)—"Very brief, and exceeding good senseless!"

act as a preventive of crime in England!—It has been already stated, on the authority of Sir William Molesworth's Committee, that banishment *is* in some measure terrible to rural offenders, but that the more accomplished rogues in London and the large towns fear it not. The severity of the punishment is underrated. The criminals send home false accounts of their condition. Exile is little dreaded except by persons who have strong affection for their native land, their kindred, and acquaintances. To the bulk of the criminal population, the life of honest industry which they must lead if they abstain from thieving, is more disagreeable than they imagine their condition must be in New South Wales; where they are, at all events, secure of food and raiment, and expect to meet many of their old comrades. But hear the emphatic statement of the Report—

"It is proved by the most irrefragable testimony, that both those who are prosperous and those who are miserable, the drawers of prizes and the drawers of blanks in this strange lottery, influenced perhaps by the desire common to human nature, of having companions and partakers, whether of misery or of happiness, concur in tempting their friends in this country by the most alluring descriptions to come out and join them; thereby tending to diminish the little apprehension, if any, which is entertained by the lower orders for the punishment of transportation. Both reason and experience, therefore, prove that the utmost apprehension which the generality of offenders feel for transportation, is little more than that they would experience for simple exile; which, next to transportation, is perhaps the most unequal of punishments."

"A little wicked tailor," said Sydney Smith in the *Edinburgh Review*, writes from Botany Bay to his friends in England, that he is "as comfortable as a finger in a thimble; and though only a fraction of humanity, is filled with rum and kangaroo." The information would have its effect on the tailor's former comrades, who would be eager to participate in the comfort and kangaroo. Such accounts, though often false, the Committee state are frequently transmitted by convicts; and they account for the fact that many have committed crimes with the desire and intention of being transported. Like the crowd of ghosts on the banks of Acheron,

"Stabant orantes primi transmittere cursum,
Tendebantque manus ripæ ulterioris amore."

Poetry and exaggeration apart, it is certain that transportation is not generally dreaded by those who render themselves liable to it, and it is therefore safe to conclude, that to make it the punishment for the great majority of serious offences, is to hold out a premium for the commission of them. The system, then, does not lessen crime at home, while in the colony its effects are indescribable in the full extent of their atrocity.

The expense of the transportation system is very great. There are no data for ascertaining accurately

what it has cost this country. From 1787 to 1837, the outlay has been more than eight millions, certainly. The account rendered of the expenditure for New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land in 1836-7, was 488,013*l.*; the total number of convicts in the two colonies being then 60,000. The cost is annually increasing. In the sum of 488,013*l.*, the expenses at Bermuda, where a small penal establishment is kept up, and of the Hulks at home, are not included. The Committee say, that "were it not for the convict establishment, New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land ought to pay the greater part at least of their own expenses; and were they to do so, the annual charge of maintaining well-managed penitentiaries, even upon a most expensive scale, including in that charge the interest of the money spent in their first establishment, could hardly equal the present expenditure."

The Committee wind up their remarks on the effect of the Transportation system, as regards the prevention of crime and the punishment of offenders, with the following summary of the facts proved in evidence—

"They consider that they have submitted the most unquestionable proofs that the two main characteristics of transportation, as a punishment, are inefficiency in deterring from crime, and remarkable efficiency, not in reforming, but in still further corrupting those who undergo the punishment; that these qualities of inefficiency for good and efficiency for evil, are inherent in the system, which therefore is not susceptible of any satisfactory improvement; and lastly, that there belongs to the system, extrinsically from its strange character as a punishment, the yet more curious and monstrous evil of calling into existence, and continually extending, societies, or the germs of nations, most thoroughly depraved as respects both the character and degree of their vicious propensities."

Were the inquiry to stop here, there would be no difficulty in coming to the conclusion that the system should be abolished; but other questions arise, the consideration of which the committee do not shrink.

It is known that the Penal Colonies have experienced, for many years, almost unprecedented economical prosperity. The growth in wealth has been owing to the regular and increasing supply of convict labourers—

"The convicts were assigned to settlers as slaves; they were forced to work in combination, and raised more produce than they could consume; for this surplus produce Government provided a market, by maintaining military and convict establishments, which have cost this country above 7,000,000*l.* of the public money. Thus the Government first supplied the settlers with labour, and then bought the produce of that labour: the trade thus carried on was a very profitable one for the settlers, as long as the demand of the Government exceeded the supply; and this excess of demand over supply has continued up to a late period."

But of late years there has been a great want of workmen. Capital has been rapidly augmented; land

is to be had at low prices to an unlimited extent; but labour is a scarce commodity. The peculiar circumstances of the colony have tended to increase this evil. As in the Southern States of North America, no white man will engage for hire to perform the work generally given to slaves, so in New South Wales, where a species of slavery exists, free men will not labour like convicts. In consequence of the disproportion of the sexes, (the number of convict men to women is as 17 to 1,) the actual population does not equal the number of persons who have arrived in the colony. At this time, 10,000 labourers are required in New South Wales; but there will not be sent more than 3,000 during the current year. For want of labourers, especially of shepherds, the loss of property is annually very large. It appears then, that even under existing circumstances, with a considerable supply of convicts, who can be compelled to work in combination, the deficiency of hired labour is nevertheless severely felt. What would become of the colony were that supply to be at once cut off? Would it not perish! The Committee see only one remedy—the encouragement of free emigration, on the system successfully practised in the new colony of South Australia. The reader is aware that at present the proceeds of lands sold in New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land may be devoted to the payment of the passage-money and other expenses of emigrants, according to Lord Howick's regulations in 1831, which are justly lauded by the Committee. The price of land per acre is now 5s.; but the Committee recommend that, with the view of preventing an injurious dispersion of the population, it should be raised to at least 1*l.*, the present South Australian rate, and afterwards considerably higher. To a certain extent it is probable that the recommendation of the Committee might be successfully followed, notwithstanding the facilities for emigration to other and purer parts of Australia; and which encouragement ere long, it is to be hoped, will be offered also to persons wishing to colonize New Zealand. But we should have sore misgivings about sending the sober, honest, and chaste portion of the labouring population of this country, (and such only are *desirable* as free immigrants,) into the pestilential atmosphere of the Penal Colonies, where every moral and religious principle is all but certain to be subverted by contact and association with transported offenders. The importation of Hill Coolies is decidedly condemned by the Committee.

But without encouragement to emigration, or a continuance of the supply of convict labour, the colony cannot subsist. Why, then, it must sink. It is impossible for any well-regulated mind for an instant to regard the economical prosperity of such a population as now exists in New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land, as a set-off against the moral depravity on which that prosperity is based. Besides, if there is one point

in futurity on which, judging from experience, we may rely, it is that the present system must end in some awful calamity. The elements of prolonged success are not to be found in New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land. The longer the present state of things is kept up by the power of England, the more dreadful will be the eventual crash and consummation. A general corruption of morals has always been followed by social subversion; but where, except in the destroyed cities whose fate we read of in the Bible, has such universal and horrible depravity existed, as in New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land? Take away the strong military force maintained by this country, and the majority of the wretched inhabitants would fall upon one another with the fury of wild beasts. The best that can happen to those colonies would be that their population should be gradually suffered to dwindle away or be dispersed.

The difficult question of providing a substitute for the present system of Transportation, must be reserved for another paper.

From the Spectator.

Strictures on a Life of William Wilberforce.

By THOMAS CLARKSON, M. A.

The object of this book is to defend Mr. Clarkson's reputation from the covert attacks made upon it by the two reverend sons of Wilberforce, in the *Life* of their father; where they had charged him, in his 'History of the Abolition of the Slave Trade,' with 'numberless misstatements' chiefly relating to the respective merits of Clarkson and Wilberforce in originating plans for the 'agitation' of the question, and where he is referred to throughout in a depreciatory and unfriendly tone. Although effected in rather a roundabout way—both by Mr. Clarkson, and a friend who, relieving him in his eightieth year from the drudgery of editing, has taken the opportunity to throw in a few addenda of his own—the purpose of the book is perfectly accomplished. It is shown, both by the citation of particular passages, and by the authority of mutual friends not only acquainted with the history, but with many of the events which it narrates, that Mr. Clarkson's work does not justify the interpretation the sons of Wilberforce have put upon it; and, which is much better, that his narrative is substantially correct, and that Clarkson really did 'engage' (since that is to be the word) Wilberforce publicly to move in the matter. The other points relating to Mr. Clarkson's own dignity, in being held up as an 'agent of the Committee instead of a member, afford less distinct holding-ground to grapple with, and are of a more trivial nature. However, they are pretty well disposed of.

But Mr. Clarkson's book is not confined to defence,

though the attack is incidental. By the story-telling mode adopted, it is shown that the Messrs. Wilberforce went on their course in despite of Mr. Clarkson's own explanations and such evidence as he has now offered to the public. The editor of the volume also convicts them of incorrectness, in referring generally to some manuscript authorities, borrowed from Mr. Clarkson, in a way in which those manuscripts do not bear out.

In reviewing the *Life of Wilberforce*, we stated in a note, that neither Clarkson nor Wilberforce first publicly broached the subject of slavery or the slave-trade, but that it was mooted before either took it up,—by Granville Sharpe in 1772, by Porteus in 1783, by Ramsay in 1784. In 1785 Clarkson came into the field, and Wilberforce publicly in 1787 or 1788. But there is one man we then omitted who is entitled to priority over both Clarkson and Wilberforce; to coeval claim with Ramsay; and whose disposing influence upon the mind of the growing generation was greater than that of the whole batch of them put together. In 1784, William Cowper published in the *Task* his indignant denunciation of slavery, and his exhortation to abolish it, beginning

'He finds his fellow guilty of a skin
Not coloured like his own.'

Of course we do not mean to say that poetry will carry measures through Parliament, or form committees of agitation, or prove in detail the facts of a case. But a writer read extensively by those classes who were chiefly interested in Abolition, and read too by extracts in almost every school, must have formed the minds of thousands to receive impressions, to which they would otherwise have been deaf or indifferent.

From the *Examiner*.

MR. SULLY'S PORTRAIT OF HER MAJESTY.

It is quite understood to be the prevailing opinion of the Court circle that the American artist has succeeded in rendering the best and the most graceful likeness of our youthful Queen, and several of our painters have rendered a willing and a merited tribute of praise to their transatlantic brother. In our own judgment, Lawrence never painted a head and bust more elegantly, while the clear and brilliant colouring strongly reminds us of Romney, as to painting. We speak emphatically of the head and bust, because we cannot admire the dusky and opaque ground to the picture, and many of the accessorial parts have that vaporous style of the modern French school which succeeded the severe contours of David.* There is one pearly tone,

*Mr. Sully is mentioned as having studied originally under West, and (it is a poor compliment to say) greatly transcends his instructor. He is worth a wilderness of him who once was "Europe's worst dauber and poor England's best."

a reflected light upon the cheek, worthy of Titian or Guido. The artist has avoided a full-length portrait of his royal model, but the proportions are well adapted to engraving, and we are glad to learn that the latter task has been confided to one so capable of doing full justice to it as Wagstaff. Indeed the vapoury style to which we have referred may be a calculated effect to allow for the delicacy of *burin*. The expression of the face struck us as peculiarly felicitous. There is a great deal of benevolence, and something of girlish playfulness, though the predominating character is investigation. We congratulate Mr. Sully upon the execution of a work which has enabled the English public to form the same conclusion as to his talents that has been justly pronounced in the United States, and we further congratulate him upon having had the opportunity of transmitting such an original to his own country; for we have a strong notion that the opulent and moral descendants of William Penn would not have sent him over to furnish them with a 'counterfeit presentment' of any bloated debauchee, or vulgar old sailor, who might have previously filled a very high office with us. The idea of a gifted and a virtuous young female's sway will not be repulsive to the sternest republican. As we understand that Mr. Sully has just quitted this country for the United States, we can only offer our cordial wishes for the future welfare of a gentleman who has fully impressed us with his power as an artist, and his amiability in social intercourse.

From the *Spectator*.

JAMES'S LIFE AND TIMES OF LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH.

The Life and Times of Louis the Fourteenth. By G. P. R. JAMES, Esq. Historiographer in Ordinary to her Majesty, Author of "*Richelieu*," &c. Vols. III. and IV. Bentley.

When we noticed the first and second volumes of this work, we remarked, that they embraced but a small portion of the subject; that, at the close of the second volume, Louis was left in his twentieth year; and that, as his eventful reign endured for more than seventy years, Mr. James apparently contemplated a book of very considerable magnitude. He has, however, completed his task in two volumes more; and it does not seem, after all, that the parts of the work are out of proportion. The first two volumes embraced a portion of the reign of Louis the Thirteenth, and the regency of his widow Anne of Austria, when the violent disturbances which agitated the kingdom, and the rude and half-civilized state of society, gave a wild and even romantic interest to the occurrences of the time. As society

grows more and more civilized and settled, its history grows less and less striking. The people occupy a smaller and smaller space in the picture; and the history of empires becomes a record of the intrigues, disputes, quarrels, and combinations, of princes and rulers; a detail of the endless mazes of crooked diplomacy; and a narrative of bloody wars, fought to gratify the ambition, cupidity, or personal animosity of sovereigns and statesmen. "Delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi."

The accession of Louis the Fourteenth was followed by a long period of internal tranquillity and rapidly-advancing civilization. The nobles drawn from their feudal fastnesses, where from the middle ages downwards they had ruled their vassals in fierce and solitary grandeur, and assembled round the brilliant court of the sovereign, gained smoothness from mutual contact, and acquired a taste for gallantry, literature, and the arts; while the people, undisturbed by civil broils, and freed from the iron rule of petty tyrants, rapidly advanced in commerce, agriculture, and every other peaceful pursuit. Such was the progress of society during the reign of Louis; a progress incomparably more rapid than in any other period of similar duration in the history of France. But it was a progress which, though full of matter for the economist and the philosophical inquirer, has hitherto been looked upon as little connected with the province of history, and still less with that lightest species of history which (like the present work) assumes the form of biography.

Such being the case, Mr. James has been able to comprise in his two latter volumes every thing of remarkable moment that belongs to "the life and times" of Louis the Fourteenth during his sixty years of independent sovereignty. Much of the history of the period has irrecoverably lost its interest for the general reader. Nothing but great ardour in the study of history or politics would now induce anybody to gain a knowledge of the complicated and ever-changing relations among the powers of Europe, and the endless negotiations, controversies, and treaties, to which these relations gave rise. All partiality or predilection for any of the contending parties is long ago extinct: we care not now who lost or who won; and no feeling is excited but that of disgust and indignation when we read of provinces laid waste, cities sacked, and thousands of brave men placed against each other in bloody strife, to gratify the passions of an ambitious or profligate monarch, a rapacious minister, or a titled courtesan.

We shall not say that Mr. James has bestowed too much time upon the political *tracasseries* and military transactions of the Grand Monarque's reign, because they form a large portion of his personal as well as public history, and the work would have been incom-

plete without them. Mr. James has made his account of these matters as succinct as is consistent with clearness: but still, there are parts of his book in which most readers will not have much scruple in turning over two leaves at a time. The fault lies in the subject more than in the writer; though we think that he might have imparted some graphic interest to the exploits of Turenne, Montecuculi, Villeroi, and Marlborough, instead of chronicleing petty movements, affairs and sieges, frequently with the dryness of a gazette. As these chronicles, however, seem to be careful and accurate, they may be useful in the way of reference.

A large portion of the work, however, consists of matter much more attractive. Mr. James's account of Louis's government, and the effects of his policy, alternately salutary and pernicious, upon the condition of France, is valuable and instructive, and affords materials for testing the author's estimate (somewhat too favourable) of the monarch's character. Louis, moreover, was not only a great king, but a very remarkable man; and his personal biography is much more striking than is usually the case with men placed so far beyond the reach of the vicissitudes of fortune. Louis was gifted by nature with good and noble qualities, which, though impaired by the possession of absolute power, and habits of indulgence, were never destroyed; and their influence on his conduct, both public and private, during the whole of his life, make him a more interesting object than he might have been even if he had been a wiser and better man. Mr. James's book is a full-length portrait of the individual—somewhat flattered, as portraits generally are, but well drawn, strongly coloured, and, on the whole, a good likeness. The principal figure, too, is advantageously placed in the centre of a group consisting of the memorable personages—the wise, the brave, the gay, and the fair—who composed the brilliant and dissolute court of Louis; and the whole forms a picture, happy in its subject, and skilfully treated by the artist.

It was Louis the Fourteenth who first established despotism in France. Before his time, and even in the reign of his predecessor, the people enjoyed considerable practical freedom and constitutional privileges; and were bold and turbulent in opposition to the throne when these privileges were invaded. One of them, similar to our Habeas Corpus Act, gave to every French subject, imprisoned on a criminal charge, the right of demanding to be brought to trial within a certain number of days: but this, with every thing which interposed an obstacle to his own absolute power, was swept away by Louis. Mr. James describes very well the manner in which, under the influence of the young king, the despotic principle assumed that sentimental character, that air of abso-

late devotion to the Grand Monarque, which continued to distinguish French loyalty down to the time of the Revolution.

"After the death of Mazarin, we have seen that Louis burst forth upon the French people in a new character. The energy and the determination which he displayed, the great abilities of his mind, the grace and dignity of his person, the weariness which the whole French nation felt of civil contentions, the change from poverty and want to prosperity and abundance, the introduction and improvement of refined arts, the extension of luxurious habits, the passion for gaming, and the consequent necessity of frequent pecuniary supplies; the general conviction throughout the country of the selfishness of the higher classes, and their real want of that patriotism to which they had pretended in the civil war, gave to every thing in France a general tendency towards the establishment of the most despotic authority, but of a light and cheerful kind. The people submitted, and were contented; the nobles turned courtiers, and vied with each other in flattery and submission; and devotion to the King became as much a *fashion* under Louis the Fourteenth, as opposition to the court had been in the times of the Fronde. But Louis, with greater opportunities and greater skill than the factious leaders of his mother's days, contrived to impress upon that, which had been at first but a *fashion*, the character of a sentiment: he taught the court and the people to believe that their glory was involved in his—that his success and his aggrandisement were intimately united with those of France. In effecting this object, his talents, his courage, his grace, his dignity, his pride, his ambition, his selfishness, each played a part. The great and grasping projects which dazzled his own imagination dazzled still more easily the imagination of his people; he led them, in short, in the way they were most willing to follow; and while he did so, he kept up his own dignity with so powerful a hand, that the nation felt its dignity increased by that of its monarch.

Louis, however, though a despot, was no tyrant. He was mild in his nature; and, when cruelties were committed in his name or under his authority, it was when this part of his character was overpowered by ambition or religious bigotry. The persecution of the Protestants forms perhaps the greatest blot on his memory: but this measure, equally barbarous and impolitic, which gave a deathblow to the manufactures of France, was the work of designing Churchmen, who taught him to make it a matter of conscience. To this act the King was impelled by the counsels of Louvois, notwithstanding the earnest remonstrances of Colbert,—two men who stood, like familiar dæmons, at each ear of the monarch, the one prompting him to good and the other to evil. While Colbert had the ascendancy, the government was wise, beneficial, and prosperous; the taxes were reduced, and every encouragement given to commerce, agriculture, and the arts. When Louvois, by his rival's death, acquired unbounded influence over the King, the government became ambitious, arbitrary, oppressive, and unfortunate. In truth, notwithstanding all that Mr. James

has said of the personal energy of Louis, his government was of aameleon character, varying in its hue according as Mazarin, Colbert, and Louvois were successively in the ascendancy. Still, however, the mildness of Louis's personal character never forsook him, and showed itself in his worst days as well as in his best. Of this disposition in his early years, Mr. James gives the following pleasing instances.

Several anecdotes of Louis during the war in Holland remain well authenticated, and cast greater lustre upon him than any of his military movements in that campaign. The original clemency of his nature shone out on many occasions, and still marked distinctly the difference between the despot and the tyrant. Notwithstanding the strictness of his discipline and the examples he was obliged occasionally to make, he contrived to reconcile military severity, not only with substantial justice but even with mercy itself. In first commencing his march, and especially in passing through the Spanish Netherlands, an order had been given for no man, on pain of death, to stray from his corps; and on the third or fourth day's march, two men were hung in sight of the army for disobedience of this command. It was studiously concealed, however, by Louis's order, that they had been caught in the commission of plunder and rape; and by affecting to punish the minor offence, when in reality he punished the greater, he produced the beneficial effects of stopping such crimes in the outset.

To another offence, with which Louis would have found it more difficult to deal, namely, treason, he shut his eyes, where it was not dangerous to do so. In a number of the places taken from the Dutch, considerable portions of the garrisons were found to be French: these places in general surrendered at discretion, and Louis therefore was justified by law and custom in dealing with the garrisons as he thought fit. Had he acted with any degree of severity, the slaughter would have been dreadful; but in all instances he shut his eyes, and would not even see the garrisons, lest he should be obliged to recognise his own subjects.

Of the same disposition in his latter days, even when exerted in opposition to his powerful minister, the following passage affords a very remarkable instance.

The ravages committed in the Palatinate have cast a deep stain upon Louis's reputation for mildness and humanity; nor were these ravages confined to one campaign, for the scenes of horror which were perpetrated by the army under Turenne were trifling when compared with those afterwards enacted by the forces of Duras. That stain must remain upon the memory of Louis; for though these terrible transactions took place solely by order of Louvois, yet, as we have before remarked, the king who suffers his authority to be so abused, becomes chargeable with no slight portion of the crime. But in making this acknowledgment, we must not omit to show, by the last act of the tragedy, (which preceded only a short time the death of Louvois,) that Louis was throughout opposed to the cruelty of his minister, and only submitted unwillingly to the instigations of one in whom he had been accustomed to place the most unbounded confidence. It was contrary both to his wishes and his judgment that these

acts were committed, if we may believe the account of almost every contemporary historian; and every fresh instance of cruelty to which he was called upon to consent, increased the indignant opposition of the monarch.

At length, after Mannheim and Heidelberg had been taken, and all the beautiful country lying under the Bergstrasse had been ravaged from end to end; after three or four considerable towns, more than fifty castles, and an immense number of villages and boroughs had been burnt to the ground, Louvois proposed to the King that the large and important city of Treves should also be destroyed. Louis refused his consent, and Louvois argued with him and urged him in vain; but the minister, though fearful of pressing the matter further at the time, on account of the signs of indignation which the King displayed, knew that by importunity and argument he could frequently overcome the King's resolutions; and returning after a few days, he told the monarch, that having clearly perceived that nothing but conscientious scruples had prevented him from taking a step so necessary as the burning of Treves, he had determined to bring the moral and religious responsibility upon himself, and had consequently sent off a courier on his own authority with an order to destroy that city.

The King's rage was now so fearfully excited, that, forgetting all his usual dignity of demeanour, he started up and would have knocked down the minister with the fire-irons, if Madame De Maintenon had not cast herself in the way while Louvois hastened to escape by the door. 'Send off another courier instantly,' shouted the King, as he made his escape. 'If he arrive not in time, and they burn a single house, your head shall answer for it.'

Louvois it would seem, had told his master a falsehood. No courier had really been sent; but he was now compelled to go through the form of despatching another courier, apparently charged with a counter order, for the purpose of satisfying the King.

In private life, Louis exhibited warm affections, and a generous and magnanimous spirit: in all which particulars he forms a complete contrast to the heartless voluptuary Charles the Second, to whom he has been often and too hastily compared. They were both licentious, and both by their example heightened the licentiousness of their courts. There was an external resemblance, too, in the course of their irregular amours. But Louis was susceptible of deep and enduring passion, and of all those feelings which, in an humble sphere, might have made him happy and exemplary in domestic life; while Charles was as incapable of love as of friendship, generosity, or gratitude. That Louis was capable of inspiring love, too, as well as of feeling it, appears from the history of the unhappy La Valliere, whose passion for him was as ardent as it was disinterested and sincere. Louis's first irregularities appear to have originated in blighted affection and a marriage of state. He was passionately enamoured of Marie de Mancini, the captivating niece of Cardinal Mazarin; whom he would have married, had he not been forced, by political intrigues, into his marriage with the Infanta of Spain. This young lady, too,

seems to have really loved her royal admirer; and the pair were nearly heart-broken at parting. Mazarin supported the Queen-mother in her opposition to the King's marriage with his niece, and determined to prevent it.

In pursuance of his determination, Mazarin gave orders that his niece should be immediately removed from the court and placed with her sister at a convent in Brouage; and on the night before her departure, the Queen withdrew her son from the court and spoke with him long alone. When they returned, it was evident that they had both been weeping; but the mind of Louis was now made up: he was determined to yield to reason rather than to passion; and though he continued to the last to show the same tenderness towards Marie De Mancini, he suffered her to depart on the 22nd of June. He conducted her himself to the carriage prepared to bear her away without at all attempting to conceal the tears he shed. She made one effort to arm passion against reason at the very last moment: 'You weep,' she said, 'and yet you might command.' Louis, however, resisted both his own passion and hers, and having seen her depart, he set out for Chantilly to bury his grief in solitude.

Louis could not love the wife so forced upon him: he neglected her, and sought happiness elsewhere. His intercourse with La Valliere soon followed. Mr. James's history of this lady is interesting, and feelingly told: we suspect, however, that James, like other writers, colours his heroine's character a little too highly. She was, it is said, a prey to remorse during the whole period of her intercourse with the King: but, if there was remorse, there was no repentance. There was no indication of the only test of repentance, the resolution to sin no more: for it was not till she had lost every hope of keeping her hold of the King's affection, that she slowly and reluctantly made up her mind to retire to the convent of the Carmelites. Her fall was the rise of the haughty and imperious Madame de Montespan; and she in her turn, though after a long period of power, was forced to give way to the artful and hypocritical Maintenon; who exercised a despotic sway over the mind of Louis to the last day of his life.

Louis died on the 1st September 1715: and 'the people of France,' says Mr. James, 'so far from weeping for his death, gave signs of rejoicing, which were at least indecent.' We suspect this is not the proper commentary on the rejoicings of the people of France. In a great political event, in which the people are deeply interested either for good or evil, they will naturally feel strongly, and as naturally give strong expression to their feelings. Had Louis, long before, followed to the grave his illustrious minister Colbert, arrested in the course of a beneficent and enlightened administration, his death would have been sincerely mourned by the people. But the sovereign who, guided by evil counsellors, had driven the artisans from the towns, and torn the peasants from the fields—

who had ruined the finances, the commerce, and the agriculture of France—who had loaded the industrious classes with heavy burthens, from which the privileged orders were free—and, bitterest of all, who had humbled the 'great nation' in the eyes of all Europe—must necessarily have become an object of hatred; and hence it was that his death was hailed with general joy, as the removal of an intolerable grievance.

From the Examiner.

Refutation of the Misstatements and Calumnies contained in Mr. Lockhart's Life of Sir Walter Scott, Bart., respecting the Messrs. Ballantyne. By the Trustees and Son of the late Mr. James Ballantyne. Longman, London; Black, Edinburgh.

This pamphlet—most fortunately, as we cannot help thinking, for its authors—makes its appearance under circumstances calculated, if not to disarm criticism, at least to blunt its sharpness. The feeling which prompts it is one with which the public generally cannot fail to sympathise, inasmuch as it is the laudable and natural desire to vindicate the character of a deceased friend and relation.

There is an old proverb, however, about good intentions and the place they pave, not altogether inapplicable to this production. That its authors, losing sight of their intentions, and the most probable method of inducing right-minded persons to respect them, have conceived their "Refutation," in a violent spirit, and clothed it in coarse and irritating terms, must be obvious to every reader. We hold that neither its manner nor its matter is at all likely to serve the object sought to be attained. We think indiscriminate and blustering abuse of Mr. Lockhart, and the constant endeavour to fix upon that gentleman the guilt of wilful falsehood or concealment of the truth, as little calculated to impeach the veracity of his narrative as the production of a few unexplained and isolated items from the Trust accounts is calculated to throw any clear or satisfactory light upon the so much talked of and so very complicated partnership affairs of Ballantyne and Company.

Before proceeding to the matter of this pamphlet, let us illustrate our objection to the manner. In the very outset there is something excessively disgusting and offensive in the selection of a few most affecting words—among the last Scott spoke—for the motto:—

"'Lockhart,' said Sir Walter Scott, when his son-in-law was called to his death-bed, 'I may have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man—be virtuous—be religious—be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here.'"

This is a touching fragment of a most solemn scene.

The dying words of Scott should be held more sacred, and not caught for the motto of a personal controversy, because a vulgar point may be made in the first page, and an empty boast held out how the refuters will show that Mr. Lockhart is neither virtuous, religious, nor good. It is an unworthy and indecent proceeding, and the trustees and son of the late Mr. James Ballantyne should, of all people living, have known better than to resort to it.

As further specimens of the style which pervades the pamphlet, we would cite the constant use of such terms as "foul aspersions"—"misstatements and calumnies"—"libellous misrepresentations"—"bitter personalities"—"pandering to a depraved taste"—"cruel and ridiculous distortions"—"vulgar wit and ribald exaggeration"—"scandalously abused"—"gross and libellous caricature"—and many other expressions of similar scurrility, which will be found plentifully scattered over almost every page.

The matter, which from its want of arrangement it is no easy task to make an abstract of, appears to resolve itself into two heads. First, that Mr. Lockhart designedly and with malice aforethought has, in his biography of Sir Walter Scott, sought every opportunity of blackening the character of the Messrs. Ballantyne, and of holding them up to vulgar ridicule and merriment; and, secondly, that he has, by a falsification of the accounts of the printing firm (intentional in part, and in part arising from his ignorance), attempted to practice upon the credulity of his readers, by leading them to believe that Scott's embarrassments were in some degree occasioned by his business connexion with the Messrs. Ballantyne, and not wholly and solely by his love of improving Abbotsford, his passion for land, his fondness for old books and old armour, and the most signal and extraordinary improvidence.

With reference to the first charge—that of holding up the Messrs. Ballantyne to ridicule—we must say, without the least intention of wounding the feelings of any surviving member of their family, that the Messrs. Ballantyne seem all along greatly to have mistaken their own position. Mr. James Ballantyne was a respectable small tradesman, doing business originally in the small town of Kelso, whence he gladly removed to Edinburgh, in compliance with the invitation of Sir Walter Scott. Mr. John Ballantyne had succeeded his father in the business of "a dealer in goods of all sorts," or in one branch of the business—what branch it was we are not informed—and kept a shop in Kelso from 1795 to 1805, when he went to settle in Edinburgh, where his brother James was then established. The brothers had been well educated. Mr. James Ballantyne corrected the proof-sheets of the Waverley Novels, and wrote criticisms thereupon to Scott as they passed through the press—not always, we think, with a precise recollection of their relative positions in

the world of letters, or with the most delicate regard to Sir Walter's state of health or spirits at the moment. He was, however, a gentleman by manners and acquirements, and wrote theatrical critiques in the *Edinburgh Weekly Journal*, of which he was a proprietor.

Now it is perfectly clear to the most obtuse person in existence that the whole importance of Mr. James Ballantyne, or his brother, or both, was solely and wholly derived from their connection with Scott; that but for Scott Mr. James Ballantyne would have lived and died a printer at Kelso; that but for Scott Mr. John Ballantyne would have lived and died in the one branch of the business of the dealer in goods of all sorts; that but for Scott nobody but the worthy burghers of Kelso, and perchance a few friends or relatives in Edinburgh, would have had the smallest curiosity or interest in the Messrs. Ballantyne's affairs. Then what means the grandiloquent declaration of this pamphlet, that Mr. Lockhart has pandered "to that depraved taste which gloats over all sorts of revelations calculated to lower to the level of the vulgar herd those who had before appeared to occupy elevated stations?"—and why the soreness occasioned by Mr. Lockhart's presuming to call the Messrs. Ballantyne "printers," or "the Ballantynes;" speaking and writing of them as other most respectable persons in the same way of business are spoken and written of every day? If Sir Walter Scott, in the kindness of his nature and that comprehensive goodness of heart which extended itself to everything and everybody within the sphere of his influence, distinguished Mr. James Ballantyne by his intimacy and honoured his board with his presence, his descendants should be only too proud to trace their deceased relative's notoriety to its true source. And they should entertain too much respect for the memory of the great man who thus distinguished him, to presume to discuss his expenditure, and comment on the tastes he indulged, as if they were his equal, or as if his wishes and aspirations could be bounded by the measure of their own.

In fact, so far as Mr. James Ballantyne is concerned, we take Mr. Lockhart's real offence to have been simply this—that throughout his biography he has [properly] considered him as a man made by Scott, having no previous or other existence as a public man, and achieving his position in society solely through his means, and by the magic of his name. We confess that we think Mr. Lockhart might have abstained from the frequent use of the nicknames applied to the Messrs. Ballantyne, but it is no great stretch of imagination to assume that knowing them to have been bestowed by Scott in moments of thoughtlessness and good humour, he preserved them rather as little traits of his cheerfulness and hilarity to those by whom he was surrounded, than as throwing any slight or dis-

paragement upon those gentlemen. The soreness upon this head again is only an additional proof to us that the trustees and son of the late Mr. James Ballantyne always appear to consider *him* the great object of interest with Mr. Lockhart's readers, and to forget that he is only interesting as a second or third-rate actor in the sad drama of Scott's life and death.

With regard to the description of Mr. James Ballantyne's dinners, his manner, or his speeches, we see nothing whatever in it, at which any sensible man would feel disposed to take umbrage. We rose from the perusal of those portions of Mr. Lockhart's book, at the time they appeared, with anything but an unfavourable impression of Mr. James Ballantyne, and certainly without the remotest idea that the lively sketches were conceived or executed in an ill-natured spirit.

In the early history of Mr. John Ballantyne, Mr. Lockhart appears to have been led into some errors—not very important, however, if we except the statement that his goods were once sold in Kelso for the benefit of his creditors. This is denied in the pamphlet before us, but the denial is so brief and so strictly confined to the terms of Mr. Lockhart's assertion, that it leaves us in some doubt whether Mr. John Ballantyne did not at that time *compound* with his creditors, which would reduce Mr. Lockhart's mistake very considerably. From the evidence produced on both sides it would appear pretty clear that Scott was angry with him one day, and in good-humour another, as the vexations and exigencies of the business arose and vanished. There are very few persons placed in the same positions with reference to each other for any length of time, whose correspondence would not present similar contradictions.

Of this gentlemen, then, we will only say that it is evident, from all the circumstances in which he was an actor, as well as from Sir Walter Scott's own letter (quoted in this pamphlet with a complimentary passage in large capitals as a distinct proposition, and the preliminary "if" in the usual type) that he was not a man of business; that his want of knowledge of, or want of attention to business, seriously involved his partners on several occasions; and that both to him and his brother, Mr. Lockhart bears honourable testimony in the following passage:—

"The early history of Scott's connexion with the Ballantynes has been already given in abundant detail; and I have felt it my duty not to shrink, at whatever pain to my own feelings or those of others, from setting down, plainly and distinctly, my own impressions of the character, manners, and conduct of those two very dissimilar brothers. I find, without surprise, that my representations of them have not proved satisfactory to their surviving relations. That I cannot help—though I sincerely regret, having been compelled, in justice to Scott, to become the instrument for opening old wounds in kind bosoms, animated, I doubt not, like my own,

by veneration for his memory, and respected by me for combining that feeling with a tender concern for names so intimately connected with his throughout long years of mutual confidence. But I have been entirely mistaken if those to whom I allude, or any others of my readers, have interpreted any expressions of mine as designed to cast the slightest imputation on the moral rectitude of the elder Ballantyne. No suspicion of that nature ever crossed my mind. I believe James to have been, from first to last, a perfectly upright man: that his principles were of a lofty stamp—his feelings pure even to simplicity. His brother John had many amiable as well as amusing qualities, and I am far from wishing to charge even him with any deep or deliberate malversation. Sir Walter's own epithet of 'my little picaroon' indicates all that I desired to imply on that score. But John was, from mere giddiness of head and temper, incapable of conducting any serious business advantageously, either for himself or for others; nor dare I hesitate to express my conviction that, from failings of a different sort, honest James was hardly a better manager than the picaroon."

Much is attempted to be made in the "Refutation," of Mr. Lockhart's use of this word "Picaroon," and the meaning he intended it to bear, which, it is angrily contended, is an "odious imputation." These passages at least might have been spared, since Mr. Lockhart here distinctly shows that he does not understand the term as implying any deep or deliberate malversation. A great deal is said, too, about Mr. Lockhart's writing to Mr. James Ballantyne on his death-bed, for his recollections of Scott, and calling them "precious." That he really considered them so is sufficiently proved by their insertion in the Biography. There is a note of admiration, too, because Mr. Lockhart subscribes himself "Truly and cordially yours," and a dozen lines of great declamation, terminating with the remark that "these letters require no commentary"—in which we quite concur.

With regard to the second charge, the falsification of accounts by Mr. Lockhart, intentionally or in ignorance, to blacken and defame the Messrs. Ballantyne, we shall offer but very few words. An article in the *Standard*, as ably-written as it was justly felt, called forth by a groundless charge in this same pamphlet, forcibly pointed out the very unsatisfactory nature of any more extracts from accounts of such magnitude extending over so many years, and further reminded the reader, that this "Refutation" assumed, that when Sir Walter Scott first became connected with the Ballantynes, he had no private means or fortune whatever: which was notoriously untrue. In the confusion and entanglement of these affairs, Mr. Lockhart may very possibly have fallen into some technical mistakes relative to bills; but that he has in the main, in any material degree, perverted the sum and substance of the matters of account between Scott and Messrs. Ballantyne we do not believe. We have no satisfactory evidence to show us that he has; and we have the strong

presumptive evidence of his position, his character, and the mode in which he has executed his task (never unduly exalting Scott, but, in his desire to be impartial, sometimes leaning more than we should have supposed necessary the other way), that he has not.

Besides which, and we would impress what we are about to say most strongly on the reader, let these considerations never be lost sight of—that the firm was, to all intents and purposes, Scott, and Scott alone; that without his support it never could have crawled through one lingering year; that it existed in the full height and zenith of his fame, and had the incalculable advantage of producing before the world the most brilliant and successful of his creations; that if Sir Walter Scott drew his means of subsistence from its funds, Mr. James Ballantyne likewise drew his for many years, during which he lived in an elegant manner, and mingled with expensive society; and that if Sir Walter Scott had "an ambition to become a landed proprietor, and endow a family," as this pamphlet with some impertinence remarks, he had, of all men living, a right to entertain it. Foremost and unapproachable in the bright world of fiction, gifted with a vivacity and range of invention scarcely ever equalled, and never (but in the case of Shakspeare) exceeded; endowed, as never fabled enchanter was, with spells to conjure up the past, and give to days and men of old the spirit and freshness of yesterday; to strip Religion of her gloom, Virtue of her austerity, and present them both in such attractive forms that you could not choose but love them—combining with all these things a degree of worldly success never before attained through the same path, and coining gold with the rapidity of even *his* thought—who ever had a right, if Scott had not, to look to the endowment of those who bore his great name, and to encourage the ambition of raising an edifice whence he might gaze with swelling heart on scenes he had painted in colours scarcely less glowing than those in which they lay spread out before him; where his children might be reared in that land of which every glen and rock and blade of heather bore the impress of his genius; and through whose halls his descendants of the third and fourth generation might one day lead pilgrims from some of the many lands to which his works had penetrated, and show them where He lived and died.

Let us hear no more dissertations when Mr. James Ballantyne knew, and when he ceased to know, that Abbotsford stood between him and ruin. The owner of Abbotsford had stood between him and ruin for many long years, and that is enough.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

1. *Il Duca d'Atene, Narrazione* (The Duke of Athens, a Narration), by N. Tommaseo. 12mo. Paris, 1837.
2. *Il Primo Viceré di Napoli* (The first Viceroy of Naples), by E. C. di Belmonte. 12mo. Parigi: Londra, 1838.

Not many years ago the novel, as we understand the word, might have been considered as unknown in Italy; and now Italian historic novels and novelists are actually swarming, in numbers, if not quite equal to those of France and Germany, yet approaching very near to our own present home growth. Four authors of this class we some seven or eight numbers back introduced to our readers, and are now called upon to perform the same friendly office to two more of the fraternity, who have risen since that time. These are the Signori Tommaseo and di Belmonte; which last is, however, as we are assured upon good authority, a mere *nom de guerre*, assumed in compliance with a German fashion. The author's true patronymic is Capoccio, and he himself, we apprehend, a descendant, if not the direct representative of an Italian warrior celebrated in his novel and one of the champions of Italy in the well-known combat of thirteen Italian against thirteen French knights, fought for the express purpose of ascertaining the relative military, or rather chivalrous prowess of the two nations; and in which victory decided nearly, if not quite, for the last time, in favour of the former mistress of the world.

Both *Il Duca d'Atene*, and *Il Primo Viceré di Napoli*, are extremely popular in Italy, and are moreover considered there as decidedly historical. They nevertheless differ very materially, not to say essentially, from each other in character; and, to speak sooth, neither of them answers precisely to our idea of the historic novel. *Il Duca d'Atene* is, in conception and situation, pretty much what our last number predicated of *Ida della Torre*, save that it has far less intermixture of love story: in fact there is very little of love itself, and of incident arising out of the passion, none. Its merits lie in embodying the humours of the democratic Florentine nobles, people, and populace, in their republican condition; and presenting vivid, striking, and instructive views of the nature of democracy, even in a small, highly cultivated, and, for the times, highly enlightened state.

Il Primo Viceré di Napoli on the contrary, in due compliance with the most approved recipes for the concoction of these same historic novels, combines a regular love story with a fragment of history, but does not blend them. The history comes first; and the love story, with the exception of a bare mention of its existence in the early part, follows only when all historical curiosity, all doubt, and sympathy are ended. Unfortunately, too, for our gentlest readers, this portion

is interesting chiefly for the picture it affords of the state of the country at the opening of the sixteenth century. But we must speak of these works separately, and somewhat more in detail, beginning with the former and far better performance, *Il Duca d'Atene*, inasmuch as it takes precedence in time both of action and of publication.

As every reader may not be so familiar with the history of the Italian republics as M. Sismonde de Sismondi, it may not be amiss to give the origin of the tale, for the sake of rendering intelligible the portion of history wrought out in this narration, as Signor Tommaseo is pleased to call it.

The Florentines, who long alternated between the extremes of self-government, to adopt the favourite liberal expressions for a sort of dictatorship, in June 1342 elected the French Comte de Brienne, titular Duke of Athens, Captain and Signor of Florence for one year. In the following September they were induced by the duke to make the term of his rule coequal with that of his natural life; and on the 26th of the following July, exasperated by his arbitrary tyranny, they rose in rebellion against him. This insurrection is the subject of the narration before us.

The opening of the book exhibits, in a series of sketches, the vindictive grief of parents unjustly bereaved of their children by legal or illegal murders; the insolence and licentious amours of the duke's creatures, whether foreigners, or the yet more detested exiles of neighbouring Italian cities; and conspiracy ripening amongst nearly the whole population of Florence. This too, not in one indivisible, nor even in a federate form, but, as it should seem, a variety of unconnected conspiracies, scarcely aware of each other's existence; whilst the moment that is to call them all into action appears to be still remote and uncertain. But so many important secrets, each known to so many persons, were not likely to remain long impenetrable to the ruler; and accordingly we early find the fears of one conspirator revealing that which, as implicating the principal nobles, appears the chief conspiracy, to the duke, who immediately secures the person of its leader, Adimari. This blow brings the heads of the scattered conspiracies together on the very night of the arrest; when, in order if possible to save Adimari from death or torture, the ensuing morning is appointed for the general rising, and an introductory popular movement is arranged to collect and excite the rabble. The outbreak affords a lively picture:

"As nine* o'clock struck, a tumult arose in Porta San Piero: an apprentice first commenced, screaming from his shop-door to a neighbouring apprentice,—We are now not Florentines but Frenchmen, I tell you,

* Italian hours are counted from sun-set; so this would be, in July, between four and five o'clock in the morning.

having a French ruler: he who calls himself a Florentine is a traitor!"

"Who denies it?" cried the other, with the full strength of his lungs, "We are Frenchmen; I will know that!"

"Thou'rt flouting me, and dost not speak as thou truly thinkest," replied the first; and thou liest in thy throat!"

"And I tell thee that Florence is no Florence now, and that thou'rt a scoundrel, the very refuse of *Porta San Piero*."

"From all sides the people flocked to the scene of strife.

"Lower down, in *Mercato Vecchio*, two blackguards got up another quarrel. 'Thou grumblest,' said the one, 'because wine is dear; and I tell thee the dearer wine is, the better it relishes, and cheers without getting into the head, and leaves us free to think of the mercies of our lord the duke.'

"To which the second replied, 'Who denies the duke's mercies? Villain, would'st set me at loggerheads with *Guilio d'Assisi*? (the *bargello*, or head of the police.) I'll have a bout with thee first.'

"And grappling each other, they rolled together in the kennel. The noise attracted a crowd.

"When hark! a cry of 'To arms!' bursts from one of the nearest houses, and then from an opposite and distant street, and now it resounds on all sides, filling the city like the deep voice of a bell in the silence of the night. Some shops are already closed, and the owners hurrying along, shouting 'To arms!' Other tradesmen are precipitately shutting up theirs; artificers and labourers run each to his own ward, whilst a few companies, some mounted, others on foot, impetuously scour through the town. Men in the streets call forth their comrades who had remained at home. Cries hurtle in the air like arrows in battle. Banners with the arms of the people, a cross gules on a field argent, some with, some without the regal portcullis, waved from the mansions of the noble and the citizen, and even from the meanest hovels. The red lily too was there; whilst the duke's banners were thrown down, and dragged by a rabble of boys through the filth and the blood from the slaughterhouses, with cries of 'Death to the duke and his minions! Long live the people and commonwealth of Florence!' One thought, that of mutual assistance, filled every mind. From the windows the women, loudly reiterating the cries of 'Death!' and 'Long life!' threw, one a flag, another a spear, to husband or to father. Others knelt to pray, but interrupted their devotions, to chorus from their windows the cry of 'Death! Death!' The streets were instantaneously thronged with people, active as ants expecting rain."

"All was in order; every man ranged under the banners of his ward; and they moved as lightly under the weight of their arms as in the burgher frock; both tradesmen and artificers being well trained to break opposing breastplates with the charge of their spears. The *Adimari* rode through the six wards, preparing for attack and defence; of the other conspirators, each provided for his own district. Even the Medici appeared, as if from underground, stirred partly by shame, partly by the desire of vengeance for the fate of *Giovanni de Medici*, sentenced to death a year before by the duke. * * * Barriers were erected at the end of every street.

"The duke's soldiers armed hastily at the sound of the tumult, and hurried to their posts. The best marks-

men thronged the windows of the palace, the horsemen the *piazza* below. But many were made prisoners on their way thither; one was intoxicated; the right foot of another was grappled by a boy, whilst the left was already in the stirrup; others were set upon unawares, bound, and stripped of their splendid armour. * * *

"One Burgundian giant, his shield covered with a tiger's skin, brandishing his huge spear, and uttering terrific threats, routed all before him: but a tanner, armed with a scythe, came behind, and aiming at the joint of the armour between the neck and the head, cut right through. The body fell to the left, the spear to the right, and the head in its helmet spun amongst the horse's feet. Two fair twin youths, reared under the joyous sun of Provence, covered with gold-pointed and beautifully carved shields, and mounted on white mares, were galloping with unclosed visors, when two arrows struck them, and they fell dead at the same instant. The women set up a cry of pity: but two of the populace, catching the flying mares, exclaimed, 'Thanks to the good duke for the gift! Oh, the Florentine people for ever!'"

The duke and his guards are shut up in the ducal palace, where they are first besieged, then blockaded; whilst the leaders of the conspiracy new model the government, and the people revel in atrocious revenge upon all such of the duke's creatures as fall in their way. Many scenes of their cannibal triumph are taken from contemporary writers, and graphically given; but the subject is revolting and some of the passages are too coarse and too horrible to translate; nevertheless, as a specimen, we select one of the least offensive, yet still characteristic from the blending of buffoonery with ruthless cruelty.

"It was well that the better citizens provided for the concerns of the republic; the people heeded them not, engrossed with past sufferings and present joys. * * *

The worst amongst them, like drunkards to whom a holiday is nothing beyond an opportunity for intoxication, were in keen pursuit of vengeance. Meanwhile the blockade continued; hunger, noiseless and invincible as death, pressed on each separately, fixing a gnawing tooth under the steel cuirass. The complaints of the soldiers were loud; the more delicate barons were silent from pride, which assumes the mien of many a virtue.

"The inferior citizens meanwhile were hunting for victims; but they sought not so much the pages and courtiers of the merciless duke, as the ministers of his cruelty. Forgetting in their blind fury that the *bargello* (or minister of the police) with his son *Ippolito* were shut up with the duke, they sought him in his usual abode; he and *Cerrettieri Visdomini* being the main objects of the popular rage. Spreading themselves throughout the city, making every alley, by-way, and corner, a mesh of the net designed to entangle their foes, the people hunted their prey by the scent, impatient to tear it with their fangs. *Bindo Altoviti* surprised a notary, a man well known for cruelty, who, in female apparel, crossing the street like a truant cat, was stealing down the bank to crouch amongst the reeds at the washing places in the river. *Altoviti*, noting his mistrustful glances, and masculine step, guessed the truth, unmasked and pointed him out to the attendant rabble; intending to deliver him to contumely, not

murder. The populace, stripping him of his borrowed garments, and tearing those proper to his own sex, proceeded to inflict flagellation upon the delinquent. The poor wretch invoked the name of the Virgin, and his tormentors shouted, 'My lady's going to lie in! What fresh crime art about to bring into the world? Perhaps a new compact betwixt the duke and the commonwealth, guarded with securities and oaths, like the first! Ah, dog of a notary! Ah, slave of the *bargello*! Tell us how many hast sent to the gallows, how many to the rack!' Every word was accompanied with a blow. Suddenly a corn-sifter collared him, exclaiming, 'We must make as many mouthfuls of this rascal as he has betrayed citizens.' To utter these words, to tear the miserable man quarter from quarter, limb from limb; sawing his flesh with blunt saws, while it still creaked and palpitated, gnawing his fingers and other limbs, as they seemed spasmodically to seek their perhaps still living fellows—all this was the work of a moment."

In the course of a few days famine compels the duke to capitulate, and the only condition upon which he can obtain permission for himself and his guards to leave Florence unharmed, is the surrender of Guilio and Ippolito d'Assisi and Cerrettieri Visdomini to the brutal pleasure of the people. The duke rejects the infamous terms. Our last extract from this volume shall be the struggle that extorts his consent.

"Duke Gualtieri, to strengthen himself against temptation, summoned Rinaldo, Conte d'Altavilla (alias Comte d'Huntemville, his almost only virtuous French follower), and sent him to intercede. The count invited Pino d'Rossi (one of the *balia*, or ruling council) to a conference, and offered whatever terms the Florentines should desire, except blood.

"Pino d'Rossi, lowering his voice in deep shame, replied, 'The people insist upon blood.'

"But of what avail those three guilty heads?"

"They avail to save a fourth yet more guilty. Hard as it is to say it, suffer the fate of these miscreants to be fulfilled. In a well-ordered town, would they not already be the prey of the gallows? * * * Let us yield to iron necessity, and give thanks that it is no worse. * *

"The duke's internal struggle continued, and wearied therewith he could bear no conversation. * * * All the *balia*, the bishop excepted, and the Siennese envoys, repeatedly came, separately or together, to urge the imminence of the danger, and the necessity of submission; which he sometimes resented as though he had been the victor. * *

"The soldiers sent a corporal to pray the duke to yield, but to pray in words of command. He, either offended from pride, or perhaps inspired by his good angel, answered 'No!' One only honourable course was open to him; to have bargained for the lives of his followers as the price of his own, then to have gone forth and died with the courage of a Frenchman. But of this he thought not. And grievous indeed it were could the wicked repair a foul life by a fair end. Even to the good, it is not easy to die well. * * *

"Twelve of the chief soldiers were sent back to the duke. * * * One of them grasped the hilt of his sword with his right hand, outstretched the left to his lord's face, and said 'You must now choose, lord duke, between these three heads and your own.'

"Recoiling as from the touch of a serpent, Gualtieri exclaimed, 'What is that!'

"My will, and the will of my three hundred comrades without."

"It is our will," re-echoed the three hundred as one man; some clashing their arms, others striking theirs against the ground.

"I am your commander, and mine is the will that must govern."

"To day, sire, we are more dukes than you, because the unanimous will of three hundred men is stronger than your's. You cannot make our three hundred heads fly from that window; your's sire, we can."

"Gualtieri spoke not. The soldier struck with the thought of having said too much, with astonishment at what he had done, withdrew, followed by his comrades, one only remaining. To him the duke said, 'Return in two hours. If I then neither speak nor make sign, be the three surrendered. If I say, 'No, have respect for a while to my will, my conscience.' With a trepidation that seemed intreaty, he added, 'But for a while.' * * *

"The two hours elapsed. At noon a Burgundian silently appeared—'No!' Two more hours passed—'No!' Another two—'No!' But the rage within and without pressed like the executioner's noose, the increasing yells were fearful, insupportable. * * * They, the soldiers, entered. The duke moved neither tongue nor muscle; and the torture of that immovable silence surpassed all he had ever endured from crimes perpetrated or suffered under. They went out, and he would have recalled them, but fancied it too late. And bitter was his remorse for thus deceiving himself."

The victims being surrendered are actually torn piece-meal and half-devoured, with circumstances of even more atrocity than in the case of the notary, although without the horrible intermixture of buffoonery. The duke departs in safety with his followers, and the narration, ere it closes, returns for a moment to the loves of the French Rinaldo d'Altavilla with Matilda degli Adimari, daughter of the chief conspirator. Their loves had early been mentioned, and we are now briefly told that they married, and Matilda died in childbed within the year.

The historical subject of *Il Primo Vicere de Napoli*, is the conquest of Naples by the troops of Louis XII. of France, and Ferdinand V. of Spain; the quarrel to which the division of the spoil between the royal plunderers gave rise, the consequent war, and the final seizure of the whole by the Spaniards under the conduct of the able though we grieve even to say it, not equally conscientious great captain, Gonsalvo di Cordova. The book opens with the first entrance of the French troops into the Neapolitan dominions; and perhaps we cannot select a fairer specimen of the author's talent than a scene at the very beginning, exhibiting the deadly spirit of faction and private feud, that has for so many centuries mainly contributed to lay Italy at the foot of every invader.

"It was a fair morning of the month of June when two warriors who had recently met, rode through a wood towards the camp. Both were in the flower of youth; the one, very tall, was too slender to be called

well-proportioned; the other, scarcely surpassing the middle stature, impressed the beholder at first sight by his perfect symmetry of limb and grace of carriage. The first rode a powerful bay charger; the second a black jennet. The richly chiselled armour of the former showed a man of high rank; that of the latter, though of fair temper and well burnished, was far inferior in precious work. But whatever difference of rank might hence be inferred betwixt them, their manners betokened perfect equality.

"Kind indeed have been my stars," said the seemingly more considerable of the two, "in bringing to meet me, ere I reach the camp, him I most wished to see."

"And but too happy am I, my Pompeo," rejoined the other, "to return thither in thy company. Who could have thought that upon my foraging mission I should fall in with thee! And the enemy so near! Oh my heart wept to see our lances in rest without thee!"

"At Capua I was charged to use despatch! My uncle dwelt upon the importance of the orders of which I am the bearer. Did he suppose such injunctions could add to the speed of him who is hurrying to camp in the hope of a battle?"

"Thou'rt in good time, friend; thou'lt share in the very first banquet."

"What delight! To mount so fine a charger; to brandish such splendid arms! The time is come, Gianni, to practise in earnest the sports of our childhood. This will be a rare tilting bout, with a real enemy confronting us!"

"Add, too, a detested enemy."

"Right, Gianni, right. Methinks this sword would cut less sharply were it wielded against other than the Orsini."

"I am more desirous to wield mine against the pestilence from beyond the Alps. Happy I, if yet this virgin blade, still pure from blood, be never stained by blood of Italy."

"Oh thou hast not had a father slain by those villains! Thou didst not last year see the slaughter of Monticelli! When Marcantonio and I reached the combatants, those we best loved were falling like leaves under their blows. Signor Antonio, the bravest man of the house of Lavelli, dying between my feet! And I myself, had not Capoccio arrived in time with his squadron."

"I understand; but when the fate of all is at stake, private hatreds and enmities should be forgotten."

"Such quarrels and mistrusts amongst ourselves, with such indifference towards the foreigner! Why when King Charles came, we were all on his side, and the Orsini of course on the Neapolitan. And now 'tis the very reverse!"

"What would'st thou have! An enmity of 206 years standing! Thou know'st too with whom originated the new rupture. After the peace concluded with Carlo Orsini, whilst he was still our prisoner, was it fair, was it seemly to engage themselves to the infamous Cæsar Borgia!"

"I say not that the fault was your's; but I know that its punishment will light upon us all."

A few months later this prediction is fulfilled, the conquest of the kingdom is completed, and the whole Colonna party proceed to join the Spaniards under Gonsalvo di Cordova; but we must stop here.

If such conversation as we have extracted can ever

be entertaining, it must be to the interlocutors alone; and we may hint to our readers that there are verifications everywhere of the proverb to go farther and fare worse. Let him therefore rest content, as we doubt not he will, with this specimen of the Viceroy, the author of which, whether Belmonte or Capoccio, does not possess either the dramatic or graphic power of Tommaso. We must, however, bestow on him the praise of giving a fair picture of the condition of the country during the unhappy times in which he has laid his scene, and especially of the degree to which, at the end of the war, it was infested by banditti, who bid defiance to any minister of justice, less powerful than a troop of soldiers.

From the mediocrity of the extract given we are satisfied to refer any more curious reader to the work itself for further specimens, confessing that its merits cannot, in our judgment, warrant us in proceeding farther.

From the Spectator.

MAJOR MITCHELL'S AUSTRALIAN EXPEDITIONS.

Three Expeditions into the Interior of Eastern Australia, with Descriptions of the recently explored Region of Australia Felix, and of the Present Colony of New South Wales. By Major T. L. Mitchell, Surveyor-General, &c. &c. In 2 vols. Boone.

In novelty and variety of scenery, character, and incident, these volumes recall the idea of the older travellers, before travelling became a mode of varying amusement—an excursion for the listless, the vacant, and the ignorant. With an interest that reminds us of the reading of other days, we follow Major Mitchell and his band of convict explorers through the pathless wilds of Australia, partaking of their hopes of discovery; sympathizing with their toils, their hardships, their short commons, and, more terrible, their severe thirst in some of those arid wastes; listening with curiosity, though with a more discriminating attention than of yore, to strange descriptions of savage life and savage men, and their fruitless efforts to check the progress of civilization; whilst, scattered throughout the volumes, we meet incidental sketches of colonial life, and gain glimpses of convict character. It is true that with all this is mingled some of the dry minuteness inseparable from the character of a journal, noting down day by day the little circumstances that were of vast immediate interest to the actors, but seem barren incumbrances to the reader. The journals too—"written," says Major Mitchell, "at the close of many a laborious day, when the energies both of mind and body were

almost exhausted by long-continued toil"—will occasionally seem obscure, from an insufficient development of the writer's meaning, or the recurrence of surveying technicalities, unless the reader bear steadily in mind the route and purposes of the expedition,—a knowledge which will be greatly facilitated by a preliminary inspection of the general map. These drawbacks, however, are trifling faults in a work of so much interest, even had they been far greater than they are.

But it is not as a literary production or as a book of incidents or description, that Major Mitchell's Expeditions are to be estimated. Their generic character is *discovery*—discovery not more important as an augmentation of knowledge, than as having a direct bearing upon human affairs. The subjects upon which our author's enterprise has thrown a new light, are zoology, botany, geology, geography, and man. Leaving the first three subjects to their more appropriate organs, we shall limit ourselves to the conveyance of some general views of the interior of Australia, and the character of its tribes.

Turning to a map, the reader will find Botany Bay on the Eastern coast of New Holland, in the thirty-fourth degree of south latitude. This spot is the centre of the settlement; which extends north and south for two degrees of latitude, forming a sea-coast range of about three hundred miles. The breadth of the province may be reckoned at somewhat less than two hundred miles in the broadest part; and its irregular boundary line, as laid down by Major Mitchell, would be contained within the shape of a half-heart except towards the southern extremity, or lower end. Its physical features are sandy plains and rocky mountain ranges, intermingled here and there with spots capable of cultivation, especially on a water-line; the proportion of the fertile to the barren will be apprehended from Major Mitchell's statement, that out of twenty-three millions of acres, not quite four millions and a half have been found "worth having." The range of mountains parallel to the sea, which form the inland boundary of the province, extend further north than any survey has yet been made, and southward to Cape Northumberland, about two hundred miles from Adelaide, the new capital of South Australia. Beyond this range very little was hitherto known. Savages and runaway convicts had told stories of inland rivers terminating in large inland seas; which were in a measure confirmed by Mr. Oxley and other credible travellers, who had attempted to explore the country in very rainy seasons. Captain Strutt's expedition had succeeded in tracing a river from the plains below the mountains of New South Wales, to Lake Alexandrina, within fifty or sixty miles of Adelaide. But the knowledge of the features of this vast tract of country was scanty until the expeditions of Major

Mitchell, who, by his enterprise as an explorer and his skill as a surveyor, has shown that the five larger rivers of this great natural basin, with their tributaries, and most probably every river arising to the west of the mountain range already spoken of eventually combine to water the territory of South Australia, having their embouchure in the yet but partially known Lake Alexandrina. Major Mitchell has also described with the accuracy and skill both of an engineer and a geologist, the general nature and features of the country as it was seen by him, and as natural appearances proved it would be in times of flood. He has moreover discovered "Australia Felix," by far the finest country yet found in that extensive continent; having a delightful climate, a rich soil, beautifully undulating and well watered, lying just on the boundary line of South Australia, but naturally forming a part of its territory.

The expeditions by means of which these important discoveries were effected were three. The first in a Northern direction, was undertaken on the report of a runaway convict, in search of a large river called the Kindur, by means of which, he said, he had twice reached the sea. No such river, however, could be found; and the man, who was eventually hanged, was supposed to have invented the tale to gain time and facilitate his escape. This expedition was compelled to return, by the natives cutting off a party who were coming up with supplies. The course of the second journey was about North-west; and its object was to trace the Darling, into which several other rivers were inferred to fall: but before completing their survey, the explorers were stopped by the hostility of the natives. The third expedition, and in its results the most important, was nearly due West at starting. Its object was to follow the Lochlan, whose floods had stopped Mr. Oxley nearly twenty years before; to trace the Darling upwards from its junctions with the Murray; and then to explore the interior in a Southern direction. The hostility of the natives again prevented Major Mitchell reaching the point whence he had previously retreated; but all the other purposes of the expedition were fully accomplished. The junction of the Darling, the Lochlan, and the Murrumbidgee with the Murray, on its northern side, were proved; its upward course was traced, several tributaries were discovered on its southern side, and at last Major Mitchell arrived at Australia the Happy; whence he joyfully pursued his homeward course by an untrodden road in a parallel line to the sea; having, in addition to the discoveries we have alluded to, effected a general survey, from three to five hundred miles in breadth, of the country lying round the colony of New South Wales.

Except to the South of the Murray, the generic features of this vast country are—an alternation of ex-

tensive grazing plains, fertile till parched up by drought; flats of a soft soil, which after rain is scarcely passable even with light carriages, whilst in dry weather it cracks into large gaps; wastes, varying from scrub to sandy desert, and occasional high lands, which towards the North and South run into the range of mountains parallel to the coast. Some of the more fertile spots are beautifully clothed with trees, having a park-like appearance; nor is wood any where scarce save on the soils not adapted to its growth. But the most striking character of the whole country is the evident proofs it affords of violent floods succeeding the long droughts. Extensive lagoons are discovered along the banks of the rivers, clearly produced by their overflowing; and these vary from lakes, to pools of mud, or hollows of springing vegetation. The courses of the streams themselves gave evident marks of being subjected to violent torrents at pretty long intervals; and in one place Major Mitchell saw some saplings of about ten years old, which, after growing in safety for that period, had been destroyed by an inundation. A want of water—that is, the uncertainty of finding it—is as much felt throughout these vast plains as in New South Wales. None of the rivers were navigable for the small boats carried by the party: in some places they were merely a succession of long ponds; and they all appeared to dwindle gradually away towards their termination, no water being found in any at their junction with the greater streams except the Murrumbidgee. But the Murray is always full. Hence, it seems to follow, that for years to come, the country, like the colonized part of New South Wales, will only be fit for scattered locations and grazing-grounds. Time and population—the appliances of art to embank rivers, to sink wells, to form tanks, and to bring into operation the various resources of human science, so as to husband and equalize the waters—may perhaps enable it to support a dense population; but this will be ages hence.

On the banks of the Murray the country improves, and continues till Australia Felix is reached. This district, commencing at the 141st degree of East longitude, (the imaginary boundary of South Australia,) terminates on the North towards the river Bayungun; and is bounded on the East by the Pacific Ocean, on the West by a mountain chain, and the great inland plains. This region is painted by Major Mitchell in such glowing colours, that we should have imagined any other man than a Surveyor General was speaking, not of things as they actually were, but as they appeared by contrast with the interior wastes. Nay, although our officer of Engineers notes with a professional eye the nature of the soil, the character of the rocks, the rise and fall of the surface, the water-marks on banks and trees, with all the other specific points by which art prevents enthusiasm from running into

error, still we think the flush of discovery contributed to heighten the general picture. Major Mitchell thus paints the lucky land, which must shortly be colonized by respectable free settlers, or by convict tribes, according to the pleasure of an upper clerk in the Colonial Office.

APPROACH TO AUSTRALIA FELIX.

"The party moved forward in the direction of Mount Hope, and leaving the hill on the left, continued towards Pyramid Hill, where we encamped at about three-quarters of a mile from its base. We were under no restraint now in selecting a camp, from any scarcity of water or grass, for every hollow in the plains contained some water, and grass grew every where. The strips of wood which diversified the country as seen from the hills, generally enclosed a hollow with polygonum bushes, but without any marks of ever having had any water in them: although it may be presumed that in very wet seasons it must lodge there, as in so many canals; and this, indeed, seemed to me to be a country where canals would answer well, not so much, perhaps, for inland navigation, as for the better distribution of water over a fertile country, enclosed as this is by copious rivers."

THE LAND OF PROMISE.

"After travelling through a little bit of scrub, we descended on one of the most beautiful spots I ever saw: the turf, the woods, and the banks of the little stream which murmured through the vale, had so much the appearance of a well kept park, that I felt loth to break it by the passage of our cart-wheels. Proceeding for a mile and a half along this rivulet through a valley wholly of the same description, we at length encamped on a flat of rich earth nearly quite black, and where the *anthistria* grew in greater luxuriance than I had ever before witnessed in Australian grass. The earth seemed to surpass in richness any that I had seen in New South Wales, and I was even tempted to bring away a specimen of it.

"At two miles on this day's journey we crossed a deep running stream. The height of its banks above water was twelve feet, and they were covered with a rich sward, the course of the stream being to the westward. The land along the margins of this stream was as good as that we were now accustomed to see everywhere around us, so that it was no longer necessary to note the goodness or beauty of any place in particular.

"We had at length discovered a country ready for the immediate reception of civilized man, and fit to become eventually one of the great nations of the earth. Unencumbered with too much wood, yet possessing enough for all purposes, with an exuberant soil under a temperate climate, bounded by the sea-coast and mighty rivers, and watered abundantly by streams from lofty mountains, this highly-interesting region lay before me with all its features new and untouched as they fell from the hand of the Creator. Of this Eden it seemed that I was only the Adam; and it was indeed a sort of paradise to me, permitted thus to be the first to explore its mountains and streams, to behold its scenery, to investigate its geological character, and, finally, by my survey, to develop those natural advantages all still unknown to the civilized world, but yet certain to become at no distant date, of vast importance to a new people."

Major MITCHELL has hitherto been speaking of land on the Western or landward side of the mountain range. The following passage relates to one of his various pictures when he had turned the mountains and was approaching the coast.

"At a mile and a half from the camp, a scene opened to our view which gladdened every heart. An open grassy country, extending as far as we could see; the hills round and smooth as a carpet; the meadows broad, and either green as an emerald, or of a rich golden colour, from the abundance, as we soon afterwards found, of a little ranunculus-like flower. Down into that delightful vale our vehicles trundled over a gentle slope; the earth being covered with a thick matted turf, apparently superior to any thing of the kind previously seen. That extensive valley was watered by a winding stream, whose waters glittered through trees fringing each bank."

Hitherto the Aborigines of Australia have been rated the lowest in the scale of humanity. From the facts of Major Mitchell, this judgment would appear to be the result of hasty or ignorant observation; or the depressing influences of a scanty subsistence have reduced the inhabitants of the country between the mountains and the sea below the character of the tribes in the interior. Excepting cases of old age and disease, which fall with aggravated weight upon uncivilized man, the aborigines come out active, industrious according to their knowledge, less treacherous than some savages have shown themselves, possessing certain arts, and a few customs which, though based most probably in superstition, exhibit a degree of thought, self-control, and labour, which as it contributes nothing to their physical comfort, could be spared. They are fowlers and fishers when birds and fish are found; they follow these callings with as much system as our decoy-men, and the nets which they use are pronounced by Major Mitchell equal in workmanship to ours; with a wooden spade they search for a species of edible root, at a labour equal to that of an agriculturist; in the power of tracking an enemy or finding their way through an unknown country, they exhibit the sagacity of the Red Indian; and many of the tribes display powers of endurance which leave those of civilized man at considerable distance. Some of their huts are neat and display contrivance; and their modes of sepulture, though various, show in each case something beyond the mere animal they have hitherto been held. Here is an account of some of their burial places, followed by sketches of the race.

"As we passed a burial-ground, called by them 'Milverdien,' I rode to examine it; and in doing so I remarked, that these natives scarcely lifted up their heads when they passed through it, but continued, although I remained there for half an hour, after which I found them waiting for me at about a mile further on. This burying-ground was a fairy-like spot, in the midst of a scrub of drooping acacias. It was an extensive space, laid out in little walks, which were narrow and smooth,

as if intended only for 'sprites.' All these ran in gracefully curved lines, and enclosed the heaving heaps of reddish earth, which contrasted finely with the acacias and dark casuarinae around. Others gilt with moss shot far into the recesses of the bush, where slight traces of still more ancient graves proved the antiquity of these simple but touching records of humanity: with all our art we could do no more for the dead than these poor savages had done."

"On a corner of the plain, just as we approached the land of reedy hollows, I perceived at some distance a large, lonely hut, of peculiar construction, and accordingly rode to examine it. On approaching it, I observed that it was closed on every side, the materials consisting of poles and large sheets of bark, and that it stood in the centre of a plot of bare earth of considerable extent, which was enclosed by three small ridges, the surface within the artificial area having been made very level and smooth. I had little doubt that this was a tomb; but on looking through a crevice, I perceived that the floor of the hut was covered with a bed of rushes, that had been recently occupied. On removing a piece of bark and lifting the rushes, I perceived, on thrusting my sabre into the hollow loose earth under them, that this bed covered a grave. Tommy Came-first, who was with me, at first pronounced it to be the work of a White man; but by the time I had finished a sketch of it, the widow had hailed him from the woods, telling him that it was a grave; after which I could not prevail on him to approach it. I carefully replaced the bark, anxious that no disturbance of the repose of the tomb should accompany the prints of the White man's feet. I afterwards learnt from the widow, that the rushes within that solitary tomb were actually the nightly bed of some near relative or friend of the deceased, (most frequently a brother,) and that the body was thus watched and attended in the grave, through the process of corruption, or, as Piper interpreted her account, until no flesh remains on the bones; and then *he yan* (i. e. goes away)! No fire, the constant concomitant of other places of shelter, had ever been made in that solitary hut, the abode alike of the living and the dead, although recent remains of several fires appeared on the heath outside."

THE SAVAGE AT HOME.

"As I was reconnoitering the ground for a camp, I observed a native on the opposite bank; and, without being seen by him, I stood awhile to watch the habits of a savage man 'at home.' His hands were ready to seize, his teeth to eat, any living thing; his step, light and noiseless as that of a shadow, gave no intimation of his approach; his walk suggested the idea of the prowling of a beast of prey. Every little track or impression left on the earth by the lower animals caught his keen eye; but the trees overhead chiefly engaged his attention. Deep in the hollow heart of some of the upper branches was still hidden, as it seemed, the opossum on which he was to dine. The wind blew cold and keenly through the lofty trees on the river margin; yet that broad brawny savage was entirely naked. Had I been unarmed, I had much rather have met a lion than that sinewy biped; but I was on horseback, with pistols in my holsters, a broad river was flowing between us, and I overlooked him from a high bank; and I ventured to disturb his meditations with a loud halloo. He then stood still, looked at me for about a minute, and then retired with that easy bounding kind of step which may be termed a running walk,

exhibiting an unrestrained facility of movement, apparently incompatible with dress of any kind. It is in bounding lightly, at such a pace, that, with the additional aid of the 'wammerah,' the aboriginal native can throw his spear with sufficient force and velocity to kill the emu or kangaroo, even when at their speed."

AFFECTION AND FIDELITY.

"A fire was burning near the water, and at it sat a Black child of about seven or eight years old, quite blind. All the others had fled save one poor little girl still younger; who, notwithstanding the appearance of such strange beings as we must have seemed to her, and the terror of those who fled, had nevertheless lingered about the bushes, and at length took her seat behind the blind boy. A large supply of the balyan root lay beside them, and a dog, so lean as scarcely to be able to stand, drew his feeble body close up beside the two children, as if desirous to defend them. They formed indeed a miserable group; exhibiting, nevertheless, instances of affection and fidelity creditable both to the human and canine species."

AUSTRALIAN HARDIHOOD.

"At this camp, where we lay shivering for want of fire, the different habits of the aborigines and us strangers from the North were strongly contrasted. On that freezing night, the natives stripped off all their clothes, (their usual custom,) previous to lying down to sleep in the open air; their bodies being doubled round a few burning reeds. We could not understand how they bore the cold thus naked, when the earth was white with hoar frost; and they were equally at a loss to know how we could sleep in our tents without having a bit of fire beside us to keep our bodies warm. For the support of animal heat, fire and smoke are almost as necessary to them as clothes are to us: and the naked savage is not without some reason on his side, for with fire to warm his body he has all the comfort he ever knows; whereas we require both fire and clothing, and can therefore have no conception of the intensity of enjoyment imparted to the naked body of a savage by the glowing embrace of a cloud of smoke in winter, or in summer the luxury of a bath which he may enjoy in any pool, when not content with the refreshing breeze that fans his sensitive body during the intense heat. Amidst all this exposure, the skin of the Australian native remains as soft and smooth as velvet; and it is not improbable that the obstructions of drapery would constitute the greatest of his objections in such a climate to the permanent adoption of a civilized life."

In addition to these qualities, the natives of the Northern districts exhibited great boldness—greater, indeed, than the Mexicans and Peruvians, whom horses scared. See, for example, Major Mitchell's description of the manner in which one of them faced two to one with a horse included.

"As I approached a fresh tract, I saw a kangaroo, which sat looking at my horse until we were very near it; and I was asking Woods whether he thought we could manage to carry it back if I shot it, when my horse suddenly pricking his ears, drew my attention to a native, apparently also intent on the kangaroo, having two spears on his shoulder. On perceiving me, he stood and stared for a moment; then, taking one step back and swinging his right arm in the air, he poised

one of his spears, and stood stretched out in an attitude to throw. He was a tall man, covered with pipe-clay; and his position of defiance then, as he could never have before seen a horse, was manly enough. I could not retire at that moment, although most anxious to avoid a quarrel with the natives. I therefore galloped my horse at him; which had the desired effect, for he immediately turned, and disappeared at a dog-trot among the bushes. I gained a convenient cover by going forward, which enabled me to retire upon the river without seeming to turn, as I in fact did, to avoid further collision with the natives at so great a distance from the party."

Our author accuses the tribes who opposed him of treachery and savageness; but we cannot agree with him. In the first place, he had really no business amongst them. By the laws of reason, if not of nations, he had no more *right* there, than he had to make surveys with an armed band in France or Russia. As regards the attack in the first expedition, the few men present were all cut off; so no evidence exists as to whether any provocation was given,—which, as the party consisted of convicts, was highly probable. The charge of treachery against the tribes on the Darling seems not only unsupported, but the reverse. They had accompanied the expedition some time, on apparently friendly terms, though latterly pilfering, and becoming troublesome in proportion as their numbers increased. At last all crossed the river save two old men—

"The ceremony they then went through when the others had gone was most incomprehensible, and seemed to express no good intentions. The two old men moving slowly in opposite directions, made an extensive circuit of our camp; the one waving a green branch over his head, and occasionally shaking it violently at us, and throwing dust towards us, now and then sitting down and rubbing himself over with dust. The other took the band from his head, and waved it in gestures as furious, occasionally throwing dust also.

"When they met, after having paced half round this circuit, they turned their backs on each other, waving their branches as they faced about, then shaking them at us, and afterwards again rubbing themselves with dust. On completing their circuit, they coolly resumed their seats at a fire some little way from our camp. An hour or two after this ceremony, I observed them seated at a fire made close to our tents; and on going out of mine, they called to me: upon which I went down and sat with them as usual, rather curious to know the meaning of the extraordinary ceremony we had witnessed. I could not, however, discover any change in their demeanour; they merely examined my boots and clothes, as if they thought them already their own." * * *

"Soon after sunrise this morning, some natives, I think about twelve or thirteen in number, were seen approaching our tents at a kind of run, carrying spears and green boughs. As soon as they came within a short distance from the tents, they struck their spears in the ground, and seemed to beckon me to approach them; and as I was advancing towards them, they violently shook their boughs at me, and dashed them to the ground, having first set them on fire, calling out 'Nangry' (sit down); which mandate I accordingly

obeyed; but seeing that they stood, and continued their unfriendly gestures, I again stood up and called to the party; on seeing which, they immediately turned and ran away."

Considering that a green bough, borne in a friendly manner, is with the aborigines a sign of peace, these various ceremonies appear to us as clear a declaration of war, as a written manifesto "larded with many several sorts of reasons," issued by a civilized potentate, on less provocation than an invasion of his realm by strangers, who had actually chalked out a spot for settlement and fortified it.

After hostile indications, restrained by fear on the part of the natives, and by kindness and prudence on the part of Major Mitchell, a skirmish took place in his absence; when several aborigines were shot. On this our author wisely determined to return; as he was surrounded by foes, and the further survey of the Darling promised little. But on his third expedition, he encountered this identical tribe at the mouth of the river; who, having heard of his coming, had descended several hundred miles to meet him, and, as he says, to murder and rob the party. They dogged the expedition for some distance, essaying "treacherous" attacks, (or, as the Major in the case of a civilized foe would call them, "stratagems,") and displaying no mean strategy in the attempt. At last, however, a sort of engagement was brought on by the hastiness of one of his convict band, and was attended with greater loss of life than in the former; after which he was no more troubled. Now, looking at all the circumstances of the case—a handful of individuals in an unknown country, surrounded by savages whose language they could not understand, and whose conduct, after the receipt of some presents, appeared to the people inconvenienced by it the height of treachery—we blame no one for these unhappy rencontres, which were in reality the offspring of a stern necessity, but we say the savages had *right* on their side. Major Mitchell, however, thus philosophically comments on the matter.

"Much as I regretted the necessity for firing upon these savages, and little as the men might have been justifiable under other circumstances for firing upon any body of men without orders, I could not blame them much on this occasion, duly considering the circumstances, for the result was the permanent deliverance of the party from imminent danger. The men composing it were liable to be exposed, in their turns, singly, when following the cattle, which often unavoidably strayed far from the camp during the night; and former experience had, in my mind, rendered the death of some of these men certain. I was, indeed, satisfied that this collision had been brought about in the *most providential* manner; for it was probable that, from my regard for the aborigines, I might otherwise have postponed my orders to fire longer than might have been consistent with the safety of all my men. Such was the fate of the barbarians, who a year before had commenced hostilities by attacking treacherously a small body of strangers, who, *had they been sent from heaven,*

could not have done more to minister to their wants than they did then, nor endured more for the sake of peace and good-will. The men had then been compelled to fire upon them in their own defence, at the risk of my displeasure. The hostility of these savages had then prevented me from dividing my party, and obliged me to retire sooner from the Darling than I might otherwise have done. It now appeared that they had discovered this, judging from their conduct on this occasion; and, unappalled by the effects of fire-arms, to which they were no longer strangers, they had boastingly invaded the haunts of other tribes, more peaceably disposed than themselves, with the avowed object of meeting and attacking us. They had persisted in following us with such bundles of spears as we had never seen on other occasions, and were on the alert to kill any stragglers; having already, as they acknowledged, killed two of our cattle."

These are the views of a gentleman of acquirements, extensive experience of life, and of enlarged mind—one too who speaks very favourably of the aborigines, holds that they may be civilized, and is not disposed to blink the ill-treatment they receive from the colonists. If, therefore, colonial prejudices on the subject so warp a man of this character, what is to be expected from interested colonists and angry or wanton convicts? The rapid destruction of the race. This consummation will no doubt be hastened by continuing the transportation system; but, quick or slow, its final end is sure, under the present Government plans of colonization. It is all very proper for the "Aborigines Protection Society" to offer prizes for essays; but if they intend to do any thing, they must bestir themselves after the fashion of their prototype, the Anti-Slavery Society, and shout to the Colonial Office, "Sleep no more!"

It would also be well if public attention were directed towards Australia Felix. To extend thither the present system of transportation, would be to people Paradise with devils. If the do-nothing plan be preferred, adventurers will piratically settle on it, as they have begun to settle on its boundaries already. Whether it should be included in South Australia, or made a new province, is a matter of fair consideration; but one course or the other should be followed, if the country is to reap any benefit from Major Mitchell's discoveries.

Though several topics remain untouched, we must close here; remarking, that the work is illustrated with a variety of plates, cuts, and plans, which, like the text, and indeed the idea and conduct of the expeditions, display the accomplished and practical surveyor.

From the Spectator.

LORD LONDONDERRY'S NORTHERN TOUR.

Recollections of a Tour in the North of Europe, in 1836, 1837. By the Marquis of Londonderry. In 2 vols. Bentley.

These are very amusing volumes, from their sub-

jeet and their character. They treat of those things which interest most people; and as they exact no close attention to comprehend them, never weary. Such as the behaviour and personal characteristics of kings, ministers, and other great men; the modes, etiquette, and pageantries of courts, and all the outward forms of sovereign power. The author, too, shines strongly through his narrative, imparting that spirit which *character* always gives. In the outpouring of his tour, more clearly than in his speeches, we trace the qualities of the Marquis of Londonderry,—great transparency of feeling; an active mind, not devoid of vigour, or occasionally of justness of thought, and possessing much quickness of observation; but these faculties dashed by an indiscriminateness which strikingly detracts from their utility. As a writer, he has no selection: so that he often becomes absurd from want of knowing when to stop, and gives a character of bathos to things necessary or things indifferent. Take an example. Hume, in his episode of the discovery of America, notes that “on the 2nd of August 1492, a little before sunset, Christopher Columbus, a Genoese, set out on his memorable voyage,”—marking the greatness of the action by the minuteness of the details. But the Marquis of Londonderry outdoes this particularity, in chronicling his arrival at the “Hotel Belle Vue, Place Royale, (Brussels,) at four o'clock A. M., on the 7th.”

The first great cause of Lord Londonderry's tour, seems to have been the loss of that embassy, which, so far as Lord John Russell's conduct is in question, “no time can efface or circumstances remove from his memory.” The immediate motive was weariness at the close of the Parliamentary campaign of 1836, “an anxiety for change of scene, and a desire of acquiring new ideas.” The outset of his journey was to Calais; whence he traversed Belgium, Holland, and Hanover, to Copenhagen. From the Danish capital he proceeded through Sweden to Stockholm; and thence to St. Petersburg and Moscow; returning home by way of Berlin. In Belgium, he seems neither to have sought nor received public attentions; in Holland, a marked incivility from the Princess of Orange induced him to eschew all connexion with the Dutch King or his family; and he found the King of Denmark a foe to all innovations, possessed with exploded notions, and seemingly as dull as his own capital,—which has no gas-lights, and where grass grows in the streets. At Stockholm, Charles John (Bernadotte), despite his illegitimacy as a crowned head, won the heart of the Marquis by his attentions to himself and the Marchioness. But the climax was reserved for St. Petersburg. Here our travellers were fêted and lionized, not only by ambassadors and Russian statesmen, but by the Imperial Autocrat. If there was a review, the Marquis of Londonderry was “engaged to assist;” no

party was complete without his presence; and he was even admitted (under the rose) to exclusively national fêtes, where *no ambassador* was ever allowed to be present.

The narrative of these things, in common hands, would of necessity have displayed a very vulgar spirit; but there is nothing of this in the Marquis. Though his matter may indeed sometimes smack of the fashionable novelist, his manner is that of a gentleman. There is no vulgar pluming himself upon the high society which surrounds him, but exultation and gratitude at the *kindness* of his receptions; for a strong *bonhomme* and human feeling are visible throughout. It was scarcely to be expected that a shrewder man, in such a position, should analyze motives, to see how much of the attention arose from kingcraft, and how much was paid to an active Tory and incessant talker. However, let the author speak for himself. Here is his first interview with the Empress and her children.

“At five o'clock in the evening of our arrival, carriages were sent for us to proceed to our presentation to the Empress, and to dinner. We found a large circle present in a very spacious room of three compartments, separated by columns. In the centre division were laid the tables for dinner; in the end compartment the company were assembled. The Nesselrodes had preceded us, and many of our St. Petersburg acquaintance were already arrived. It was uncertain in what manner the Empress would receive us; whether we were to be presented by our own ambassador, or by the high officers and *dames d'honneur* of the court. At length we found that the Empress had commanded her Grand Maître, Prince Volkouski, and Madame Nesselrode, wife of the Minister for Foreign Affairs, to introduce us; and we were honoured with a private audience of her Imperial Majesty. She entered the apartment into which we were introduced with the Grand Duke Heritier, Cesarowitch. She came immediately up to me, and in the most gracious manner accosted me as an old acquaintance; remembering me (she was pleased to say) perfectly in 1813 in Silesia. The indescribable majesty of deportment and fascinating grace that mark this illustrious personage are very peculiar. Celebrated as are all the females connected with the lamented and beautiful Queen of Prussia, there is none of them more bewitching in manners than the Empress of Russia; nor is there existing, according to all report, so excellent and perfect a being. After a kind and gracious conversation with me, she turned to my companions; and, while talking to them, the Cesarowitch approached me. He is eighteen, remarkably tall and handsome, has a benign countenance and a princely air, and is undoubtedly one of the handsomest young men that can be seen. The Princess Olga, the younger of two sisters, was in the background: she appeared about fourteen or fifteen, fair and delicate, but tall, with very brilliant and large sparkling eyes.

“Her elder sister, we understood afterwards, was ill, and not able to appear; but, at a subsequent period, I often saw her; and although, perhaps, she is not at first so striking as the Grand Duchess Olga, she has an extraordinary resemblance to the Emperor, and her countenance has all that ingenuousness and intelligence which characterize her Imperial father. She is, I be-

lieve, two years older than her sister. After half an hour's conversation, the Empress proceeded to the general reception-room; and, making her *tourné*, &c. to the ladies, the ministers, the gentlemen, the officers, &c. that were assembled, she went into the dinner-room, the ladies following her successively according to their rank, and then the gentlemen. I was directed to sit on the left of the Grand Chamberlain, opposite the Empress, the American Ambassador sitting on his right. The Empress sat next her son and her daughter, the other ladies ranging in a line on each side. The dinner was served *à la Russe*; each plate handed round, the dessert and decorations filling up the centre of the tables. This mode of managing the dinner is now very generally introduced throughout the European Continent; England alone preserving the custom of placing the dishes upon the table, and having them carved by the master and mistress or their immediate intimates."

GOVERNESS'S REPORT ON FAMILY VIRTUES.

"On returning for the ball, we found the Emperor's younger children, the two Grand Dukes Michael and Nicholas, with their governesses and preceptors, assembled in the outer room, where a large *montagne Russe* had been erected for their amusement; in using which, they often got the Emperor and ladies of the Court to join. The two boys are fair, but strong and healthy. They were dressed *en Cossaque*, spoke English, and had a Scotch lady in charge of them, who was very conversable and agreeable. She had been nineteen years in the Imperial family, and gave me the most interesting account of the perfection of its interior, and of the qualities of the Emperor as a father, husband, and master, which could only be surpassed by those of the Empress as a mother and a wife."

Let Lord Londonderry also describe his first interviews with the Autocrat, military and civil.

"On the 24th of October, the Emperor had graciously proposed to me to be present at a review of the cavalry of the guards. I received an invitation by letter on the evening of the 23d, from Benkendorff, the Minister of War, saying, he was commanded by his Imperial Majesty to invite me to the manœuvre: that one of his horses would be in waiting for me at the Marble Palace, close to the Champ de Mars, where the manœuvre was to take place. Officers were expected in full dress at twelve. I repaired to the palace, where I found a richly-equiparsoned Arabian charger ready for me; and joining General Benkendorff and Czernicheff, we proceeded to where a very large assemblage of general and staff-officers were waiting the Emperor's arrival.

"In a few minutes his Imperial Majesty made his appearance. Riding directly up to me, with the most cordial shake of the hand, he added, 'Mon cher, je suis enchanté de vous voir; vous n'avez pas le moindre du monde changé.' He then galloped off rapidly to the body of the cavalry, which were formed in two lines. Arriving on the left flank, he received the salutes as he passed along, greeting every regiment with the accustomed cry of 'How are you, my children?' while they reply, in deafening response, 'We thank you, my father.' The cavalry assembled consisted of about eight thousand horses. The regiments of Chevaliers de la Garde, detachments of regiments formed regimentally, assembled at Petersburg for instruction, six troops of Light Artillery carrying flying pontoons, Cossacks of the Don and of the Guard, and Circassian Cossacks, formed the mass that was collected. The space of the Champ de

Mars, large as it is, is too confined to exercise, in extended manœuvre, so numerous a body of cavalry. The Emperor, putting himself in the centre, made the two lines defile before him in parade order. They next passed in columns of squadrons, in a trot, and afterwards at a gallop. A charge, or swarm, of the Circassians and Cossacks followed. The galloping by of each regiment in close column of squadrons, and a general salute, finished the exercises; when the Emperor, riding up to the assembled general and staff-officers, dismissed them with, 'Adieu, Messieurs.' * * *

"At nine the soirée commenced. I had seen the Emperor at both the manœuvres; but our meeting on horseback did not afford the opportunity for the cordial reception with which I was now greeted. When with his troops, his Imperial Majesty's attention is so entirely wrapped up, that he seldom articulates but to order, reprimand, or approve. At the two reviews I had little conversation with him, further than the remarks I ventured to make upon the troops. On seeing me enter the saloon, crowded with officers and ladies, he advanced to me with eagerness, and, drawing me into the outer room, he bestowed on me the warmest reception, and entered into a long, familiar, and interesting conversation, which of course due delicacy precludes my putting to paper. At the close of it, the Empress came up, and inquiring as to my satisfaction with all we had seen at Moscow, I was obliged to go through the description, as well and as shortly as I could, of what was most striking there. When she had left me, and they had noticed all the circle, the musicians of the chapel began the concert that was intended for the evening. The Empress led Lady L. to the sofa, and conversed with her nearly all the evening. The Emperor, with two of his Aides-de-camp, (Generals Czernicheff and Kisseleff,) sat down to whist. About eighty or a hundred ladies, and as many officers of high rank and *charges de cour*, formed in groups; while the young children of the Emperor, with their companions, the sons of those attached to the court, together with governesses and preceptors without end, added to the crowd in the ante-room and great saloon.

"This assemblage, without form or ceremony, exhibited a happiness and cheerfulness seldom seen in the interior of a sovereign; 'the eternal ordering you out of the way for a royal personage,' the hint or fear that you are turning your back on royalty, seemed here banished; and the familiarity was so kindly, yet so bewitchingly established, that in half an hour I felt as if I were at home."

There are many descriptions of parties of this kind, and perhaps possessing more of that attraction which such things possess, because the Marquis, dealing with unroyal persons, exercises greater discrimination. There are also innumerable descriptions of pageants, distinguished by gorgeousness and variety of costume: but, if one may be permitted to hazard a judgment on what has not been seen, the splendour of the Russian court is mere mummery, without any moral interest whatever. The Imperial Majesty, too, seems to have dazzled the Marquis's perception, not merely as to defects, but personal qualities. There is no portrait in Russia so characteristic as this sketch of

BERNADOTTE, KING OF SWEDEN.

"I was not prepared (from circumstances to which it

is unnecessary to advert) to receive that singularly kind *accueil*, and that royal and affectionate favour, which his Majesty, after a lapse of twenty-three years, was pleased, on my visiting his kingdom, to bestow on me and mine; and we all know, when a monarch gives the tone, how cordially all the court and subjects follow its impulse. Charles-Jean was fifty years of age in 1813; I found him, therefore, with twenty-three years added to his wonderful life, and in appearance little changed; the same vigour of mind, and apparently of body, the same elasticity of intellect; and if his singularly coal-black hair had in this lapse of years received a tinge of a lighter hue, and if it had not its former glossiness, there appeared the same quantity; and the frame of the soldier, the warrior, and the man, was in no degree altered or shrunk, nor its force (to appearance) diminished.

"One singular feature in the King of Sweden has always made a great impression on my mind. In conversing with him, he has the art, as a painter of the first order, of bringing into operation every colour that can embellish the subject of which he treats. He forms, as it were, the *tableau* of his discourse; 'il pose les principes;' and when his groundwork is sufficiently laboured to rivet the attention of the eager listener, he beautifies his allusions, and attracts you by his epigrammatic sentences, while he alludes to history both ancient and modern, and you are enraptured with the brilliancy and playfulness of his conversation. It has been my lot to communicate personally and confidentially with many of the first characters of the age, and I know no individual (not even excepting Prince Metternich) who more entirely interests and completely gains possession of your faculties than the King of Sweden, when he chooses to converse with you with that freedom and ease which he can employ.

"I enjoyed several long conversations with him on nearly every public and political subject during my stay at Stockholm; on which it would be unnecessary and injudicious to dilate. The general purport of his observations was favourable to England. Some little uneasiness, perhaps, towards Russia had lately been created, on account of her having pressed vigorously the completion of the fortifications on the island of Åland, and of her preparing a large dockyard for the whole of her fleet; at which station an immense armament might at any time be collected within forty-eight hours' sail of Stockholm. In alluding to this point, I asked the King why he did not, in like manner, increase the batteries and fortifications on the islands and channel up to his own capital! He replied, he fully intended to do so, and to render it impregnable in the course of time, and when the means were provided by the country for so important an object.

"Desirous of knowing if the King persevered in the same custom as formerly—when I was obliged, from my duties, to visit his Majesty at all hours—of sitting up very late and getting up at one or two in the day, and, while dressing, dictating his letters and business—I heard that in this respect his habits had undergone no change; and that he was known in winter to be six or seven months without going out of his room; and yet, if occasion required it, he could at once change his way of life without the least inconvenience, and be all night on horseback, not feeling the worse for it. He was on the kindest terms with the Queen; who, although doatingly attached to Paris and France, reconciles herself to her great and important duties. She seems the

most amiable person imaginable. We had several dinners with her Majesty during our short stay, both at the palace in town and at Rosenberg in the park."

DILEMMAS OF GREATNESS.

"I must here mention, that, in the most gallant and affectionate manner, the King begged Lady L.'s acceptance of his porphyry jardinière that stood in the middle of his drawing-room; and it was impossible not to be won by the extreme condescension and kindness that was shown. We dined in a narrow gallery, and the company consisted of about sixty or eighty persons. I sat, as usual, next to the Queen; whose conversation is always lively and affable; but the place is a little nervous, for the dinner is served *à la Russe*, and the large dishes are always handed round for each guest to help himself. It being etiquette that nothing can be offered between her Majesty and her next neighbour, it happens that a great fish or an immense piece of beef (with all its garniture) is presented over your right shoulder; and you have either to run the risk, by helping yourself with your left hand, of throwing it over the table or over her Majesty, or to do what is not a little annoying with a good appetite, send the dish away."

The picture of Nicholas is of course highly flattered; but, even allowing *all* the Marquis says of him were literally true, he appears a man of form rather than substance. The Marquis thus describes his military labours; but surely much of it might be relegated, and the results only looked to. The employment is less that of an emperor than a drill-sergeant.

"First, as to my own remarks. Having been thirty-five years a soldier, I ought in some degree to be enabled to form a judgment of commanders in the field. I saw the Emperor Nicholas, as I have stated in the early part of this memoir, manœuvre twelve thousand cavalry; he was unassisted by any staff-officer or aid-de-camp; he directed the general officers of brigade, colonels of corps, nay, the adjutants, pivots, and markers, precisely as the most accurate and experienced practical drill officer could do; he corrected all mistakes, and discovered and lectured publicly on the error. It may, however, be said that his Imperial Majesty has always devoted himself to cavalry tactics: be it so. I next saw him manœuvre thirty thousand infantry. He called the generals to the front, gave them verbally the disposition he had conceived, and then formed the attacking and defending corps. He took the whole general direction of every change of position and operation; and, finally, because some partial movement failed, he called his generals and officers together, and read them an instruction of nearly an hour long, on the duties and science of tactics. This is not all. Every general officer, more or less, may be enabled to move and drill great bodies of troops; but I witnessed in Nicholas another singular trait. On one of the military fête days, his Imperial Majesty gave a dinner in the hall of the Palais d'Hiver to the corps des cadets nobles. After the repast, the corps des cadets, a battalion of eight hundred to one thousand strong, fell in, in this immense saloon. The Emperor proceeded to their front, and, to my astonishment, manœuvred the simple battalion. The firings, the common drill, and the duties even of a serjeant-major, seemed perfectly familiar to them. The recollection of these minutæ of instruction, and having them so entirely at command, are surely very remarkable;

and, upon my commenting with wonder on all this precision, I was informed by several of his officers, that in all the departments of the state, whether of justice, interior or foreign affairs, finances, law, artillery, or marine services, the Emperor exhibited equal proficiency. Now, when this declaration was made by one and all who surrounded him, and when one considers generally that ministers and officers are too apt to raise themselves into importance by taking credit for doing a great deal, one cannot but believe that the justice they all render to the Emperor Nicholas is his due, and that he may be fairly pronounced one of the most wonderfully gifted men of the age."

The Empress also is a martinet in her way.

"At court, dress and the toilette, as already observed, are devotedly cultivated both from taste and policy. Of the innumerable balls that are given during the season at St. Petersburg, the most select are the private balls of the Empress, at the Palais Anishkoff. To none of these are the diplomatic corps invited; a prohibition which they regret exceedingly. There are from eighteen to twenty of these delightful réunions in the season. At these fêtes no lady, much less an *élégante*, is ever seen twice in the same dress; and so entirely without crease or crumple do their exquisite toilets appear, that, to speak metaphorically, the ladies really seem all to be just turned out of a bandbox. Having been present at several of the balls, I can from my own knowledge declare that I saw always new dresses on every fresh occasion. I had the curiosity to ask a mother how she managed with two and sometimes three daughters who were occasionally invited, and if the expense was not very great during the season! She told me rather seriously, that each gown cost two hundred roubles, that was six hundred for her daughters every night, and two hundred and fifty for her own; and multiplying that by twenty would show the cost. These sums were for her own and the young ladies' dresses only. I wished further to know if many princes and nobles did not think it inconvenient; but never could get an admission or a complaint in Russia that any thing was extravagant, or that there was want or distress in the higher circle,—although I have reason to believe that mortgages are not unfrequent on the estates of the higher orders, in that as in other countries. What is rather singular, these estates are managed by an intendant, to whom is delegated absolute and complete direction; and neither wife, son, relation, nor connexion ever influenced a Russian nobleman against the absolute control of his intendant."

The volumes, however, have better things than court gossip, descriptions of imperial parties, or flattering sketches of royal and ministerial personages. Here is an account of a singular institution, but, like all the Russian institutions, *forced*, and therefore not adapted to the country. The reflections of the Marquis show a sound practical sense, for which he has not had credit.

"If I were to particularize any of the great institutions at Moscow, which called forth my warmest admiration, it would undoubtedly be the 'Etablissement des Demoiselles Nobles.' In contemplating a seminary of six or seven hundred young women, from the ages of eight or nine to eighteen or nineteen, the daughters of nobles and the fairest flowers of the empire, it is impos-

sible not to take a peculiar interest in the management that is submitted to your observation. The young ladies are in classes according to their ages. In the class-rooms they are instructed in languages and accomplishments. They have their large saloon for recreation, dancing, and exercises, a magnificent hall for their meals, and an airy and capacious dormitory, their hospital ward and rooms, with convalescent apartments.

"In the above distribution there is much the same order of arrangement preserved as in the military academies and the Corps des Cadets Institution. The governesses and preceptors seem to be chosen with the greatest possible care. The education is at the expense of the Crown, and at twenty they leave the institution, being then complete in their acquirements. To an observer, it is impossible to see any thing work better than this system appears to do. The governesses appear respectable and well-informed ladies, and refined in their manners. The *élèves* (especially the elder ones) not only displayed, on examination, great knowledge, but exhibited it naturally, without ostentation or affectation. Their carriage and grace struck me as very distinguished. Most particular attention seemed to be paid to their neatness in dress. In short, were I to offer an opinion, I should say, that were it not for the insurmountable obstacles which the difference of religion presents to a Protestant, I would infinitely prefer placing my girls in the Institution des Demoiselles Nobles to educating them at home. But then the question arises in Russia, What are the future prospects of perhaps two-thirds of these young persons, when sent from the establishment? It is notorious, that the greater part of them belong to poor though well-born families. They come for admission from all parts of the empire; and much interest is necessary to secure it, and there is great emulation and rivalry in endeavouring to obtain it. They are brought up in every luxury; they have every incitement and opportunity, till twenty years old, of cultivating their talents, and of acquiring knowledge of every description. But then, turned adrift, what is to be their fate! If they do not marry, they are thrown back upon their poor parents, no longer treated as they have been, and may be called upon to return to the drudgery of a Russian house and Russian *ménage*; they pine after all they have left behind; they become unhappy and miserable. If, on the other hand, they marry a poor soldier or a man of small means, they are wholly unfit for the duties of an humble lot; and their beautiful embroidery is lost sight of in the more necessary employment of making and working coarse brown cloth; their drawings are given up for keeping house accounts, their music and dancing for attending to the dairy and looking after the flock.

"These are mournful but true reflections; and my doubt is, whether the plan is not too luxurious and princely a scale. It is, however, clear that these endowments furnish to the empire a perfect nursery for governesses. The young ladies going forth into such great families as can make them members of their interior and associates of their children, may feel some of the changes or deprivations to which I have above alluded; and certainly many of them may, by the protection of the Empress and the Imperial family, be placed in positions where their education will have made their fortune and their happiness. But I am apprehensive as to the fate of many of these young persons, until this vast empire becomes richer and more advanced."

There are some good remarks on the powers and purposes of Russia. The source they come from is, indeed, rather suspicious; but there is this advantage in reason, that it can stand independent of its author. There are also some judicious observations on Holland. To quote all these would require more space than we can spare; but we will close with a picture of

AMSTERDAM.

"On the 12th, I entered Amsterdam. Forcibly as I was struck with Rotterdam, I own the appearance of this most curious capital of Holland amazed me as much as any place I had ever witnessed. It is not alone the impression produced by the peculiar nature of the country, enclosed and intersected by embankments which, if broken through or destroyed, would level every thing in one chaos of deluge and ruin; it is not the dikes, canals, drawbridges, wind-mills, that appear on all sides, that awaken your attention; but it is the mass of industry, wealth, commerce—the movement of the multitude in sedate and solemn step, all eagerly ruminating and absorbed in the single object of securing profit. In no part of the world is this characteristic of a people so determinately stamped as in the city of Amsterdam.

"The Amster, from which the name of the city is derived, affords basins and numerous docks for all the shipping trading to the Dutch colonies and to the cities on the Rhine. A forest of ships, of all sizes and dimensions, fills up the vast embouchure of one of the finest of rivers. The variegated prows of the Dutch vessels contrast strangely with the new steam-boats arriving from all parts of Europe. The extreme niceness of the streets, the painted doors, windows, (and even many of the houses themselves,) the trees which line the canals, all with coloured palings of wood around them, and lastly, the motley dresses of the inhabitants, especially of the Dutch sailors, clothed in scarlet jackets and blue coarse trousers, afford a *coup d'œil* of variety entirely unique."

"To describe one principal street of Amsterdam, is to describe all. The Dutch have contrived a canal in the middle of each, a broad road on each side of the canal, and, at intervals, drawbridges, which keep up the communication between each side of the street. Rows of trees line the canals; nor are the drawbridges any impediment to the vessels passing up and down, as by a simple process each drawbridge is raised up and again lowered. This is, however, occasionally inconvenient, as it arrests carriages and passengers, precedence being always given to the shipping. As the large streets are wide, the lateral communications are narrow, without trees or trottoirs. In the main streets there is a small but excellent stone flagging; and before all the doors are green benches or seats, where the Dutch sit at their ease, smoke, and enjoy themselves in the evening, after the labours of the day. The goods in all the shops appeared particularly dear; and throughout Holland the charge for lodgings and eatables was beyond measure exorbitant. I apprehend Rotterdam and Amsterdam are two of the most unreasonable cities in their charges in Europe. Indeed the Dutch seem to think that you should pay them for the air you breathe in their country, and for being on dry land—which, without their dikes, would not be the case."

Several Portraits embellish the volumes; but they scarcely support the praises of the text. Nesselrode looks like a Jew stockbroker; Nicholas, though a well-grown and well-looking man, has neither handsome features nor intellectual expression; and the Empress, on whose beauty and so forth the Marquis is never tired of dilating, seems to us goggle-eyed.

From the Spectator.

BOZ IN BENTLEY.

Bentley's Miscellany, No. XXI.: Article "Full Report of the Second Meeting of the Mudfog Association for the Advancement of Every Thing." By Boz. Bentley.

The September number of *Bentley's Miscellany* contains a paper by Boz, entitled "Full Report of the Second Meeting of the Mudfog Association for the Advancement of Every Thing," which, besides combining all the amusement of the most ludicrous temporary topic with the popular readableness of a report of stimulating facts, displays a breadth and depth of truthful satire on three of the current nuisances which are intellectually most annoying,—the puff and splutter of "expenses," and "exertions," and "expresses" to announce nothing; the struggling importance of small men, who fancy that ciphers by combination can change their nature; and the various vulgarities of penny-a-liners.

The self-complacent and swelling phraseology of the introduction, and the general management of the subject, display the trading arts of "exclusive intelligencing." The style of the report throughout, but more especially the opening passages, narrating the voyage, felicitously parody the absurd twaddle of a penny-a-liner's reflections, as well as his minute collection of insignificant facts; the ignorance of business and of social life which prompts him to chronicle, as matters of moment, the most commonplace occurrences; and the tautological art by which he repeats the same idea in different phrases. One might fancy the following running report a veritable express, but for the happiness of several of its hits, by which an under-current of satire is kept up at the subjects of the narrative as well as at the mode of narration.

"Saloon of Steamer, }
Thursday Night, Half-past Eight. }

"When I left New Burlington Street this evening in the hackney cabriolet number four thousand two hundred and eighty-five, I experienced sensations as novel as they were oppressive. A sense of the importance of the task I had undertaken, a consciousness that I was leaving London, and stranger still, going somewhere else, a feeling of loneliness and a sensation of jolting, quite bewildered my thoughts, and for a time

rendered me even insensible to the presence of my carpet-bag and hat-box. I shall ever feel grateful to the driver of a Blackwall omnibus, who, by thrusting the pole of his vehicle through the small door of the cabriolet, awakened me from a tumult of imaginings that are wholly indescribable. But of such materials is our imperfect nature composed!

"I am happy to say that I am the first passenger on board, and shall thus be enabled to give you an account of all that happens in the order of its occurrence. The chimney is smoking a good deal, and so are the crew; and the captain, I am informed, is very drunk in a little house upon deck, something like a black turnpike. I should infer from all I hear that he has got the steam up."

"You will readily guess with what feelings I have just made the discovery that my berth is in that same closet with those engaged by Professor Woodensconce, Mr. Slug, and Professor Grime. Professor Woodensconce has taken the shelf above me, and Mr. Slug, and Professor Grime the two shelves opposite. The luggage has already arrived. On Mr. Slug's bed is a long tin tube of about three inches in diameter, carefully closed at both ends. What can this contain? Some powerful instrument of a new construction, doubtless."

Ten Minutes past Nine.

"Nobody has yet arrived, nor has any thing fresh come in my way except several joints of beef and mutton; from which I conclude that a good plain dinner has been provided for to-morrow. There is a singular smell below, which gave me some uneasiness at first; but as the steward says it is always there, and never goes away, I am quite comfortable again. I learn from this man that the different sections will be distributed at the Black Boy and Stomach-ache and the Boot-jack and Countenance. If this intelligence be true, (and I have no reason to doubt it,) your readers will draw such conclusions as their different opinions may suggest.

"I write down these remarks as they occur to me, or as the facts come to my knowledge, in order that my first impressions may lose nothing of their original vividness! I shall despatch them in small packets as opportunities arise."

"Some dark object has just appeared on the wharf. I think it is a travelling carriage."

"No, it isn't."

"Half-past Nine.

"A Quarter to Ten.

"Half-past Ten.

"The passengers are pouring in every instant. Four omnibusses full have just arrived upon the wharf, and all is bustle and activity. The noise and confusion are very great. Cloths are laid in the cabin, and the steward is placing blue plates-full of knobs of cheese at equal distances down the centre of the tables. He drops a great many knobs; but, being used to it, picks them up again with great dexterity, and, after wiping them on his sleeve, throws them back into the plates. He is a young man of exceedingly prepossessing appearance—either dirty or a mulatto, but I think the former.

"An interesting old gentleman, who came to the wharf in an omnibus, has just quarrelled violently with the porters, and is staggering towards the vessel with a large trunk in his arms. I trust and hope that he may reach it in safety; but the board he has to cross is

narrow and slippery. Was that a splash? Gracious powers!

"I have just returned from the deck. The trunk is standing upon the extreme brink of the wharf, but the old gentleman is nowhere to be seen. The watchman is not sure whether he went down or not, but promises to drag for him the first thing to-morrow morning. May his humane efforts prove successful!

"Professor Nogo has this moment arrived with his nightcap on under his hat. He has ordered a glass of cold brandy and water, with a hard biscuit and a basin, and has gone straight to bed. What can this mean!"

The report of the proceedings of the Association is distinguished by a similar breadth and generality. It is not only the pompous weakness and absurdity of individual members which are touched off: the passing vices and follies of the day are satirized,—the Poor-law assailants in the "Tyrant Sowster;" the blackguardism of a portion of the aristocracy, and the servility of Police Magistrates, in the "Practical Suggestions" for providing some harmless and wholesome relaxation for the young noblemen of England in automaton policemen, &c. who can be assaulted without suffering; whilst here is a pleasant little bit on several topics.

SECTION A.—ZOOLOGY AND BOTANY.

Front parlour, Black Boy and Stomach-ache.—President—Sir William Joltered.—Vice Presidents—Mr. Muddlebranes and Mr. Drawley.

"Mr. X. X. Misty communicated some remarks on the disappearance of dancing-bears from the streets of London, with observations on the exhibition of monkees as connected with barrel-organs. The writer had observed, with feelings of the utmost pain and regret, that some years ago a sudden and unaccountable change in the public taste took place with reference to itinerant bears; who, being discountenanced by the populace, gradually fell off one by one from the streets of the metropolis, until not one remained to create a taste for natural history in the breasts of the poor and uninstructed. One bear, indeed—a brown and ragged animal—had lingered about the haunts of its former triumphs, with a worn and dejected visage and feeble limbs, and had essayed to wield his quarter-staff for the amusement of the multitude; but hunger, and an utter want of any due recompense for his abilities, had at length driven him from the field, and it was only too probable that he had fallen a sacrifice to the rising taste for grease. He regretted to add, that a similar and no less lamentable change had taken place with reference to monkees. These delightful animals had formerly been almost as plentiful as the organs on the tops of which they were accustomed to sit; the proportion in the year 1829 (it appeared by the Parliamentary return) being as one monkey to three organs. Owing, however, to an altered taste in musical instruments, and the substitution in a great measure of narrow boxes of music for organs, which left the monkees nothing to sit upon, this source of public amusement was wholly dried up. Considering it a matter of the deepest importance, in connection with national education, that the people should not lose such opportunities of making themselves acquainted with the manners and customs of two

most interesting species of animals, the author submitted that some measures should be immediately taken for the restoration of these pleasing and truly intellectual amusements.

"The President inquired by what means the honourable Member proposed to attain this most desirable end?

"The author submitted, that it could be most fully and satisfactorily accomplished, if her Majesty's Government would cause to be brought over to England, and maintained at the public expense and for the public amusement, such a number of bears as would enable every quarter of the town to be visited—say at least by three bears a week. No difficulty whatever need be experienced in providing a fitting place for the reception of these animals, as a commodious bear-garden could be erected in the immediate neighbourhood of both Houses of Parliament—obviously the most proper and eligible spot for such an establishment.

"Professor Mull doubted very much whether any correct ideas of natural history were propagated by the means to which the honourable member had so ably adverted. On the contrary, he believed that they had been the means of diffusing very incorrect and imperfect notions on the subject. He spoke from personal observation and personal experience, when he said that many children of great abilities had been induced to believe, from what they had observed in the streets, at and before the period to which the honourable gentleman had referred, that all monkeys were born in red coats and spangles, and that their hats and feathers also came by nature. He wished to know distinctly whether the honourable gentleman attributed the want of encouragement the bears had met with to the decline of public taste in that respect, or to a want of ability on the part of the bears themselves?

"Mr. X. X. Misty replied, that he could not bring himself to believe but that there must be a great deal of floating talent among the bears and monkeys generally; which, in the absence of any proper encouragement, was dispersed in other directions.

"Professor Pumpkinskull wished to take that opportunity of calling the attention of the section to a most important and serious point. The author of the treatise just read had alluded to the prevalent taste for bears-grease as a means of promoting the growth of hair, which undoubtedly was diffused to a very great and (as it appeared to him) very alarming extent. No gentleman attending that section could fail to be aware of the fact, that the youth of the present age evinced, by their behaviour in the streets and at all places of public resort, a considerable lack of that gallantry and gentlemanly feeling which, in more ignorant times, had been thought becoming. He wished to know whether it were possible that a constant outward application of bears-grease by the young gentlemen about town, had imperceptibly infused into those unhappy persons something of the nature and quality of the bear? He shuddered as he threw out the remark; but if this theory, on inquiry, should prove to be well-founded, it would at once explain a great deal of unpleasant eccentricity of behaviour, which, without some such discovery, was wholly unaccountable.

"The President highly complimented the learned gentleman on his most valuable suggestion, which produced the greatest effect upon the assembly; and remarked that only a week previous, he had seen some young gentlemen at a theatre eyeing a box of ladies

with a fierce intensity, which nothing but the influence of some brutish appetite could possibly explain. It was dreadful to reflect that our youth were so rapidly verging into a generation of bears.

"After a scene of scientific enthusiasm, it was resolved that this important question should be immediately submitted to the consideration of the council."

That class—a numerous class at present—who aim at dignifying their individual consequence by reflecting upon it the beams of a large society, may feel sore at these pungent touches, and perhaps fall foul of the satirist; but without reason. These joint stock unions, it may be said, do good: and no doubt they do in a certain sense; but so does a ploughman, or a blacksmith, much more a cotton factory, though not that sort of rare good which entitles them to call upon the world to look upon. It is their *pretension* that furnishes food for the satirists, and makes the Association for the Advancement of Science a topic for ridicule. The whole thing, in fact, illustrates the primitive meaning of a vulgar but expressive word—*hum-bug*,—a stir disproportioned to the nature of the creature causing it."

From the Spectator.

COLOURED DECORATIONS IN HOUSES.

The want of colour in our architectural decorations is as notable a characteristic of this country as its foggy atmosphere: dirt and smoke are not more striking features of London than the dingy drab hue of its streets and houses. We are very Quakers in our taste: one would think that John Bull had as furious an antipathy to bright hues as his brute protonyme for scarlet, so strongly does the horror of colour cling to him. Some hopeful symptoms, however, of an abatement of this chromophobia (not a natural disease of the country, but an affliction superinduced by ill treatment) have lately become manifest: the heavy wainscoting of sitting-rooms has given way to smart paper-hangings, that, however ugly and monotonous, have at least the recommendation of cheerfulness; and the dull leaden hue of the plastered walls has been relieved by a faint tint of colour, and the introduction of panneling with scroll ornaments in the corners; library and dining-room curtains have been brightening into scarlet and crimson, though Turner the painter still stands alone in the splendour of chrome yellow draperies; and the chintz patterns of drawing and breakfast rooms have been keeping pace with the increased liveliness of Brussels carpeting and the lightness and elegance of the paper or silk hangings. The dining-room, however, is still the stronghold of sombre blankness; and a portrait or two, in a gilt frame, keeping the chandelier in countenance, are the only bright ornaments of the

room. The massive mahogany sideboard, and naked chairs of the same heavy wood, are in keeping with English roast beef and plum-pudding; but as solid joints are now banished from the dinner-table of fashion, we hope mahogany will never more show its mulatto-face clad in black hair-cloth in our sitting-rooms—such covering is fit only for offices.

This cheering improvement of our dwellings is owing to the increasing taste for pictures: engravings in black frames have given place to paintings in gilded ones; and to these are succeeding pannellings of pictures, set in the gold mouldings of the room, as in the instance of Stanfield's landscapes at Sutherland House. A higher refinement is now sprung up, in the revival of the coloured arabesques of Pompeii; a very chaste and elegant variety of this style has employed the talents of no less an artist than Eastlake, who has designed a room for Mr. Bellenden Kerr, something in the manner of the Etruscan vases, we are told. The Duke of Beaufort is having a dining-room decorated in the gayest style of arabesque, by Mr. Latilla, in his imitation fresco; and the effect is delightful: not only does the room look lighter and more spacious, but it induces a feeling of cheerfulness; the bright colours in the wreaths of fruit and flowers, interspersed with animals and figures, start out from the delicate tint of the ground on every side. The transition from a wainscoted room painted in the ordinary way with crude white picked out with a faint neutral tint of some cold hue, is quite enlivening; it is like entering a garden from a stone paved court: when furnished and lighted up, the effect will be brilliant in the extreme—far surpassing in richness and elegance the most gorgeous display of gilding, which is oppressive and monotonous in its splendour, unless plentifully relieved by colour; it is, moreover, less expensive and more durable.

The extension of this style of decoration is greatly to be desired, not only on account of the scope it affords to the fancy and ingenuity of artists and artisans—opening up a wide field for the exercise of skill and taste, and almost creating a new class of intellectual labourers, the mechanic-artists—but for our comfort and enjoyment. The appearance of the room that we occupy, or the house that we inhabit, exerts a real influence upon our senses, though not quite so potent as the state of the atmosphere: a dark and gloomy apartment, or a simply dull room, depresses the spirits at the moment of entering, just as a light, airy, and cheerful one predisposes to serenity. The permanent influence of both on the habitual occupant is not the less sensibly felt for being unperceived. The numerous lights and lively draperies of a drawing-room animate and enliven the visiter, as much as the music and the company; they are the flowers and sunshine of artificial life.

This nascent fondness for colour is but a revival of

our old likings: it is no new fancy, even in this country. The Puritans banished the harmonies of beautiful colour, as well as of sweet sound, from "merry England." In Elizabeth's time not only were the chambers hung with arras, but the ornaments of the rooms and the architectural decorations were coloured and gilded: even monuments in churches were adorned in this splendid style, till we substituted the cold repulsive black-and-white marble of the Low Countries for the attractive elegance of Italian art. That the fondness for colour is national, is proved by the painted bodies of our barbarian forefathers, no less than by the gorgeous doublets and coloured hose of our more civilized progenitors. The love of colour, indeed, is inherent in man, as all nature testifies; and those who, confounding beauty and gaudiness, call bright colour vulgar, will find an answer in every garden starred with dahlias, whose variety of hues is as endless as their fecundity. The fact is, our fastidiousness—not taste, but a poor negation of it—makes us take refuge from violent and discordant contrasts of colour in the neutral ground of drab; we have remained long enough on the threshold of elegance—mere aversion from showy deformity, and it is now time we enter into the sanctuary. Our lively neighbours the French, to whom show is a necessary of life, and who prefer bad combinations of colour to none at all, overdo as much as we fall short: the happy medium lies between the two extremes. The scarlet cloak of the country dame, and the red waistcoat or cap of the labourer, are indulgences of the same sense that drinks in the gorgeous hues of sunset, and feasts on the lustrous splendours of a poppy-field, when its myriad of ruddy lamps are lit up by the sun-beams; and the rude taste is gratified by the uncouth daubs that relieve the bare whiteness of the cottage-wall, just as the enlightened connoisseur is with a picture by Titian or Paul Veronese.

Colour is also an essential part of architectural decoration, without which a building is not complete: the interior of St. Paul's, for instance, looks cold, vacant, and tomb-like, not for want of pews, but of coloured ornament to fill the eye and satisfy the sense of beauty. The painted ceiling of the dome tends to make more evident the absence of any hue but the dingy tints of dust in the rest of the building. The artists offered to furnish it with pictures in West's day; but the then prelate refused their proposal, on grounds that would equally justify the removal of all "graven ornaments" whatever, and render the *beau idéal* of a Protestant place of worship a barn with wooden benches. Coloured and gilded ceilings, heraldic blazonries, and, above all, painted windows—sun-lighted transparencies—are as much integral parts of Gothic as the arabesque scrolls and honeycomb fret-work, harlequin-hued, are of the Moorish architecture. Not only did the Egyptians employ colour most lavishly on the ex-

terior of their temples, as well as in the engraved pictures of the interiors, but the elegant Greeks painted the lily whiteness of their marble temples, and gilded the refined symmetry of the ornaments on them. The painter architects of Italy have left, in St. Peter's and the Vatican, splendid examples of the inseparable union of coloured adornments and architectural forms; for though the noble proportions of the Loggie could not be affected if Raffaele's arabesque and pictures were effaced, the grandeur of the whole would be sensibly lessened, and a hiatus would be visible—a want would be felt, even supposing their former existence to be unknown to us.

The mention of these frescoes—would that the material were as imperishable as the fame of their painters!—brings us back to the circumstances that gave rise to these remarks—the revival of fresco painting in Germany, and the practice of a modified form of it in this country. The arcades of the Hofgarten at Munich, as well as the Glyptothek and Pinakothek, are adorned with paintings in fresco—the true fresco of Italy, where pure water-colours are applied to wet plaster. The practice requires greater dexterity and certainty of hand, as the effect is produced at once, and every separate portion of the picture is successively completed before the plaster dries. A few years back, Mr. J. Lane produced some small pictures in real fresco, as specimens; these are the only ones we have seen. The advantages of fresco-painting consist in its durability, the permanent brilliancy of the colours, and their freedom from the gloss and yellowness of oil. The method adopted renders the style more applicable to ceilings and the walls of lofty buildings, where a powerful impression has to be produced from a distance, than to smaller rooms; it is better suited for public halls and churches, and the saloons and lobbies of a palace, than to private dwellings. Fresco has got into disrepute in this country, owing to the bastard method employed in the Hall at Manchester and the Roman Catholic Chapel in Moorfields. This is called *mezzo fresco*: the basis is fresco, that is, the masses of colour are laid on with a water medium on the moist plaster, but the design is finished with distemper—colour mixed with size! which is easily acted on by damp, and consequently the beauty of the painting is soon destroyed: already has the sanctuary of the chapel in Moorfields been repainted. Mr. Latilla who has been lecturing on the subject of fresco at the rooms of the Society for Promoting Practical Design, in Leicester Square, (he delivers his concluding lecture on Tuesday next,) employs flatted oil colours on a composition ground, spread over ordinary plaster walls. The clearness, delicacy, and brightness of these colours, are almost equal to the real fresco, while the process is much easier and cheaper; for merely decorative purposes it is as effective and durable as oil

paint, and it may be washed without injury; in this way he has executed the dining-room for the Duke of Beaufort.

To the Germans we are indebted also for the revival of the ancient practice of encaustic—that is, employing wax as the vehicle, and applying the colour in a warm state. The peculiar advantages of this method over fresco, consists, we believe, in the superior delicacy and high finish it admits of.

The subject deserves the consideration of artists and amateurs, especially with reference to the new Houses of Parliament. If it be not intended to ornament them with historical paintings, surely the introduction of coloured devices might be permitted. Any one who has lounged in the sumptuous cafés of Paris, must have experienced the influence of beautiful colour on the eye and the spirits; and there is much to admire in the taste of the designs. One of the newest, on the Italian Boulevard, in the Elizabethan style, is particularly called to our recollection by the mention of the new Houses of Parliament. It is matter of surprise that, in a country pretending to taste, no allusion is made to pictorial or sculptural adornments for one of the noblest piles of building we shall have to boast of—in architectural magnificence rivalling Westminster Abbey. What are the artists about, that they do not agitate the subject.

From the Nickleby Papers.

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER XVIII.

Miss Knag, after doating on Kate Nickleby for three whole days, makes up her mind to hate her for evermore. The causes which lead Miss Knag to form this resolution.

There are many lives of much pain, hardship, and suffering, which, having no stirring interest for any but those who lead them, are disregarded by persons who do not want thought or feeling, but who pamper their compassion and need high stimulants to rouse it.

There are not a few among the disciples of charity who require in their vocation scarcely less excitement than the votaries of pleasure in theirs; and hence it is that diseased sympathy and compassion are every day expended on out-of-the-way objects, when only too many demands upon the legitimate exercise of the same virtues in a healthy state, are constantly within the sight and hearing of the most unobservant person alive. In short, charity must have its romance, as the novelist or playwright must have his. A thief in fustian is a vulgar character, scarcely to be thought of by persons of refinement; but dress him in green velvet,

with a high-crowned hat, and change the scene of his operations from a thickly-peopled city to a mountain road, and you shall find in him the very soul of poetry and adventure. So it is with the one great cardinal virtue, which, properly nourished and exercised, leads to, if it does not necessarily include, all the others. It must have its romance; and the less of real hard struggling work-a-day life there is in that romance, the better.

The life to which poor Kate Nickleby was devoted, in consequence of the unforeseen train of circumstances already developed in this narrative, was a hard one; but lest the very dullness, unhealthy confinement, and bodily fatigue, which made up its sum and substance, should deprive it of any interest with the mass of the charitable and sympathetic, I would rather keep Miss Nickleby herself in view just now, than chill them in the outset by a minute and lengthened description of the establishment presided over by Madame Mantalini.

'Well, now, indeed Madame Mantalini,' said Miss Knag, as Kate was taking her weary way homewards on the first night of her noviciate; that Miss Nickleby is a very creditable young person—a very creditable young person indeed—hem—upon my word, Madame Mantalini, it does very extraordinary credit even to your discrimination that you should have found such a very excellent, very well-behaved, very—hem—very unassuming young woman to assist in the fitting on. I have seen some young women when they had the opportunity of displaying before their betters, behave in such a—oh, dear—well—but you're always right, Madame Mantalini, always; and as I very often tell the young ladies, how you do contrive to be always right, when so many people are so often wrong, is to me a mystery indeed.'

'Beyond putting a very excellent client out of humour, Miss Nickleby has not done anything very remarkable to-day—that I am aware of, at least,' said Madame Mantalini in reply.

'Oh, dear!' said Miss Knag; 'but you must allow a great deal for inexperience, you know.'

'And youth?' inquired Madame.

'Oh, I say nothing about that, Madame Mantalini,' replied Miss Knag, reddening; 'because if youth were any excuse, you wouldn't have—'

'Quite so good a forewoman as I have, I suppose,' suggested Madame.

'Well, I never did know anybody like you, Madame Mantalini,' rejoined Miss Knag most complacently, 'and that's the fact, for you know what one's going to say, before it has time to rise to one's lips. Oh, very good! Ha, ha, ha!'

'For myself,' observed Madame Mantalini, glancing with affected carelessness at her assistant, and laughing heartily in her sleeve, 'I consider Miss Nickleby the most awkward girl I ever saw in my life.'

'Poor dear thing,' said Miss Knag, 'it's not her fault. If it was, we might hope to cure it; but as it's her misfortune, Madame Mantalini, why really you know, as the man said about the blind horse, we ought to respect it.'

'Her uncle told me she had been considered pretty,' remarked Madame Mantalini. 'I think her one of the most ordinary girls I ever met with.'

'Ordinary!' cried Miss Knag with a countenance beaming delight; 'and awkward! Well, all I can say is, Madame Mantalini, that I quite love the poor girl; and that if she was twice as indifferent-looking, and twice as awkward as she is, I should be only so much the more her friend, and that's the truth of it.'

In fact, Miss Knag had conceived an incipient affection for Kate Nickleby, after witnessing her failure that morning, and this short conversation with her superior increased the favourable prepossession to a most surprising extent; which was the more remarkable, as when she first scanned that young lady's face and figure, she had entertained certain inward misgivings that they would never agree.

'But now,' said Miss Knag, glancing at the reflection of herself in a mirror at no great distance, 'I love her—I quite love her—I declare I do.'

Of such a highly disinterested quality was this devoted friendship, and so superior was it to the little weaknesses of flattery or ill-nature, that the kind-hearted Miss Knag candidly informed Kate Nickleby next day, that she saw she would never do for the business, but that she need not give herself the slightest uneasiness on this account, for that she (Miss Knag) by increased exertions on her own part, would keep her as much as possible in the back ground, and that all she would have to do would be to remain perfectly quiet before company, and to shrink from attracting notice by every means in her power. This last suggestion was so much in accordance with the timid girl's own feelings and wishes, that she readily promised implicit reliance on the excellent spinster's advice: without questioning, or indeed bestowing a moment's reflection upon the motives that dictated it.

'I take quite a lively interest in you, my dear soul, upon my word,' said Miss Knag; 'a sister's interest, actually. It's the most singular circumstance I ever knew.'

Undoubtedly it was singular, that if Miss Knag did feel a strong interest in Kate Nickleby, it should not rather have been the interest of a maiden aunt or grandmother, that being the conclusion to which the difference in their respective ages would have naturally tended. But Miss Knag wore clothes of a very youthful pattern, and perhaps her feelings took the same shape.

'Bless you!' said Miss Knag, bestowing a kiss upon

Kate at the conclusion of the second day's work, 'how very awkward you have been all day.'

'I fear your kind and open communication, which has rendered me more painfully conscious of my own defects, has not improved me,' sighed Kate.

'No, no, I dare say not,' rejoined Miss Knag, in a most uncommon flow of good humour. 'But how much better that you should know it at first, and so be able to go on straight and comfortable. Which way are you walking, my love?'

'Towards the city,' replied Kate.

'The city!' cried Miss Knag, regarding herself with great favour in the glass as she tied her bonnet. 'Goodness gracious me! now do you really live in the city?'

'Is it so very unusual for anybody to live there?' asked Kate, half smiling.

'I couldn't have believed it possible that any young woman could have lived there under any circumstances whatever, for three days together,' replied Miss Knag.

'Reduced—I should say poor people,' answered Kate, correcting herself hastily, for she was afraid of appearing proud, 'must live where they can.'

'Ah! very true, so they must; very proper indeed!' rejoined Miss Knag with that sort of half sigh, which, accompanied by two or three slight nods of the head, is pity's small change in general society; 'and that's what I very often tell my brother, when our servants go away ill one after another, and he thinks the back kitchen's rather too damp for 'em to sleep in. These sort of people, I tell him, are glad to sleep anywhere! Heaven suits the back to the burden. What a nice thing it is to think that it should be so, isn't it?'

'Very,' replied Kate, turning away.

'I'll walk with you part of the way, my dear,' said Miss Knag, 'for you must go very near our house; and as it's quite dark, and our last servant went to the hospital a week ago, with Saint Anthony's fire in her face, I shall be glad of your company.'

Kate would willingly have excused herself from this flattering companionship, but Miss Knag having adjusted her bonnet to her entire satisfaction, took her arm with an air which plainly showed how much she felt the compliment she was conferring, and they were in the street before she could say another word.

'I fear,' said Kate, hesitating, 'that mamma—my mother, I mean—is waiting for me.'

'You needn't make the least apology, my dear,' said Miss Knag, smiling sweetly as she spoke; 'I dare say she is a very respectable old person, and I shall be quite—hem—quite pleased to know her.'

As poor Mrs. Nickleby was cooling—not her heels alone, but her limbs generally at the street corner, Kate had no alternative but to make her known to Miss Knag, who, doing the last new carriage customer at

second-hand, acknowledged the introduction with condescending politeness. The three then walked away arm in arm, with Miss Knag in the middle, in a special state of amiability.

'I have taken such a fancy to your daughter, Mrs. Nickleby, you can't think,' said Miss Knag, after she had proceeded a little distance in dignified silence.

'I am delighted to hear it,' said Mrs. Nickleby; though it is nothing new to me, that even strangers should like Kate.'

'Hem!' cried Miss Knag.

'You will like her better when you know how good she is,' said Mrs. Nickleby. 'It is a great blessing to me in my misfortunes to have a child, who knows neither pride or vanity, and whose bringing-up might very well have excused a little of both at first. You don't know what it is to lose a husband, Miss Knag.'

As Miss Knag had never yet known what it was to gain one, it followed very nearly as a matter of course that she didn't know what it was to lose one, so she said in some haste, 'No, indeed I don't,' and said it with an air intended to signify that she should like to catch herself marrying anybody—no no, she knew better than that.

'Kate has improved even in this little time, I have no doubt,' said Mrs. Nickleby, glancing proudly at her daughter.

'Oh! of course,' said Miss Knag.

'And will improve still more,' added Mrs. Nickleby.

'That she will, I'll be bound,' replied Miss Knag, squeezing Kate's arm in her own, to point the joke.

'She always was clever,' said poor Mrs. Nickleby, brightening up, 'always, from a baby. I recollect when she was only two years and a half old, that a gentleman who used to visit very much at our house—Mr. Watkins, you know, Kate, my dear, that your poor papa went bail for, who afterwards ran away to the United States, and sent us a pair of snow shoes, with such an affectionate letter that it made your poor dear father cry for a week. You remember the letter, in which he said that he was very sorry he couldn't repay the fifty pounds just then, because his capital was all out at interest, and he was very busy making his fortune, but that he didn't forget you were his god-daughter, and he should take it very unkind if we didn't buy you a silver coral and put it down to his old account—dear me, yes, my dear, how stupid you are! and spoke so affectionately of the old port wine that he used to drink a bottle and a half of every time he came. You must remember, Kate?'

'Yes, yes, mama; what of him?'

'Why, that Mr. Watkins, my dear,' said Mrs. Nickleby slowly, as if she were making a tremendous effort to recollect something of paramount importance; 'that Mr. Watkins—he wasn't any relation, Miss Knag

will understand, to the Watkins who kept the Old Boar in the village; by the by, I don't remember whether it was the Old Boar or the George the Fourth, but it was one of the two, I know, and it's much the same—that Mr. Watkins said, when you were only two years and a half old, that you were one of the most astonishing children he ever saw. He did indeed, Miss Knag, and he wasn't at all fond of children, and couldn't have had the slightest motive for doing it. I know it was he who said so, because I recollect, as well as if it was only yesterday, his borrowing twenty pounds of her poor dear papa the very moment afterwards.'

Having quoted this extraordinary and most disinterested testimony to her daughter's excellence, Mrs. Nickleby stopped to breathe; and Miss Knag, finding that the discourse was turning upon family greatness, lost no time in striking in with a small reminiscence on her own account.

'Don't talk of lending money, Mrs. Nickleby,' said Miss Knag, 'or you'll drive me crazy, perfectly crazy. My mama—hem—was the most lovely and beautiful creature, with the most striking and exquisite—hem—the most exquisite nose that ever was put upon a human face, I do believe, Mrs. Nickleby (here Miss Knag rubbed her own nose sympathetically); the most delightful and accomplished woman, perhaps, that ever was seen; but she had that one failing of lending money, and carried it to such an extent that she lent—hem—oh! thousands of pounds, all our little fortunes, and what's more, Mrs. Nickleby, I don't think, if we were to live till—till—hem—till the very end of time, that we should ever get them back again. I don't indeed.'

After concluding this effort of invention without being interrupted, Miss Knag fell into many more recollections, no less interesting than true, the full tide of which Mrs. Nickleby in vain attempting to stem, at length sailed smoothly down, by adding an undercurrent of her own recollections; and so both ladies went on talking together in perfect contentment: the only difference between them being, that whereas Miss Knag addressed herself to Kate, and talked very loud, Mrs. Nickleby kept on in one unbroken monotonous flow, perfectly satisfied to be talking, and caring very little whether anybody listened or not.

In this manner they walked on very amicably until they arrived at Miss Knag's brother's, who was an ornamental stationer and small circulating library keeper, in a by-street off Tottenham Court Road, and who let out by the day, week, month, or year, the newest old novels, whereof the titles were displayed in pen-and-ink characters on a sheet of pasteboard, swinging at his door-post. As Miss Knag happened at the moment to be in the middle of an account of her twenty-second offer from a gentleman of large property, she insisted upon their all going in to supper together; and in they went.

'Don't go away, Mortimer,' said Miss Knag as they

entered the shop. 'It's only one of our young ladies and her mother. Mrs. and Miss Nickleby.'

'Oh, indeed!' said Mr. Mortimer Knag. 'Ah!'

Having given utterance to these ejaculations with a very profound and thoughtful air, Mr. Knag slowly snuffed two kitchen candles on the counter and two more in the window, and then snuffed himself from a box in his waistcoat pocket.

There was something very impressive in the ghostly air with which all this was done, and as Mr. Knag was a tall lank gentleman of solemn features, wearing spectacles, and garnished with much less hair than a gentleman bordering on forty or thereabouts usually boasts, Mrs. Nickleby whispered her daughter that she thought he must be literary.

'Past ten,' said Mr. Knag, consulting his watch. 'Thomas, close the warehouse.'

Thomas was a boy nearly half as tall as a shutter, and the warehouse was a shop about the size of three hackney coaches.

'Ah!' said Mr. Knag once more, heaving a deep sigh as he restored to its parent shelf the book he had been reading. 'Well—yes—I believe supper is ready, sister.'

With another sigh Mr. Knag took up the kitchen candles from the counter, and preceded the ladies with mournful steps to a back parlour, where a char-woman, employed in the absence of the sick servant, and remunerated with certain eighteenpences to be deducted from her wages due, was putting the supper out.

'Mrs. Blockson,' said Miss Knag, reproachfully, 'how very often I have begged you not to come into the room with your bonnet on.'

'I can't help it, Miss Knag,' said the char-woman, bridling up on the shortest notice. 'There's been a deal o' cleaning to do in this house, and if you don't like it, I must trouble you to look out for somebody else, for it don't hardly pay me, and that's the truth, if I was to be hung this minute.'

'I don't want any remarks, if you please,' said Miss Knag, with a strong emphasis on the personal pronoun. 'Is there any fire down stairs for some hot water presently?'

'No there is not, indeed, Miss Knag,' replied the substitute; 'and so I won't tell you no stories about it.'

'Then why isn't there?' said Miss Knag.

'Because there an't no coals left out, and if I could make coals I would, but as I can't I won't, and so I make bold to tell you Mem,' replied Mrs. Blockson.

'Will you hold your tongue—female?' said Mr. Mortimer Knag, plunging violently into this dialogue.

'By your leave, Mr. Knag,' retorted the char-woman, turning sharp round. 'I'm only too glad not to speak in this house, excepting when and where I'm spoke to, Sir; and with regard to being a female, Sir, I should wish to know what you considered yourself?'

'A miserable wretch,' exclaimed Mr. Knag, striking his forehead. 'A miserable wretch.'

'I'm very glad to find that you don't call yourself out of your name, Sir,' said Mrs. Blockson; 'and as I had two twin children the day before yesterday was only seven weeks, and my little Charley fell down a airy and put his elbow out last Monday, I shall take it as a favor if you'll send nine shillings for one week's work to my house, afore the clock strikes ten to-morrow.'

With these parting words, the good woman quitted the room with great ease of manner, leaving the door wide open, while Mr. Knag, at the same moment, flung himself into the 'warehouse,' and groaned aloud.

'What is the matter with that gentleman, pray?' inquired Mrs. Nickleby, greatly disturbed by the sound.

'Is he ill?' inquired Kate, really alarmed.

'Hush!' replied Miss Knag; 'a most melancholy history. He was once most devotedly attached to—hem—to Madame Mantalini.'

'Bless me!' exclaimed Mrs. Nickleby.

'Yes,' continued Miss Knag, 'and received great encouragement too, and confidently hoped to marry her. He has a most romantic heart, Mrs. Nickleby, as indeed—hem—as indeed all our family have, and the disappointment was a dreadful blow. He is a wonderfully accomplished man—most extraordinarily accomplished—reads—hem—reads every novel that comes out; I mean every novel that—hem—that has any fashion in it, of course. The fact is, that he did find so much in the books he read applicable to his own misfortunes, and did find himself in every respect so much like the heroes—because of course he is conscious of his own superiority, as we all are, and very naturally—that he took to scorning everything, and became a genius; and I am quite sure that he is at this very present moment writing another book.'

'Another book!' repeated Kate, finding that a pause was left for somebody to say something.

'Yes,' said Miss Knag, nodding in great triumph; 'another book, in three volumes post octavo. Of course it's a great advantage to him in all his little fashionable descriptions to have the benefit of my—hem—of my experience, because of course few authors who write about such things can have such opportunities of knowing them as I have. He's so wrapped up in high life, that the least allusion to business or worldly matters—like that woman just now for instance—quite distracts him; but, as I often say, I think his disappointment a great thing for him, because, if he hadn't been disappointed he couldn't have written about blighted hopes and all that; and the fact is if it hadn't happened as it has, I don't believe his genius would ever have come out at all.'

How much more communicative Miss Knag might

have become under more favourable circumstances it is impossible to divine, but as the gloomy one was within ear-shot and the fire wanted making up, her disclosures stopped here. To judge from all appearances, and the difficulty of making the water warm, the last servant could not have been much accustomed to any other fire than St. Anthony's; but a little brandy and water was made at last, and the guests, having been previously regaled with cold leg of mutton and bread and cheese, soon afterwards took leave; Kate amusing herself all the way home with the recollection of her last glimpse of Mr. Mortimer Knag deeply abstracted in the shop, and Mrs. Nickleby by debating within herself whether the dress-making firm would ultimately become 'Mantalini, Knag and Nickleby,' or 'Mantalini, Nickleby and Knag.'

At this high point, Miss Knag's friendship remained for three whole days, much to the wonderment of Madame Mantalini's young ladies who had never beheld such constancy in that quarter before, but on the fourth it received a check no less violent than sudden, which thus occurred.

It happened that an old lord of great family, who was going to marry a young lady of no family in particular, came with the young lady, and the young lady's sister, to witness the ceremony of trying on two nuptial bonnets which had been ordered the day before; and Madame Mantalini announcing the fact in a shrill treble through the speaking-pipe, which communicated with the work-room, Miss Knag darted hastily up stairs with a bonnet in each hand, and presented herself in the show-room in a charming state of palpitation, intended to demonstrate her enthusiasm in the cause. The bonnets were no sooner fairly on, than Miss Knag and Madame Mantalini fell into convulsions of admiration.

'A most elegant appearance,' said Madame Mantalini.

'I never saw anything so exquisite in all my life,' said Miss Knag.

Now the old lord, who was a *very* old lord, said nothing, but mumbled and chuckled in a state of great delight, no less with the nuptial bonnets and their wearers, than with his own address in getting such a fine woman for his wife; and the young lady, who was a very lively young lady, seeing the old lord in this rapturous condition, chased the old lord behind a cheval-glass, and then and there kissed him, while Madame Mantalini and the other young lady looked discreetly another way.

But pending the salutation, Miss Knag, who was tinged with curiosity, stepped accidentally behind the glass, and encountered the lively young lady's eye just at the very moment when she kissed the old lord; upon which the young lady in a pouting manner mur-

measured something about 'an old thing,' and 'great impertinence,' and finished by darting a look of displeasure at Miss Knag and smiling contemptuously.

'Madame Mantalini,' said the young lady.

'Ma'am,' said Madame Mantalini.

'Pray have up that pretty young creature we saw yesterday.'

'Oh yes, do,' said the sister.

'Of all things in the world, Madame Mantalini,' said the lord's intended, throwing herself languidly on a sofa, 'I hate being waited upon by frights or elderly persons. Let me always see that young creature, I beg, whenever I come.'

'By all means,' said the old lord; 'the lovely young creature, by all means.'

'Everybody is talking about her,' said the young lady, in the same careless manner; 'and my lord, being a great admirer of beauty, must positively see her.'

'She is universally admired,' replied Madame Mantalini. 'Miss Knag, send up Miss Nickleby. You needn't return.'

'I beg your pardon, Madame Mantalini, what did you say last?' asked Miss Knag, trembling.

'You needn't return,' repeated the superior sharply. Miss Knag vanished without another word, and in all reasonable time was replaced by Kate, who took off the new bonnets and put on the old ones: blushing very much to find that the old lord and the two young ladies were staring her out of countenance all the time.

'Why, how you colour, child!' said the lord's chosen bride.

'She is not quite so accustomed to her business as she will be in a week or two,' interposed Madame Mantalini with a gracious smile.

'I am afraid you have been giving her some of your wicked looks, my lord,' said the intended.

'No, no, no,' replied the old lord, 'no, no, I'm going to be married and lead a new life. Ha, ha, ha! a new life, a new life! ha, ha, ha!'

It was a satisfactory thing to hear that the old gentleman was going to lead a new life, for it was pretty evident that his old one would not last him much longer. The mere exertion of protracted chuckling reduced him to a fearful ebb of coughing and gasping, and it was some minutes before he could find breath to remark that the girl was too pretty for a milliner.

'I hope you don't think good looks a disqualification for the business, my lord,' said Madame Mantalini, simpering.

'Not by any means,' replied the old lord, 'or you would have left it long ago.'

'You naughty creature!' said the lively lady, poking the peer with her parasol; 'I won't have you talk so. How dare you?'

This playful inquiry was accompanied with another

poke and another, and then the old lord caught the parasol, and wouldn't give it up again, which induced the other lady to come to the rescue, and some very pretty sportiveness ensued.

'You will see that those little alterations are made, Madame Mantalini,' said the lady. 'Nay, my lord, you positively shall go first; I wouldn't leave you behind with that pretty girl, not for half a second. I know you too well. Jane, my dear, let him go first, and we shall be quite sure of him.'

The old lord, evidently much flattered by this suspicion, bestowed a grotesque leer upon Kate as he passed, and receiving another tap with the parasol for his wickedness, tottered down stairs to the door, where his sprightly body was hoisted into the carriage by two stout footmen.

'Foh!' said Madame Mantalini, 'how he ever gets into a carriage without thinking of a hearse, I can't think. There, take the things away, my dear, take them away.'

Kate, who had remained during the whole scene with her eyes modestly fixed upon the ground, was only too happy to avail herself of the permission to retire, and hastened joyfully down stairs to Miss Knag's dominion.

The circumstances of the little kingdom had greatly changed, however, during the short period of her absence. In place of Miss Knag being stationed in her accustomed seat, preserving all the dignity and greatness of Madame Mantalini's representative, that worthy soul was reposing on a large box, bathed in tears, while three or four of the young ladies in close attendance upon her, together with the presence of hartshorn, vinegar, and other restoratives, would have borne ample testimony, even without the derangement of the head-dress and front row of curls, to her having fainted desperately.

'Bless me!' said Kate, stepping hastily forward, 'What is the matter?'

This inquiry produced in Miss Knag violent symptoms of a relapse; and several young ladies, darting angry looks at Kate, applied more vinegar and hartshorn, and said it was 'a shame.'

'What is a shame?' demanded Kate. 'What is the matter? What has happened? tell me.'

'Matter!' cried Miss Knag, coming all at once bolt upright, to the great consternation of the assembled maidens; 'Matter! Fie upon you, you nasty creature!'

'Gracious!' cried Kate, almost paralysed by the violence with which the adjective had been jerked out from between Miss Knag's closed teeth; 'have I offended you?'

'You offended me!' retorted Miss Knag, 'You, a chit, a child, an upstart nobody! Oh, indeed! ha, ha!'

Now, it was evident as Miss Knag laughed, that something struck her as being exceedingly funny, and

as the young ladies took their tone from Miss Knag—she being the chief—they all got up a laugh without a moment's delay, and nodded their heads a little, and smiled sarcastically to each other, as much as to say, how very good that was.

'Here she is,' continued Miss Knag, getting off the box, and introducing Kate with much ceremony and many low curtsies to the delighted throng; 'here she is—everybody is talking about her—the belle, ladies—the beauty, the—oh, you bold-face thing!'

At this crisis Miss Knag was unable to repress a virtuous shudder, which immediately communicated itself to all the young ladies, after which Miss Knag laughed, and after that, cried.

'For fifteen years,' exclaimed Miss Knag, sobbing in a most affecting manner, 'for fifteen years I have been the credit and ornament of this room and the one upstairs. Thank God,' said Miss Knag, stamping first her right foot and then her left with remarkable energy, 'I have never in all that time, till now, been exposed to the arts, the vile arts of a creature, who disgraces us all with her proceedings, and makes proper people blush for themselves. But I feel it, I do feel it, although I am disgusted.'

Miss Knag here relapsed into softness, and the young ladies renewing their attentions, murmured that she ought to be superior to such things, and that for their part they despised them, and considered them beneath their notice; in witness whereof they called out more emphatically than before that it was a shame, and that they felt so angry, they did, they hardly knew what to do with themselves.

'Have I lived to this day to be called a fright!' cried Miss Knag, suddenly becoming convulsive, and making an effort to tear her front off.

'Oh no, no,' replied the chorus, 'pray don't say so; don't, now.'

'Have I deserved to be called an elderly person!' screamed Miss Knag, wrestling with the supernumeraries.

'Don't think of such things, dear,' answered the chorus.

'I hate her,' cried Miss Knag; 'I detest and hate her. Never let her speak to me again; never let anybody who is a friend of mine speak to her; a slut, a hussy, an impudent artful hussy!' Having denounced the object of her wrath in these terms, Miss Knag screamed once, hiccuped thrice, and gurgled in her throat several times: slumbered, shivered, woke, came to, composed her head-dress, and declared herself quite well again.

Poor Kate had regarded these proceedings at first in perfect bewilderment. She had then turned red and pale by turns, and once or twice essayed to speak; but as the true motives of this altered behaviour developed themselves, she retired a few paces, and looked calmly

on without deigning a reply. But although she walked proudly to her seat, and turned her back upon the group of little satellites who clustered round their ruling planet in the remotest corner of the room, she gave way in secret to some such bitter tears as would have gladdened Miss Knag's inmost soul if she could have seen them fall.

CHAPTER XIX.

Descriptive of a dinner at Mr. Ralph Nickleby's, and of the manner in which the company entertained themselves before dinner, at dinner, and after dinner.

The bile and rancour of the worthy Miss Knag undergoing no diminution during the remainder of the week, but rather augmenting with every successive hour; and the honest ire of all the young ladies rising, or seeming to rise, in exact proportion to the good spinster's indignation, and both waxing very hot every time Miss Nickleby was called up stairs, it will be readily imagined that that young lady's daily life was none of the most cheerful or enviable kind. She hailed the arrival of Saturday night, as a prisoner would a few delicious hours' respite from slow and wearing torture, and felt, that the poor pittance from her first week's labour would have been dearly and hardly earned had its amount been trebled.

When she joined her mother as usual at the street corner, she was not a little surprised to find her in conversation with Mr. Ralph Nickleby; but her surprise was soon redoubled, no less by the matter of their conversation, than by the smoothed and retired manner of Mr. Nickleby himself.

'Ah! my dear!' said Ralph; 'we were at that moment talking about you.'

'Indeed!' replied Kate, shrinking, though she scarce knew why, from her uncle's cold glistening eye.

'That instant,' said Ralph. 'I was coming to call for you, making sure to catch you before you left; but your mother and I have been talking over family affairs, and the time has slipped away so rapidly—'

'Well, now, hasn't it?' interposed Mrs. Nickleby, quite insensible to the sarcastic tone of Ralph's last remark. 'Upon my word, I couldn't have believed it possible, that such a——Kate, my dear, you're to dine with your uncle at half-past six o'clock to-morrow.'

Triumphing in having been the first to communicate this extraordinary intelligence, Mrs. Nickleby nodded and smiled a great many times, to impress its full magnificence on Kate's wondering mind, and then flew off, at an acute angle, to a committee of ways and means.

'Let me see,' said the good lady. 'Your black silk frock will be quite dress enough, my dear, with that pretty little scarf, and a plain band in your hair, and a pair of black silk stock——Dear, dear,' cried Mrs.

Nickleby, flying off at another angle, 'if I had but those unfortunate amethysts of mine—you recollect them, Kate, my love—how they used to sparkle, you know—but your papa, your poor dear papa—ah! there never was anything so cruelly sacrificed as those jewels were, never!' Overpowered by this agonizing thought, Mrs. Nickleby shook her head in a melancholy manner, and applied her handkerchief to her eyes.

'I don't want them, mama, indeed,' said Kate. 'Forget that you ever had them.'

'Lord, Kate, my dear,' rejoined Mrs. Nickleby, pettishly, 'how like a child you talk. Four-and-twenty silver tea spoons, brother-in-law, two gravies, four salts, all the amethysts—necklace, brooch, and earrings—all made away with at the same time, and I saying almost on my bended knees to that poor good soul, 'Why don't you do something, Nicholas? Why don't you make some arrangement?' I am sure that anybody who was about us at that time will do me the justice to own, that if I said that once, I said it fifty times a-day. Didn't I, Kate, my dear? Did I ever lose an opportunity of impressing it on your poor papa?'

'No, no, mama, never,' replied Kate. And to do Mrs. Nickleby justice, she never had lost—and to do married ladies as a body justice, they seldom do lose—any occasion of inculcating similar golden precepts, whose only blemish is, the slight degree of vagueness and uncertainty in which they are usually developed.

'Ah!' said Mrs. Nickleby, with great fervour, 'if my advice had been taken at the beginning—Well, I have always done my duty, and that's some comfort.'

When she had arrived at this reflection, Mrs. Nickleby sighed, rubbed her hands, cast up her eyes, and finally assumed a look of meek composure, thus importing that she was a persecuted saint, but that she wouldn't trouble her hearers by mentioning a circumstance which must be so obvious to everybody.

'Now,' said Ralph, with a smile, which, in common with all other tokens of emotion, seemed to skulk under his face, rather than play boldly over it—to return to the point from which we have strayed. I have a little party of—of—gentlemen with whom I am connected in business just now, at my house to-morrow; and your mother has promised that you shall keep house for me. I am not much used to parties; but this is one of business, and such fooleries are an important part of it sometimes. You don't mind obliging me!'

'Mind!' cried Mrs. Nickleby. 'My dear Kate why—'

'Pray,' interrupted Ralph, motioning her to be silent. 'I spoke to my niece.'

'I shall be very glad, of course, uncle,' replied Kate; 'but I am afraid you will find me very awkward and embarrassed.'

'Oh no,' said Ralph; 'come when you like, in a hackney coach—I'll pay for it. Good night—a—God bless you.'

The blessing seemed to stick in Mr. Ralph Nickleby's throat, as if it were not used to the thoroughfare, and didn't know the way out. But it got out somehow, though awkwardly enough; and having disposed of it, he shook hands with his two relatives, and abruptly left them.

'What a very strongly-marked countenance your uncle has,' said Mrs. Nickleby, quite struck with his parting look. 'I don't see the slightest resemblance to his poor brother.'

'Mama!' said Kate, reprovingly. 'To think of such a thing!'

'No,' said Mrs. Nickleby, musing. 'There certainly is none. But it's a very honest face.'

The worthy matron made this remark with great emphasis and elocution, as if it comprised no small quantity of ingenuity and research; and in truth it was not unworthy of being classed among the extraordinary discoveries of the age. Kate looked up hastily, and as hastily looked down again.

'What has come over you, my dear, in the name of goodness?' asked Mrs. Nickleby, when they had walked on for some time in silence.

'I was only thinking, mama,' answered Kate.

'Thinking!' repeated Mrs. Nickleby. 'Aye, and indeed plenty to think about, too. Your uncle has taken a strong fancy to you, that's quite clear; and if some extraordinary good fortune doesn't come to you after this, I shall be a little surprised, that's all.'

With this, she launched out into sundry anecdotes of young ladies, who had had thousand pound notes given them in reticules, by eccentric uncles; and of young ladies who had accidentally met amiable gentlemen of enormous wealth at their uncles' houses, and married them, after short but ardent courtships; and Kate, listening first in apathy, and afterwards in amusement, felt, as they walked home, something of her mother's sanguine complexion gradually awakening in her own bosom, and began to think that her prospects might be brightening, and that better days might be dawning upon them. Such is hope, Heaven's own gift to struggling mortals; pervading, like some subtle essence from the skies, all things, both good and bad; as universal as death, and more infectious than disease.

The feeble winter's sun—and winter's suns in the city are very feeble indeed—might have brightened up as he shone through the dim windows of the large old house, on witnessing the unusual sight which one half-furnished room displayed. In a gloomy corner, where for years had stood a silent dusty pile of merchandise, sheltering its colony of mice, and frowning a dull and lifeless mass upon the panelled room, save when, responding to the roll of heavy wagons in the street with-

out, it quaked with sturdy tremblings and caused the bright eyes of its tiny citizens to grow brighter still with fear, and struck them motionless, with attentive ear and palpitating heart, until the alarm had passed away—in this dark corner was arranged, with scrupulous care, all Kate's little finery for the day; each article of dress partaking of that indescribable air of jauntiness and individuality which empty garments—whether by association, or that they become moulded as it were to the owner's form—will take, in eyes accustomed to, or picturing the wearer's smartness. In place of a bale of musty goods, there lay the black silk dress: the neatest possible figure in itself. The small shoes, with toes delicately turned out, stood upon the very pressure of some old iron weight; and a pile of harsh discoloured leather had unconsciously given place to the very same little pair of black silk stockings, which had been the objects of Mrs. Nickleby's peculiar care. Rats and mice, and such small gear, had long ago been starved or emigrated to better quarters; and in their stead appeared gloves, bands, scarfs, hair-pins, and many other little devices, almost as ingenious in their way as rats and mice themselves, for the tantalization of mankind. About and among them all, moved Kate herself, not the least beautiful or unwonted relief to the stern old gloomy building.

In good time, or in bad time, as the reader likes to take it, for Mrs. Nickleby's impatience went a great deal faster than the clocks at that end of the town, and Kate was dressed to the very last hair-pin a full hour and a half before it was at all necessary to begin to think about it—in good time, or in bad time, the toilet was completed; and it being at length the hour agreed upon for starting, the milkman fetched a coach from the nearest stand, and Kate, with many adieus to her mother, and many kind messages to Miss La Creevy, who was to come to tea, seated herself in it, and went away in state if ever any body went away in state in a hackney coach yet. And the coach, and the coachman, and the horses, rattled, and jangled, and whipped, and cursed, and swore, and tumbled on together, till they came to Golden Square.

The coachman gave a tremendous double knock at the door, which was opened long before he had done, as quickly as if there had been a man behind it with his hand tied to the latch. Kate, who had expected no more uncommon appearance than Newman Noggs in a clean shirt, was not a little astonished to see that the opener was a man in handsome livery; and that there were two or three others in the hall. There was no doubt about its being the right house, however, for there was the name upon the door, so she accepted the laced coat-sleeve which was tendered her, and entering the house, was ushered up stairs, into a back drawing-room, where she was left alone.

If she had been surprised at the apparition of the footman, she was perfectly absorbed in amazement at the richness and splendour of the furniture. The softest and most elegant carpets, the most exquisite pictures, the costliest mirrors; articles of richest ornament, quite dazzling from their beauty, and perplexing from the prodigality with which they were scattered around, encountered her on every side. The very staircase nearly down to the hall door, was crammed with beautiful and luxurious things, as though the house were brim-full of riches, which, with a very trifling addition, would fairly run over into the street.

Presently she heard a series of loud double knocks at the street-door, and after every knock some new voice in the next room; the tones of Mr. Ralph Nickleby were easily distinguishable at first, but by degrees they merged into the general buzz of conversation, and all she could ascertain was, that there were several gentlemen with no very musical voices, who talked very loud, laughed very heartily, and swore more than she would have thought quite necessary. But this was a question of taste.

At length the door opened, and Ralph himself, divested of his boots, and ceremoniously embellished with black silks and shoes, presented his crafty face.

'I could'nt see you before,' my dear, he said, in a low tone, and pointing as he spoke, to the next room. 'I was engaged in receiving them. Now—shall I take you in?'

'Pray, uncle,' said Kate, a little flurried, as people much more conversant with society often are when they are about to enter a room full of strangers, and have had time to think of it previously, 'are there any ladies here?'

'No,' said Ralph, shortly, 'I don't know any.'

'Must I go in, immediately?' asked Kate, drawing back a little.

'As you please,' said Ralph, shrugging his shoulders. 'They are all come, and dinner will be announced directly afterwards—that's all.'

Kate would have entreated a few minutes' respite, but reflecting that her uncle might consider the payment of the hackney-coach fare a sort of bargain for her punctuality, she suffered him to draw her arm through his and to lead her away.

Seven or eight gentlemen were standing round the fire when they went in, and as they were talking very loud were not aware of their entrance until Mr. Ralph Nickleby, touching one on the coat-sleeve, said in a harsh emphatic voice, as if to attract general attention—

'Lord Frederick Verisopht, my niece, Miss Nickleby.'

The group dispersed as if in great surprise, and the gentleman addressed, turning round, exhibited a suit

of clothes of the most superlative cut, a pair of whiskers of similar quality, a moustache, a head of hair, and a young face.

'Eh!' said the gentleman. 'What—the—deyvle!'

With which broken ejaculations he fixed his glass in his eye, and stared at Miss Nickleby in great surprise.

'My niece, my lord,' said Ralph.

'Well then, my ears did not deceive me, and it's not w-a-x work,' said his lordship. 'How de do? I'm very happy.' And then his lordship turned to another superlative gentleman, something older, something stouter, something redder in the face, and something longer upon town, and said in a loud whisper that the girl was 'deyvlish pitty.'

'Introduce me, Nickleby,' said this second gentleman, 'who was lounging with his back to the fire, and both elbows on the chimney-piece.'

'Sir Mulberry Hawk,' said Ralph.

'Otherwise the most knowing card in the paa-ck, Miss Nickleby,' said Lord Frederick Verisopht.

'Don't leave me out, Nickleby,' cried a sharp-faced gentleman, who was sitting on a low chair with a high back, reading the paper.

'Mr. Pyke,' said Ralph.

'Nor me, Nickleby,' cried a gentleman with a flushed face and a flash air, from the elbow of Sir Mulberry Hawk.

'Mr. Pluck,' said Ralph. Then wheeling about again towards a gentleman with the neck of a stork and the legs of no animal in particular, Ralph introduced him as the Honourable Mr. Snobbs; and a white-headed person at the table as Colonel Chouser. The colonel was in conversation with somebody, who appeared to be a make-weight, and was not introduced at all.

There were two circumstances which, in this early stage of the party, struck home to Kate's bosom, and brought the blood tingling to her face. One was the flippant contempt with which the guests evidently regarded her uncle, and the other the easy insolence of their manner towards herself. That the first symptom was very likely to lead to the aggravation of the second it needed no great penetration to foresee. And here Mr. Ralph Nickleby had reckoned without his host; for however fresh from the country a young lady (by nature) may be, and however unacquainted with conventional behaviour, the chances are that she will have quite as strong an innate sense of the decencies and proprieties of life as if she had run the gauntlet of a dozen London seasons—possibly a stronger one, for such senses have been known to blunt in this improving process.

When Ralph had completed the ceremonial of introduction, he led his blushing niece to a seat, and as he did so, glanced warily round as though to assure

himself of the impression which her unlooked-for appearance had created.

'An unexpected playsure, Nickleby,' said Lord Frederick Verisopht, taking his glass out of his right eye, where it had until now done duty on Kate, and fixing it in his left to bring it to bear on Ralph.

'Designed to surprise you, Lord Frederick,' said Mr. Pluck.

'Not a bad idea,' said his lordship, 'and one that would almost warrant the addition of an extra two and a half per cent.'

'Nickleby,' said Sir Mulberry Hawk, in a thick coarse voice, 'take the hint, and tack it on to the other five-and-twenty, or whatever it is, and give me half for the advice.'

Sir Mulberry garnished this speech with a hoarse laugh, and terminated it with a pleasant oath regarding Mr. Nickleby's limbs, whereat Messrs. Pyke and Pluck laughed consumedly.

These gentlemen had not yet recovered the jest when dinner was announced, and then they were thrown into fresh ecstasies by a similar cause; for Sir Mulberry Hawk, in an excess of humour, shot dexterously past Lord Frederick Verisopht who was about to lead Kate down stairs, and drew her arm through his up to the elbow.

'No, damn it, Verisopht,' said Sir Mulberry, 'fair play's a jewel, and Miss Nickleby and I settled the matter with our eyes, ten minutes ago.'

'Ha, ha, ha!' laughed the Honourable Mr. Snobbs, 'very good, very good.'

Rendered additionally witty by this applause, Sir Mulberry Hawk leered upon his friends most facetiously, and led Kate down stairs with an air of familiarity, which roused in her gentle breast such disgust and burning indignation, as she felt it almost impossible to repress. Nor was the intensity of these feelings at all diminished, when she found herself placed at the top of the table, with Sir Mulberry Hawk and Lord Verisopht on either side.

'Oh, you've found your way into our neighbourhood, have you?' said Sir Mulberry as his lordship sat down.

'Of course,' replied Lord Frederick, fixing his eyes on Miss Nickleby, 'how can you ask me?'

'Well, you attend to your dinner,' said Sir Mulberry, 'and don't mind Miss Nickleby and me, for we shall prove very indifferent company, I dare say.'

'I wish you'd interfere here, Nickleby,' said Lord Verisopht.

'What is the matter, my lord?' demanded Ralph from the bottom of the table, where he was supported by Messrs. Pyke and Pluck.

'This fellow, Hawk, is monopolizing your niece,' said Lord Frederick.

'He has a tolerable share of every thing that you lay claim to, my lord,' said Ralph with a sneer.

'Gad, so he has,' replied the young man; 'deyvl take me if I know which is master in my house, he or I.'

'I know,' muttered Ralph.

'I think I shall cut him off with a shilling,' said the young nobleman, jocosely.

'No, no, curse it,' said Sir Mulberry. 'When you come to the shilling—the last shilling—I'll cut you fast enough; but till then, I'll never leave you—you may take your oath of it.'

This sally (which was strictly founded on fact,) was received with a general roar, above which, was plainly distinguishable the laughter of Mr. Pyke and Mr. Pluck, who were evidently Sir Mulberry's toads in ordinary. Indeed, it was not difficult to see, that the majority of the company preyed upon the unfortunate young lord, who, weak and silly as he was, appeared by far the least vicious of the party. Sir Mulberry Hawk was remarkable for his tact in ruining, by himself and his creatures, young gentlemen of fortune—a genteel and elegant profession, of which he had undoubtedly gained the head. With all the boldness of an original genius, he had struck out an entirely new course of treatment quite opposed to the usual method, his custom being, when he had gained the ascendancy over those he took in hand, rather to keep them down than to give them their own way; and to exercise his vivacity upon them openly and without reserve. Thus he made them butts in a double sense, and while he emptied them with great address, caused them to ring with sundry well-administered taps for the diversion of society.

The dinner was as remarkable for the splendour and completeness of its appointments as the mansion itself, and the company were remarkable for doing it ample justice, in which respect Messrs. Pyke and Pluck particularly signalized themselves; these two gentlemen eating of every dish, and drinking of every bottle, with a capacity and perseverance truly astonishing. They were remarkably fresh too, notwithstanding their great exertions: for, on the appearance of the dessert, they broke out again, as if nothing serious had taken place since breakfast.

'Well,' said Lord Frederick, sipping his first glass of port, 'if this is a discounting dinner, all I have to say is, deyvl take me, if it wouldn't be a good pla-an to get discount every day.'

'You'll have plenty of it in your time,' returned Sir Mulberry Hawk; 'Nickleby will tell you that.'

'What do you say, Nickleby?' inquired the young man; 'am I to be a good customer?'

'It depends entirely on circumstances, my lord,' replied Ralph.

'On your lordship's circumstances,' interposed Colonel Chouser of the Militia—and the race-courses.

The gallant Colonel glanced at Messrs. Pyke and

Pluck as if he thought they ought to laugh at his joke, but those gentlemen, being only engaged to laugh for Sir Mulberry Hawk, were, to his signal discomfiture, as grave as a pair of undertakers. To add to his defeat, Sir Mulberry, considering any such efforts an invasion of his peculiar privilege, eyed the offender steadily through his glass as if astounded at his presumption, and audibly stated his impression that it was an 'infernal liberty,' which being a hint to Lord Frederick, he put up his glass, and surveyed the object of censure as if he were some extraordinary wild animal then exhibiting for the first time. As a matter of course, Messrs. Pyke and Pluck stared at the individual whom Sir Mulberry Hawk stared at; so the poor Colonel, to hide his confusion, was reduced to the necessity of holding his port before his right eye and affecting to scrutinize its colour with the most lively interest.

All this while Kate had sat as silently as she could, scarcely daring to raise her eyes, lest they should encounter the admiring gaze of Lord Frederick Verisopht, or, what was still more embarrassing, the bold looks of his friend Sir Mulberry. The latter gentleman was obliging enough to direct general attention towards her.

'Here is Miss Nickleby,' observed Sir Mulberry, 'wondering why the deuce somebody doesn't make love to her.'

'No, indeed,' said Kate, looking hastily up, 'I——' and then she stopped, feeling it would have been better to have said nothing at all.

'I'll hold any man fifty pounds,' said Sir Mulberry, 'that Miss Nickleby can't look in my face, and tell me she wasn't thinking so.'

'Done!' cried the noble gull. 'Within ten minutes.'

'Done!' responded Sir Mulberry. The money was produced on both sides, and the Honourable Mr. Snobb was elected to the double office of stake-holder and time-keeper.

'Pray,' said Kate, in great confusion, while these preliminaries were in course of completion. 'Pray do not make me the subject of any bets. Uncle, I cannot really——'

'Why not, my dear?' replied Ralph, in whose grating voice, however, there was an unusual huskiness, as though he spoke unwillingly, and would rather that the proposition had not been broached. 'It is done in a moment; there is nothing in it. If the gentlemen insist on it——'

'I don't insist on it,' said Sir Mulberry, with a loud laugh. 'That is, I by no means insist upon Miss Nickleby's making the denial, for if she does, I lose; but I shall be glad to see her bright eyes, especially as she favours the mahogany so much.'

'So she does, and it's too ba-a-d of you, Miss Nickleby,' said the noble youth.

'Quite cruel,' said Mr. Pyke.

'Horrid cruel,' said Mr. Pluck.

'I don't care if I do lose,' said Sir Mulberry, 'for one tolerable look at Miss Nickleby's eyes is worth double the money.'

'More,' said Mr. Pyke.

'Far more,' said Mr. Pluck.

'How goes the enemy, Snobb?' asked Sir Mulberry Hawk.

'Four minutes gone.'

'Bravo!'

'Won't you ma-ake one effort for me, Miss Nickleby?' asked lord Frederick, after a short interval.

'You needn't trouble yourself to inquire, my buck,' said Sir Mulberry; 'Miss Nickleby and I understand each other; she declares on my side, and shews her taste. You haven't a chance, old fellow. Time now, Snobb!'

'Eight minutes gone.'

'Get the money ready,' said Sir Mulberry; 'you'll soon hand over.'

'Ha, ha, ha!' laughed Mr. Pyke.

Mr. Pluck, who always came second, and topped his companion if he could, screamed outright.

The poor girl, who was so overwhelmed with confusion that she scarcely knew what she did, had determined to remain perfectly quiet; but fearing that by so doing she might seem to countenance Sir Mulberry's boast, which had been uttered with great coarseness and vulgarity of manner, raised her eyes, and looked him in the face. There was something so odious, so insolent, so repulsive in the look which met her, that, without the power to stammer forth a syllable, she rose and hurried from the room. She restrained her tears by a great effort until she was alone up stairs, and then gave them vent.

'Capital!' said Sir Mulberry Hawk, putting the stakes in his pocket. 'That's a girl of spirit, and we'll drink her health.'

It is needless to say that Pyke and Co. responded with great warmth of manner to this proposal, or that the toast was drunk with many little insinuations from the firm, relative to the completeness of Sir Mulberry's conquest. Ralph, who, while the attention of the other guests was attracted to the principals in the preceding scene, had eyed them like a wolf, appeared to breathe more freely now his niece was gone; and the decanters passing quickly round, leant back in his chair, and turned his eyes from speaker to speaker, as they warmed with wine, with looks that seemed to search their hearts and lay bare for his distempered sport every idle thought within them.

Meantime Kate, left wholly to herself, had in some degree recovered her composure. She had learnt from a female attendant, that her uncle wished to see her before she left, and had also gleaned the satisfactory in-

telligence, that the gentlemen would take coffee at table. The prospect of seeing them no more contributed greatly to calm her agitation, and, taking up a book, she composed herself to read.

She started now and then when the sudden opening of the dining room door let loose a wild shout of noisy revelry, and more than once rose in great alarm, as a fancied footstep on the staircase impressed her with the fear that some stray member of the party was returning alone. Nothing occurring, however, to realise her apprehensions, she endeavoured to fix her attention more closely on her book, in which by degrees she became so much interested, that she had read on through several chapters without heed of time or place, when she was terrified by suddenly hearing her name pronounced by a man's voice close at her ear.

The book fell from her hand. Lounging on an ottoman close beside her, was Sir Mulberry Hawk, evidently the worse—if a man be a ruffian at heart, he is never the better—for wine.

'What a delightful studiousness!' said this accomplished gentleman. 'Was it real, now, or only to display the eye-lashes?'

Kate bit her lip, and looking anxiously towards the door, made no reply.

'I have looked at 'em for five minutes,' said Sir Mulberry. 'Upon my soul they're perfect. Why did I speak, and destroy such a pretty little picture?'

'Do me the favour to be silent now, Sir,' replied Kate.

'No, don't,' said Sir Mulberry, folding his crush hat to lay his elbow on, and bringing himself still closer to the young lady; 'upon my life, you oughtn't to. Such a devoted slave of yours, Miss Nickleby—it's an infernal thing to treat him so harshly, upon my soul it is.'

'I wish you to understand, Sir,' said Kate, trembling in spite of herself, but speaking with great indignation, 'that your behaviour offends and disgusts me. If you have one spark of gentlemanly feeling remaining, you will leave me instantly.'

'Now why,' said Sir Mulberry, 'why will you keep up this appearance of excessive rigour, my sweet creature? Now, be more natural—my dear Miss Nickleby, be more natural—do.'

Kate hastily rose; but as she rose, Sir Mulberry caught her dress, and forcibly detained her.

'Let me go, Sir,' she cried, her heart swelling with anger. 'Do you hear? Instantly—this moment.'

'Sit down, sit down,' said Sir Mulberry; 'I want to talk to you.'

'Unhand me, Sir, this instant,' cried Kate.

'Not for the world,' rejoined Sir Mulberry. Thus speaking, he leant over, as if to replace her in her chair; but the young lady making a violent effort to disengage herself, he lost his balance, and measured

his length upon the ground. As Kate sprung forward to leave the room, Mr. Ralph Nickleby appeared in the door-way, and confronted her.

'What is this?' said Ralph.

'It is this, Sir,' replied Kate, violently agitated: 'that beneath the roof where I, a helpless girl, your dead brother's child, should most have found protection, I have been exposed to insult which should make you shrink to look upon me. Let me pass you.'

Ralph *did* shrink, as the indignant girl fixed her kindling eye upon him; but he did not comply with her injunction, nevertheless; for he led her to a distant seat, and returning and approaching Sir Mulberry Hawk, who had by this time risen, motioned towards the door.

'Your way lies there, Sir,' said Ralph, in a suppressed voice, that some devil might have owned with pride.

'What do you mean by that!' demanded his friend, fiercely.

The swollen veins stood out like sinews on Ralph's wrinkled forehead, and the nerves about his mouth worked as though some unendurable torture wrung them; but he smiled diadainfully, and again pointed to the door.

'Do you know me, you madman?' asked Sir Mulberry.

'Well,' said Ralph. The fashionable vagabond for the moment quite quailed under the steady look of the older sinner, and walked towards the door, muttering as he went.

'You wanted the lord, did you?' he said, stopping short when he reached the door, as if a new light had broken in upon him, and confronting Ralph again.

'Damme, I was in the way, was I?'

Ralph smiled again, but made no answer.

'Who brought him to you first?' pursued Sir Mulberry; 'and how without me could you ever have wound him in your net as you have?'

'The net is a large one, and rather full,' said Ralph. 'Take care that it chokes nobody in the meshes.'

'You would sell your flesh and blood for money; yourself, if you have not already made a bargain with the devil,' retorted the other. 'Do you mean to tell me that your pretty niece was not brought here as a decoy for the drunken boy down stairs?'

Although this hurried dialogue was carried on in a suppressed tone on both sides, Ralph looked voluntarily round to ascertain that Kate had not moved her position so as to be within hearing. His adversary saw the advantage he had gained, and followed it up.

'Do you mean to tell me,' he asked again, 'that it is not so? Do you mean to say that if he had found his way up here instead of me, you wouldn't have been a little more blind, and a little more deaf, and a little less flourishing than you have been? Come, Nickleby, answer me that.'

'I tell you this,' replied Ralph, 'that if I brought her here, as a matter of business——'

'Aye, that's the word,' interposed Sir Mulberry, with a laugh. 'You're coming to yourself again now.'

'As a matter of business,' pursued Ralph, speaking slowly and firmly, as a man who has made up his mind to say no more, 'because I thought she might make some impression on the silly youth you have taken in hand and are lending good help to ruin, I knew—knowing him—that it would be long before he outraged her girl's feelings, and that unless he offended by mere puppyism and emptiness, he would, with a little management, respect the sex and conduct even of his usurer's niece. But if I thought to draw him on more gently by this device, I did not think of subjecting the girl to the licentiousness and brutality of so old a hand as you. And now we understand each other.'

'Especially as there was nothing to be got by it—eh?' sneered Sir Mulberry.

'Exactly so,' said Ralph. He had turned away, and looked over his shoulder to make this last reply. The eyes of the two worthies met with an expression as if each rascal felt that there was no disguising himself from the other; and Sir Mulberry Hawk shrugged his shoulders and walked slowly out.

His friend closed the door, and looked restlessly towards the spot where his niece still remained in the attitude in which he had left her. She had flung herself heavily upon the couch, and with her head drooping over the cushion and her face hidden in her hands, seemed to be still weeping in an agony of shame and grief.

Ralph would have walked into any poverty-stricken debtor's house, and pointed him out to a bailiff, though in attendance upon a young child's death-bed, without the smallest concern, because it would have been a matter quite in the ordinary course of business, and the man would have been an offender against his only code of morality. But here was a young girl, who had done no wrong but that of coming into the world alive; who had patiently yielded to all his wishes; who had tried so hard to please him—above all, who didn't owe him money—and he felt awkward and nervous.

Ralph took a chair at some distance, then another chair a little nearer, then moved a little nearer still, then nearer again, and finally sat himself on the same sofa, and laid his hand on Kate's arm.

'Hush my dear!' he said, as she drew it back, and her sobs burst out afresh. 'Hush, hush! Don't mind it now; don't think of it.'

'Oh, for pity's sake, let me go home,' cried Kate. 'Let me leave this house, and go home.'

'Yes, yes,' said Ralph. 'You shall. But you must dry your eyes first, and compose yourself. Let me raise your head. There—there.'

'Oh, uncle!' exclaimed Kate, clasping her hands. 'What have I done—what have I done—that you should subject me to this? If I had wronged you in thought, or word, or deed, it would have been most cruel to me, and the memory of one you must have loved in some old time; but —'

'Only listen to me for a moment,' interrupted Ralph, seriously alarmed by the violence of her emotions. 'I didn't know it would be so; it was impossible for me to foresee it. I did all I could.—Come let us walk about. You are faint with the closeness of the room, and the heat of these lamps. You will be better now, if you make the slightest effort.'

'I will do anything,' replied Kate, 'if you will only send me home.'

'Well, well, I will,' said Ralph; 'but you must get back your own looks, for those you have will frighten them, and nobody must know of this but you and I. Now let us walk the other way. There. You look better even now.'

With such encouragements as these, Ralph Nickleby walked to and fro, with his niece hanging on his arm; quelled by her eye, and actually trembling beneath her touch.

In the same manner when he judged it prudent to allow her to depart, he supported her down stairs, after adjusting her shawl and performing such little offices, most probably for the first time in his life. Across the hall and down the steps Ralph led her too; nor did he withdraw his hand, until she was seated in the coach.

As the door of the vehicle was roughly closed, a comb fell from Kate's hair, close at her uncle's feet; and as he picked it up and returned it into her hand, the light from a neighbouring lamp shone upon her face. The lock of her hair that had escaped and curled loosely over her brow, the traces of tears yet scarcely dry; the flushed cheek, the look of sorrow, all fired some dormant train of recollection in the old man's breast; and the face of his dead brother seemed present before him, with the very look it wore on some occasion of boyish grief, of which every minutest circumstance flashed upon his mind, with the distinctness of a scene of yesterday.

Ralph Nickleby, who was proof against all appeals of blood and kindred—who was steeled against every tale of sorrow and distress—staggered while he looked, and reeled back into his house, as a man who had seen a spirit from some world beyond the grave.

CHAPTER XX.

Wherein Nicholas at length encounters his uncle, to whom he expresses his sentiments with much candour. His resolution.

Little Miss La Creevy trotted briskly through divers
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streets at the west end of the town early on Monday morning—the day after the dinner—charged with the important commission of acquainting Madame Mantalini that Miss Nickleby was too unwell to attend that day, but hoped to be enabled to resume her duties on the morrow. And as Miss La Creevy walked along, revolving in her mind various genteel forms and elegant turns of expression, with a view to the selection of the very best in which to couch her communication, she cogitated a good deal upon the probable causes of her young friend's indisposition.

'I don't know what to make of it,' said Miss La Creevy. 'Her eyes were decidedly red last night. She said she had a head-ache; head-aches don't occasion red eyes. She must have been crying.'

Arriving at this conclusion, which, indeed, she had established to her perfect satisfaction on the previous evening, Miss La Creevy went on to consider—as she had done nearly all night—what new cause of unhappiness her young friend could possibly have had.

'I can't think of any thing,' said the little portrait painter. 'Nothing at all, unless it was the behaviour of that old bear. Cross to her, I suppose! Unpleasant brute!'

Relieved by this expression of opinion, albeit it was vented upon empty air, Miss La Creevy hurried on to Madame Mantalini's; and being informed that the governing power was not yet out of bed, requested an interview with the second in command, whereupon Miss Knag appeared.

'So far as I am concerned,' said Miss Knag, when the message had been delivered, with many ornaments of speech; 'I could spare Miss Nickleby for evermore.'

'Oh, indeed, ma'am!' rejoined Miss La Creevy, highly offended. 'But you see you are not mistress of the business, and therefore it's of no great consequence.'

'Very good, ma'am,' said Miss Knag. 'Have you any further commands for me?'

'No, I have not ma'am,' rejoined Miss La Creevy.

'Then good morning, ma'am,' said Miss Knag.

'Good morning to you, ma'am; and many obligations for your extreme politeness and good-breeding,' rejoined Miss La Creevy.

Thus terminating the interview, during which both ladies had trembled very much, and been marvellously polite—certain indications that they were within an inch of a very desperate quarrel—Miss La Creevy bounced out of the room, and into the street.

'I wonder who that is,' said the queer little soul. 'A nice person to know, I should think! I wish I had the painting of her: I'd do her justice.' So, feeling quite satisfied that she had said a very cutting thing at Miss Knag's expense, Miss La Creevy had a hearty laugh, and went home to breakfast, in great good humour.

Here was one of the advantages of having lived alone so long. The little bustling, active, cheerful creature, existed entirely within herself, talked to herself, made a confidant of herself, was as sarcastic as she could be, on people who offended her, by herself; pleased herself, and did no harm. If she indulged in scandal, nobody's reputation suffered; and if she enjoyed a little bit of revenge, no living soul was one atom the worse. One of the many to whom, from straitened circumstances, a consequent inability to form the associations, they would wish, and a disinclination to mix with the society they could obtain, London is as complete a solitude as the plains of Syria, the humble artist had pursued her lonely, but contented way for many years; and, until the peculiar misfortunes of the Nickleby family attracted her attention, had made no friends, though brimful of the friendliest feelings to all mankind. There are many warm hearts in the same solitary guise as poor Miss La Creevy's.

However, that's neither here nor there, just now. She went home to breakfast, and had scarcely caught the full flavour of her first sip of tea, when the servant announced a gentleman, whereat Miss La Creevy, at once imagining a new sitter, transfixed by admiration at the street-door case, was in unspeakable consternation at the presence of the tea-things.

'Here, take 'em away; run with 'em into the bedroom; anywhere,' said Miss La Creevy. 'Dear, dear; to think that I should be late on this particular morning, of all others, after being ready for three weeks by half-past eight o'clock, and not a soul coming near the place!'

'Don't let me put you out of the way,' said a voice Miss La Creevy knew. 'I told the servant not to mention my name, because I wished to surprise you.'

'Mr. Nicholas!' cried Miss La Creevy, starting in great astonishment.

'You have not forgotten me, I see,' replied Nicholas, extending his hand.

'Why I think I should even have known you if I had met you in the street,' said Miss La Creevy, with a smile. 'Hannah, another cup and saucer! Now I'll tell you what, young man; I'll trouble you not to repeat the impertinence you were guilty of on the morning you went away.'

'You would not be very angry, would you?' asked Nicholas.

'Wouldn't I!' said Miss La Creevy. 'You had better try; that's all.'

Nicholas, with becoming gallantry, immediately took Miss La Creevy at her word, who uttered a faint scream and slapped his face; but it was not a very hard slap, and that's the truth.

'I never saw such a rude creature!' exclaimed Miss La Creevy.

'You told me to try,' said Nicholas.

'Well, but I was speaking ironically,' rejoined Miss La Creevy.

'Oh! that's another thing,' said Nicholas; 'you should have told me that, too.'

'I dare say you didn't know, indeed?' retorted Miss La Creevy. 'But now I look at you again, you seem thinner than when I saw you last, and your face is haggard and pale. And how come you to have left Yorkshire!'

She stopped here; for there was so much heart in her altered tone and manner, that Nicholas was quite moved.

'I need look somewhat changed,' he said, after a short silence; 'for I have undergone some suffering, both of mind and body, since I left London. I have been very poor, too, and have even suffered from want.'

'Good Heaven, Mr. Nicholas!' exclaimed Miss La Creevy, 'what are you telling me!'

'Nothing which need distress you quite so much,' answered Nicholas, with a more sprightly air; 'neither did I come here to bewail my lot, but on matter more to the purpose. I wish to meet my uncle face to face. I should tell you that first.'

'Then all I have to say about that is,' interposed Miss La Creevy, 'that I don't envy you your taste; and that sitting in the same room with his very boots, would put me out of humour for a fortnight.'

'In the main,' said Nicholas, 'there may be no great difference of opinion between you and me, so far; but you will understand, that I desire to confront him; to justify myself, and to cast his duplicity and malice in his throat.'

'That's quite another matter,' rejoined Miss La Creevy. 'God forgive me; but I shouldn't cry my eyes quite out of my head, if they choked him. Well.'

'To this end I called upon him this morning,' said Nicholas. 'He only returned to town on Saturday, and I knew nothing of his arrival until late last night.'

'And did you see him?' asked Miss La Creevy.

'No,' replied Nicholas. 'He had gone out.'

'Hah!' said Miss La Creevy; 'on some kind, charitable business, I dare say.'

'I have reason to believe,' pursued Nicholas, 'from what has been told me by a friend of mine, who is acquainted with his movements, that he intends seeing my mother and sister to-day, and giving them his version of the occurrences that have befallen me. I will meet him there.'

'That's right,' said Miss La Creevy, rubbing her hands. 'And yet, I don't know—' she added, 'there is much to be thought of—others to be considered.'

'I have considered others,' rejoined Nicholas; 'but as honesty and honour are both at issue, nothing shall deter me.'

'You should know best,' said Miss La Creevy.

'In this case I hope so,' answered Nicholas. 'And all I want you to do for me, is, to prepare them for my coming. They think me a long way off, and if I went wholly unexpected, I should frighten them. If you can spare time to tell them you have seen me, and that I shall be with them a quarter of an hour afterwards, you will do me a great service.'

'I wish I could do you, or any of you, a greater,' said Miss La Creevy; 'but the power to serve is as seldom joined with the will, as the will with the power.'

Talking on very fast and very much, Miss La Creevy finished her breakfast with great expedition; put away the tea-caddy and hid the key under the fender, resumed her bonnet, and, taking Nicholas's arm, sallied forth at once to the city. Nicholas left her near the door of his mother's house, and promised to return within a quarter of an hour at furthest.

It so chanced that Ralph Nickleby, at length seeing fit, for his own purposes, to communicate the atrocities of which Nicholas had been guilty, had (instead of first proceeding to another quarter of the town on business, as Newman Noggs supposed he would), gone straight to his sister-in-law. Hence when Miss La Creevy, admitted by a girl who was cleaning the house, made her way to the sitting-room, she found Mrs. Nickleby and Kate in tears, and Ralph just concluding his statement of his nephew's misdemeanours. Kate beckoned her not to retire, and Miss La Creevy took a seat in silence.

'You are here already, are you, my gentleman!' thought the little woman. 'Then he shall announce himself, and see what effect that has on you.'

'This is pretty,' said Ralph, folding up Miss Squeer's note; 'very pretty. I recommended him—against all my previous conviction, for I knew he would never do any good—to a man with whom, behaving himself properly, he might have remained in comfort for years. What is the result? Conduct, for which he might hold up his hand at the Old Bailey.'

'I never will believe it,' said Kate, indignantly; 'never. It is some base conspiracy, which carries its own falsehood with it.'

'My dear,' said Ralph, 'you wrong the worthy man. These are not inventions. The man is assaulted, your brother is not to be found; this boy, of whom they speak, goes with him—remember, remember.'

'It is impossible,' said Kate. 'Nicholas!—and a thief, too! Mama, how can you sit and hear such statements?'

Poor Mrs. Nickleby, who had at no time been remarkable for the possession of a very clear understanding, and who had been reduced by the late changes in her affairs to a most complicated state of perplexity, made no other reply to this earnest remonstrance than exclaiming from behind a mass of pocket-handkerchief, that she never could have believed it—thereby most

ingeniously leaving her hearers to suppose that she did believe it.

'It would be my duty, if he came in my way, to deliver him up to justice,' said Ralph, 'my bounden duty; I should have no other course, as a man of the world and a man of business, to pursue. And yet,' said Ralph, speaking in a very marked manner, and looking furtively, but fixedly, at Kate, 'and yet I would not, I would spare the feelings of his—of his sister. And his mother of course,' added Ralph, as though by an afterthought, and with far less emphasis.

Kate very well understood that this was held out as an additional inducement to her, to preserve the strictest silence regarding the events of the preceding night. She looked involuntarily towards Ralph as he ceased to speak, but he had turned his eyes another way, and seemed for the moment quite unconscious of her presence.

'Everything,' said Ralph, after a long silence, broken only by Mrs. Nickleby's sobs, 'every thing combines to prove the truth of this letter, if indeed there were any possibility of disputing it. Do innocent men steal away from the sight of honest folks, and skulk in hiding-places like outlaws? Do innocent men inveigle nameless vagabonds, and prowl with them about the country as idle robbers do! Assault, riot, theft, what do you call these?'

'A lie!' cried a furious voice, as the door was dashed open, and Nicholas burst into the centre of the room.

In the first moment of surprise, and possibly of alarm, Ralph rose from his seat, and fell back a few paces, quite taken off his guard by this unexpected apparition. In another moment, he stood fixed and immovable with folded arms, regarding his nephew with a scowl of deadly hatred, while Kate and Miss La Creevy threw themselves between the two to prevent the personal violence which the fierce excitement of Nicholas appeared to threaten.

'Dear Nicholas,' cried his sister, clinging to him. 'Be calm, consider—'

'Consider, Kate!' cried Nicholas, clasping her hand so tight in the tumult of his anger, that she could scarcely bear the pain. 'When I consider all, and think of what has passed, I need be made of iron to stand before him.'

'Or bronze,' said Ralph, quietly; 'there is not hardness enough in flesh and blood to face it out.'

'Oh dear, dear!' cried Mrs. Nickleby, 'that things should have come to such a pass as this!'

'Who speaks in a tone, as if I had done wrong, and brought disgrace on them?' said Nicholas, looking round.

'Your mother, Sir,' replied Ralph, motioning towards her.

'Whose ears have been poisoned by you,' said

Nicholas; 'by you—you, who under pretence of deserving the thanks she poured upon you, heaped every insult, wrong, and indignity, upon my head. You, who sent me to a den where sordid cruelty, worthy of yourself, runs wanton, and youthful misery stalks precocious; where the lightness of childhood shrinks into the heaviness of age, and its every promise blights, and withers as it grows. I call Heaven to witness,' said Nicholas, looking eagerly round, 'that I have seen all this, and that *that* man knows it.'

'Refute these calumnies,' said Kate, 'and be more patient, so that you may give them no advantage. Tell us what you really did, and show that they are untrue.'

'Of what do they—or of what does he accuse me?' said Nicholas.

'First of attacking your master, and being within an ace of qualifying yourself to be tried for murder,' interposed Ralph. 'I speak plainly, young man, bluster as you will.'

'I interfered,' said Nicholas, 'to save a miserable wretched creature from the vilest and most degrading cruelty. In so doing I inflicted such punishment upon a wretch as he will not readily forget, though far less than he deserved from me. If the same scene were renewed before me now, I would take the same part; but I would strike harder and heavier, and brand him with such marks as he should carry to his grave, go to it when he would.'

'You hear?' said Ralph, turning to Mrs. Nickleby. 'Penitence, this!'

'Oh dear me!' cried Mrs. Nickleby, 'I don't know what to think, I really don't.'

'Do not speak just now, mama, I entreat you,' said Kate. 'Dear Nicholas, I only tell you, that you may know what wickedness can prompt, but they accuse you of—a ring is missing, and they dare to say that —'

'The woman,' said Nicholas, haughtily, 'the wife of the fellow from whom these charges come, dropped—as I suppose—a worthless ring among some clothes of mine, early in the morning on which I left the house. At least, I know that she was in the bed-room where they lay, struggling with an unhappy child, and that I found it when I opened my bundle on the road. I returned it at once by coach, and they have it now.'

'I knew, I knew,' said Kate, looking towards her uncle. 'About this boy, love, in whose company they say you left!'

'That boy, a silly, helpless creature, from brutality and hard usage, is with me now,' rejoined Nicholas.

'You hear?' said Ralph, appealing to the mother again, 'everything proved, even upon his own confession. Do you choose to restore that boy, Sir?'

'No, I do not,' replied Nicholas.

'You do not?' sneered Ralph.

'No,' repeated Nicholas, 'not to the man with whom I found him. I would that I knew on whom he has the claim of birth: I might wring something from his sense of shame, if he were dead to every tie of nature.'

'Indeed!' said Ralph. 'Now, Sir, will you hear a word or two from me?'

'You can speak when and what you please,' replied Nicholas, embracing his sister. 'I take little heed of what you say or threaten.'

'Mighty well, Sir,' retorted Ralph; 'but perhaps it may concern others, who may think it worth their while to listen, and consider what I tell them. I will address your mother, Sir, who knows the world.'

'Ah! and I only too dearly wish I didn't,' sobbed Mrs. Nickleby.

There really was no necessity for the good lady to be much distressed upon this particular head, the extent of her worldly knowledge being, to say the least, very questionable; and so Ralph seemed to think, for he smiled as she spoke. He then glanced steadily at her and Nicholas by turns, as he delivered himself in these words:—

'Of what I have done, or what I meant to do, for you ma'am, and my niece, I say not one syllable. I held out no promise, and leave you to judge for yourself. I hold out no threat now, but I say that this boy, headstrong, wilful, and disorderly as he is, should not have one penny of my money, or one crust of my bread, or one grasp of my hand, to save him from the loftiest gallows in all Europe. I will not meet him, come where he comes, or hear his name. I will not help him, or those who help him. With a full knowledge of what he brought upon you by so doing, he has come back in his selfish sloth, to be an aggravation of your wants, and a burden upon his sister's scanty wages. I regret to leave you, and more to leave her, now, but I will not encourage this compound of meanness and cruelty, and as I will not ask you to renounce him, I see you no more.'

If Ralph had not known and felt his power in wounding those he hated, his glances at Nicholas would have shown it him in all its force, as he proceeded in the above address. Innocent as the young man was of all wrong, every artful insinuation stung, every well-considered sarcasm cut him to the quick, and when Ralph noted his pale face and quivering lip, he hugged himself to mark how well he had chosen the taunts best calculated to strike deep into a young and ardent spirit.

'I can't help it,' cried Mrs. Nickleby, 'I know you have been very good to us, and meant to do a good deal for my dear daughter. I am quite sure of that: I know you did, and it was very kind of you, having her at your house and all—and of course it would have been a great thing for her, and for me too. But I can't, you know, brother-in-law, I can't renounce my own son, even if he has done all you say he has—it's not possi-

ble, I couldn't do it; so we must go to rack and ruin, Kate my dear. I can bear it, I dare say.' Pouring forth these, and a perfectly wonderful train of other disjointed expressions of regret, which no mortal power but Mrs. Nickleby's could ever have strung together, that lady wrung her hands, and her tears fell faster.

'Why do you say "if" Nicholas has done what they say he has,' mama?' asked Kate, with honest anger. 'You know he has not.'

'I don't know what to think, one way or other, my dear,' said Mrs. Nickleby; 'Nicholas is so violent, and your uncle has so much honest composure, that I can only hear what he says, and not what Nicholas does. Never mind, don't let us talk any more about it. We can go to the Workhouse, or the Refuge for the Destitute, or the Magdalen Hospital, I dare say; and the sooner we go the better.' With this extraordinary jumble of charitable institutions, Mrs. Nickleby again gave way to her tears.

'Stay,' said Nicholas, as Ralph turned to go. 'You need not leave this place, Sir, for it will be relieved of my presence in one minute, and it will be long, very long, before I darken these doors again.'

'Nicholas,' cried Kate, throwing herself on her brother's shoulder, and clasping him in her arms, 'do not say so. My dear brother, you will break my heart. Mama, speak to him. Do not mind her, Nicholas; she does not mean it, you should know her better. Uncle, somebody, for God's sake speak to him.'

'I never meant, Kate,' said Nicholas, tenderly, 'I never meant to stay among you; think better of me than to suppose it possible. I may turn my back on this town a few hours sooner than I intended, but what of that? We shall not forget each other apart, and better days will come when we shall part no more. Be a woman, Kate,' he whispered, proudly, 'and do not make me one while *he* looks on.'

'No, no, I will not,' said Kate, eagerly, 'but you will not leave us. Oh! think of all the happy days we have had together, before these terrible misfortunes came upon us; of all the comfort and happiness of home, and the trials we have to bear now; of our having no protector under all the slights and wrongs that poverty so much favours, and you cannot leave us to bear them alone, without one hand to help us.'

'You will be helped when I am away,' replied Nicholas, hurriedly. 'I am no help to you, no protector; I should bring you nothing but sorrow, and want, and suffering. My own mother sees it, and her fondness and fears for you point to the course that I should take. And so all good angels bless you, Kate, till I can carry you to some home of mine, where we may revive the happiness denied to us now, and talk of these trials as of things gone by. Do not keep me

here, but let me go at once. There. Dear girl—dear girl.'

The grasp which had detained him, relaxed, and Kate fainted in his arms. Nicholas stooped over her for a few seconds, and placing her gently in a chair, confided her to their honest friend.

'I need not entreat your sympathy,' he said, wringing her hand, 'for I know your nature. You will never forget them.'

He stepped up to Ralph, who remained in the same attitude which he had preserved throughout the interview, and moved not a finger.

'Whatever step you take, Sir,' he said, in a voice inaudible beyond themselves, 'I will keep a strict account of. I leave them to you, at your desire. There will be a day of reckoning sooner or later, and it will be a heavy one for you if they are wronged.'

Ralph did not allow a muscle of his face to indicate that he heard one word of this parting address. He hardly knew that it was concluded, and Mrs. Nickleby had scarcely made up her mind to detain her son by force if necessary, when Nicholas was gone.

As he hurried through the streets to his obscure lodging, seeking to keep pace, as it were, with the rapidity of the thoughts which crowded upon him, many doubts and hesitations arose in his mind and almost tempted him to return. But what would they gain by this? Supposing he were to put Ralph Nickleby at defiance, and were even fortunate enough to obtain some small employment, his being with them could only render their present condition worse, and might greatly impair their future prospects, for his mother had spoken of some new kindnesses towards Kate which she had not denied. 'No,' thought Nicholas, 'I have acted for the best.'

But before he had gone five hundred yards, some other and different feeling would come upon him, and then he would lag again, and pulling his hat over his eyes, give way to the melancholy reflections which pressed thickly upon him. To have committed no fault, and yet to be so entirely alone in the world; to be separated from the only persons he loved, and to be proscribed like a criminal, when six months ago he had been surrounded by every comfort, and looked up to as the chief hope of his family—this was hard to bear. He had not deserved it either. Well, there was comfort in that; and poor Nicholas would brighten up again, to be again depressed, as his quickly-shifting thoughts presented every variety of light and shade before him.

Undergoing these alternations of hope and misgiving, which no one, placed in a situation of even ordinary trial, can fail to have experienced, Nicholas at length reached his poor room, where, no longer borne up by the excitement which had hitherto sustained

him, but depressed by the revulsion of feeling it left behind, he threw himself on the bed, and turning his face to the wall, gave free vent to the emotions he had so long stifled.

He had not heard anybody enter, and was unconscious of the presence of Smike, until, happening to raise his head, he saw him standing at the upper end of the room, looking wistfully towards him. He withdrew his eyes when he saw that he was observed, and affected to be busied with some scanty preparations for dinner.

'Well, Smike,' said Nicholas, as cheerfully as he could speak, 'let me hear what new acquaintances you have made this morning, or what new wonder you have found out in the compass of this street and the next one.'

'No,' said Smike, shaking his head mournfully; 'I must talk of something else to-day.'

'Of what you like,' replied Nicholas, good-humouredly.

'Of this,' said Smike. 'I know you are unhappy, and have got into great trouble by bringing me away. I ought to have known that, and stopped behind—I would, indeed, if I had thought it then. You—you—are not rich: you have not enough for yourself, and I should not be here. You grow,' said the lad, laying his hand timidly on that of Nicholas, 'you grow thinner every day; your cheek is paler, and your eye more sunk. Indeed I cannot bear to see you so, and think how I am burdening you. I tried to go away to-day, but the thought of your kind face drew me back. I could not leave you without a word.' The poor fellow could get no further, for his eyes filled with tears, and his voice was gone.

'The word which separates us,' said Nicholas, grasping him heartily by the shoulder, 'shall never be said by me, for you are my only comfort and stay. I would not lose you now, for all the world could give. The thought of you has upheld me through all I have endured to-day, and shall, through fifty times such trouble. Give me your hand. My heart is linked to yours. We will journey from this place together, before the week is out. What, if I am steeped in poverty? You lighten it, and we will be poor together.'

From the Examiner.

Memoirs of George Monk, Duke of Albemarle. From the French of M. Guizot. Translated and Edited, with additional Notes and Illustrations, by the Hon. J. Stuart Wortley. Richard Bently.

George Monk, the first Duke of Albemarle, is the solitary instance of a soldier, or, as he has been more

appropriately called, a scoundrel, of fortune, who by a singular combination of lucky chances has achieved an immortal (if an infamous) name in English history. By his own confession, when he consented to that bloody proscription of his old associates which he had before so solemnly abjured, he was the "arrantest rogue that ever lived"—and we are free to confess that we think the expression exquisitely borne out by every incident of his life, from the day he deserted the king to the day he restored him—from the hour of his first services to the parliament, to that of his last and most disgraceful treason to its cause. Into the circumstances which so completely laid the power of the army at the feet of a man so mean and so contemptible, it is unnecessary for us to enter; since they were in no manner controlled by Monk himself, and can have therefore no share in the determination of his character. They were the work of one whose vices command more respect than Monk's single virtue. It is enough to say that the good luck of his life threw a certain power in his way which required only an enormous stock of rascality to render available to the last and most fatal extent, and this he had no difficulty in supplying. It required nothing more. At no stage of the events which ensued does Monk appear in the character of a powerful or independent agent—of a man who might have used his influence for good as well as evil. It is only by tracking the tortuous course of low, of base, of filthiest intrigue, that we can follow out the sole means he acted with, or discern the only objects he could ever have attained. A baser than he, the great Fox truly said, could not have been scraped out of the lowest ranks of the army he controlled—his only virtue was personal courage—his whole stock of wisdom was reserve and dissimulation—he had not even that common fidelity which distinguishes the most mercenary soldiers to the standard under which they happen for the time to be enrolled—and, for the sake of the darling gold which was his idol, he crowned a life of falsehood and intrigue by laying a nation prostrate at the feet of a vicious monarch, without, as Fox has truly remarked, a single provision in favour of the Cause from which he had derived whatever worldly rank, reputation, or station he enjoyed.

The contemplation of such a character, in our opinion, furnishes few points of instructiveness, and therefore we have looked through M. Guizot's work with little interest. Yet it deserves the praise of a very graceful style, and of much ingenuity of construction—being, as M. Guizot himself calls it, rather an historical study than a book of memoirs—and Mr. Stuart Wortley has appended a vast number of well-informed and interesting historical notes to it, which will certainly give the volume considerable value in the eyes of historical readers.

M. Guizot's political opinions are emphatically those of the *juste milieu*, and therefore we do not wonder to find him characterize the Restoration—where everything was restored save liberty, genius, and virtue—in these words, as—

“A prompt and compendious solution of difficulties,—a refuge from everlasting contentions,—and an inevitable effort for relief from that hopeless flood of folly, knavery, and tyranny, which had imperilled and well nigh overwhelmed the entire fabric of national freedom, whereon the country had expended so much of its peace, and its people of their blood.”

In the same kind of *juste milieu* spirit we have these fantastic antitheses attributed to Monk—

“At once both celebrated and obscure, he has linked his name with the restoration of the Stuarts, but has left us no other memorial of his life. One day he disposed, singly, and with renown, of a throne and a people: on those which either precede or follow it he is scarcely to be distinguished from the crowd with which he mingles. He is one of those whose talents and even vices have but a day or hour for the development of their full energy and dominion; yet they are men whom it is most important to study; for the rapid drama wherein they took the leading part, and the event which it was in their sole power to accomplish, can be through them alone made thoroughly intelligible.”

The style is equally observable in M. Guizot's remarks on the last remnant of the republican party, where, we may add, his mild zeal for moderate liberty has led him to confuse one of the clearest and most sagacious of the republicans—Scott—with a man whose headstrong obstinacy invariably damaged the republican cause. The government of the “restoration” could discriminate with a more fatal precision. Scott suffered on a scaffold, while Hazelrig was thrust with contempt into a corner.

“The leaders and true representatives of the party were Sir Arthur Haslerig, a rapacious, headstrong, and vainglorious agitator; Scott, almost as vain, and still more blind and obstinate; and some others, dupes as much of their interest as of their faith; ready to domineer whenever they were permitted; and uniting to the love of power and to fanatical opinions, all the ridicule of helplessness, and all the infatuation of legitimacy.”

Monk had all the private vices of a soldier of fortune, but M. Guizot uses strange words in describing his irregularities—

“Unrefined tastes, and that need of repose in his private life, which usually accompanies activity in public affairs, had consigned him to the dominion of a woman of low character, destitute even of the charms which seduce, and whose manners did not belie the rumour which gave for her extraction a market-stall, or even, according to some, a much less respectable profession. She had lived for some time past with Monk, and united to the influence of habit an impetuosity of will and words difficult to be resisted by the tranquil apathy of her lover. It is asserted that she had managed, as long since as the year 1649, to force him to a marriage; but this marriage was most certainly not declared till 1653; for a letter from London, the 19th of September in that year, thus announces the news:—‘Our Admiral Monk

hath lately declared an ugly common — his wife, and legitimated three or four bastards he hath had by her during his growth in grace and saintship.’ The newsmonger had, apparently amused himself with adding to the scandal, for Monk is not known to have had a child older than his son Christopher, Duke of Albemarle after him, and born in the course of this same year, 1653. There is, therefore, reason to believe, that the birth of this son was the motive for the marriage. Monk, besides, had endeavoured to put on that religious appearance which was then indispensable to success; and though little fitted for the hypocritical jargon of the times, thought it at least right to discard from his conduct all irregularities likely to shock the eyes of the saints. It appears certain, in fact, that his wife, in order to persuade him to it, employed, if not the influence of religion, at least the exhortations of its ministers: ‘Taking no care for any other part of herself,’ says Clarendon, ‘she had deposited her soul with some presbyterian ministers.’ They asserted the necessity of the marriage; and perhaps employed, to bring Monk to a decision, some of those sermons, whereof his wife, during their union, took care to make use, when she wanted to tire out his resistance. She was one of those somewhat ignoble causes which determined him to the exertion of his superior faculties in a great crisis; and became afterwards, in his elevation, a conspicuous proof of the vulgarity of his tastes and habits.”

One of Mr. Wortley's notes gives us a better insight into Monk's domesticities and the sources of the woman's influence over him—

“Her custom was,” says Price (Mas. Sel.; Tr. 712), “when the general's and her own work and the day were ended, to come into the dining-room to him (at Dalkeith) in her *treason gown* (as I called it), I telling him that when she had that gown on, he would allow her to say anything. And, indeed, her tongue was her own then, and she would not spare it; inasmuch that I, who still chose to give my attendance at those hours (the general being alone), have often shut the dining-room doors, and charged the servants to stand without till they were called. 'Tis easy to conceive what her discourses were, when a woman that had wit enough, and always influence, and sometimes (as it was thought) too much, upon her husband (the theme being so copious too), might safely talk extravagances, in confidence that they would go no farther. Sometimes the general would make bad faces, and seem to be uneasy in hearing her, and oft address himself to me, as if I were to moderate at the act: to whom I have as oft returned, ‘Sir, what shall I say? She speaks such unhappy truths, that neither you nor I can gainsay them.’ I cannot forget his usual answer. ‘True, Mr. Price,’ (would he say), ‘but I have learned a proverb, that he who follows truth too close upon the heels, will one time or other have his brains kicked out.’ His lady usually withdrew before the family was called to prayers, and then I had an opportunity to talk over the same things in softer language (as became me).”

His other vice of miserly money-loving, wherein Mrs. Monk had a taste not less decisive, is alluded to in subsequent notes—

“Monk's love of money has been already noticed (note, p. 37), and these scandalous proceedings on the part of the duchess seem to have been the common talk of the day. Pepys (Diary i. 110) tells us that one

Brigham, the king's coachmaker, complained to him that 'Lady Monk' asked him 500*l.* for that place; and she is scarcely ever mentioned either in that *Diary* or Evelyn's, or by Clarendon or Burnet, without some opprobrious epithet implying avarice and parsimony. To both of these qualities he appears to have given more than a mere negative countenance. Pepys, in the very curious record of times which we have so often quoted, gives us a picture of his way of living a little later, in 1667, when he (Pepys) one day came to dinner, and found the Duke of Albemarle 'with sorry company, some of his officers of the army; dirty dishes, and a nasty wife at table, and bad meat, (iii. 185). In 1666, he says he hears that the general is grown a drunken sot' (iii. 75); but this rumour is indignantly denied by Gumble (p. 469), and wants confirmation. There never certainly were two people less fitted for their sphere than these were for this

'ring
Of mimic statesmen and their merry king.'

In Mr. Leigh Hunt's delightful story of Sir Ralph Esher these characteristics are brought into play with equal force and truth.

It is just to add what little Mr. Wortley can suggest of the favourable, in his inferences from Monk's domestic life and habits—

"Monk himself, whatever might be his more solid qualities, seems to have been endowed with few of those which tell in society. He strikes Pepys, who was apparently no conjuror, as 'a heavy dull man,'—'a quiet heavy man.' (*Diary*, ii. 136, 259). His wife was 'a plain, homely dowdy.' (*Ibid.* i. 150). One Troutbeck, conversing with the duke himself on the wonder that Nan Hyde should have become Duchess of York, said there was a greater wonder still, 'that our dirty Besse (meaning his duchess) should come to be Duchess of Albemarle (iii. 75). Notwithstanding the doubts expressed elsewhere, I must acknowledge that certain legal proceedings in the year 1700 (quoted by Colonel Mackinnon, *History of Coldstream Guards*, i. 130) seem to prove beyond dispute that her origin and early life were as vulgar as her manners;—that she was really daughter of a farrier in the Savoy,—lived with one Ratford, her first husband, at the three Spanish Gipsies in the Exchange, where she 'sold wash balls, powder, gloves, and such things, and taught girls plain work,'—was sempstress to Monk in 1647,—and married him in that character in 1652. We cannot be surprised, therefore, that his mere practical merits should have failed to bear him up in spite of such disqualifications, and that the court should be said to have been 'weary of my Lord Albemarle' in Dec. 1662 (Pepys, i. 353); or that, when even his public conduct had given rise to much question after the war, it should be reported that he was 'under a cloud,' (iii. 61). It is rather to be taken as an involuntary tribute to his real powers, that in this state of isolation, and thus exposed to incessant ridicule in so many vulnerable points, he should still have been considered a refuge and resource in the moment of danger, almost to the close of his life."

The following, from M. Guizot's text, does not give us an exalted notion of subtle policy or accomplished management on the part of the great Restorer—

"Mrs. Monk, in her reckless mirth, had asked Hugh Peters, who was rich in confiscated wealth, if he was not for a *restitution*; and Little Kit, her son, tormented

with questions and presents, had confessed that one day his father and mother had talked in bed of the king's return. The republicans could shut their eyes no longer. Harry Martin, with whom Monk had considerable intimacy, asked him one day what he meant at last to establish. 'A commonwealth,' said Monk; 'I have always desired it, and desire it still.'—'I ought to believe your excellency,' answered Martin, 'but will you give me leave to tell you a story? It was this: A city tailor was met one evening in the country with instruments of husbandry, and was asked what he was going to do. 'To take measure for a new suit,' he answered. —'What with a spade and pick-axe?'—'Yes, these are the measures now in fashion.'"

M. Guizot concludes thus—

"On the 3d of January, about nine o'clock in the morning, while sitting silently in his chair, he sighed, turned his head aside, and expired. He was a man capable of great things, though he had no greatness of soul; and who deserved a better name than he has left in history, although it has been reproached not wholly without justice.

"He was buried at Westminster, among the tombs of the kings, in the chapel of Henry VII. Charles II. in person, followed the procession. But no monument was raised to his memory, and all that remains is the effigy which was used at his funeral, preserved in a wooden case. His son, Christopher, died childless in 1688."

—and we conclude by thanking Mr. Wortley for the elegance with which he has translated M. Guizot's language, and the spirit of care and correctness with which he has followed up the researches of the illustrious French minister.

RAPP'S EPITAPH.

Here lies my staunchest dog: for seventeen years
He fixed on me to love; his hopes and fears,
Sorrow and joys, were gather'd from my look,
My least of gestures; in a word, he took
My life, and made it his. No little whim
His master had, but grew a law to him
Like one of his own instincts, which, no doubt,
Had amply borne the matchless creature out,
Had he refused a straiter hunting-ground
'Than the great hills, and chose, a tameless hound,
Rather to die, indignant, than subdue
His nature to another's will: so true
Of sight, so sure of scent, so swift
Of foot! Yet all this nature, like a gift,
He bore to me entire,—a thing to spurn
Or to accept. Dear servant, what return
Made I for this? Or didst thou really find
No form pleasant as mine, no voice so kind
In the wide world? and when slow age made dull
The glossy hide, and dim the beautiful
Bold eye,—no long, long roving, as before,
Among the moors, no mountain rambles more,—
Lay thy blind head the better for my foot,
And crept my voice, when all beside was mute,
A little in thine ear? My hand felt soft,
And stroked thee soothingly, and brought thee oft
Old Autumn-feelings! What? The heather black,
The fine old broad September suns came back?
My old Rapp, with his feeble paws unstrung
On the warm hearth-rug, dreamed that he was young?
Oh, such a thought would make me laugh for joy
Even while I lay thee here! No cares annoy
The worn-out hunter: in thy narrow cell
Sleep! Favourite of foresters, farewell!